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August 10, 1929

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Cover by Anita Parkhurst

UG. 10, 1929

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"Never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump"

The Texaco Red Star with the Green T has joined the red, white and blue Lincoln marker to serve and to guide. Texaco Service is available everywhere along this 3,500-mile transcontinental "Main Street." You are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. The Lincoln Highway is truly a Texaco Trail!

Only The Texas Company can offer such a complete national service. For today the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil are sold along all the great national highways — the only gasoline and motor oil obtainable in *every one* of our 48 States.

Sincere public appreciation of the finer qualities of Texaco has made possible this nation-wide service. It is recognition of the superior performance of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, high test at no extra price, and full bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure.

As you see America in your car, travel with the assurance of the continued fine engine performance that always follows the use of Texaco quality products.

"TOUR WITH TEXACO"

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

GASOLINE - MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

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THE BELL SYSTEM IS BUILDING AHEAD OF THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

This is the telephone's job and goal

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE United States is developing a new civilization. The telephone is an indispensable element in it. The Bell System is building ahead of the growth of this civilization. In 1929 the telephone budget for land and buildings is 54 million dollars, with new buildings rising in 200 cities. New equipment for central offices will cost 142 millions; exchange lines 120 millions; toll lines 119 millions.

The Bell System's total expenditure for plant and service improvements this year will be 559 million dollars.

This outlay is required because the telephone is a universal servant of this democracy. Business uses it to create more prosperity. Homes use it for comfort and protection, for keeping friendships alive and enriching life. Its general use enables each personality to extend itself without regard to distance.

The telephone ideal is that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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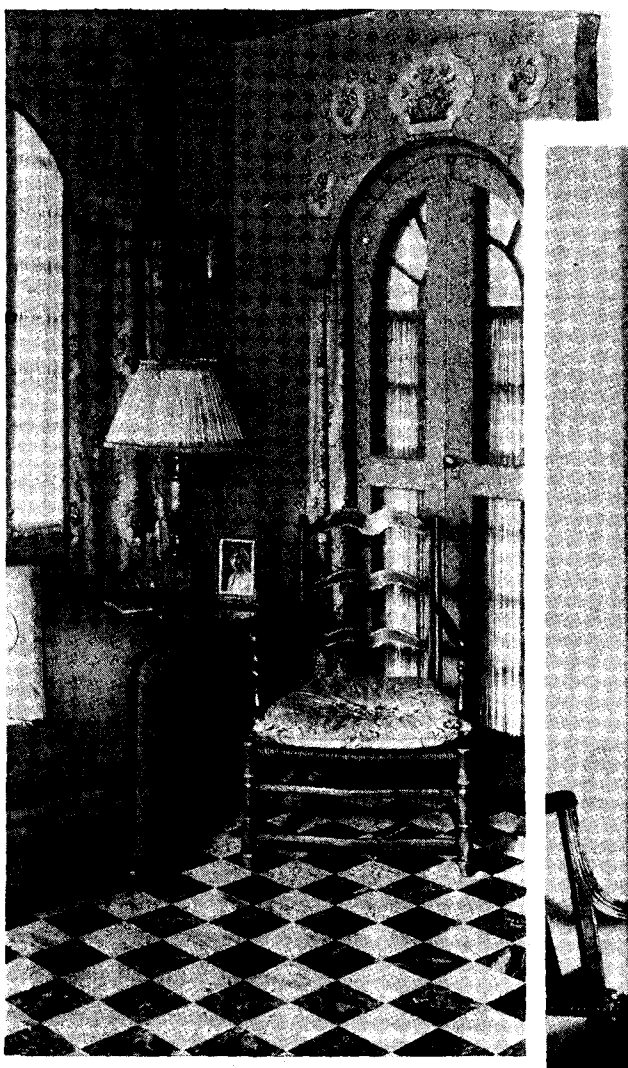
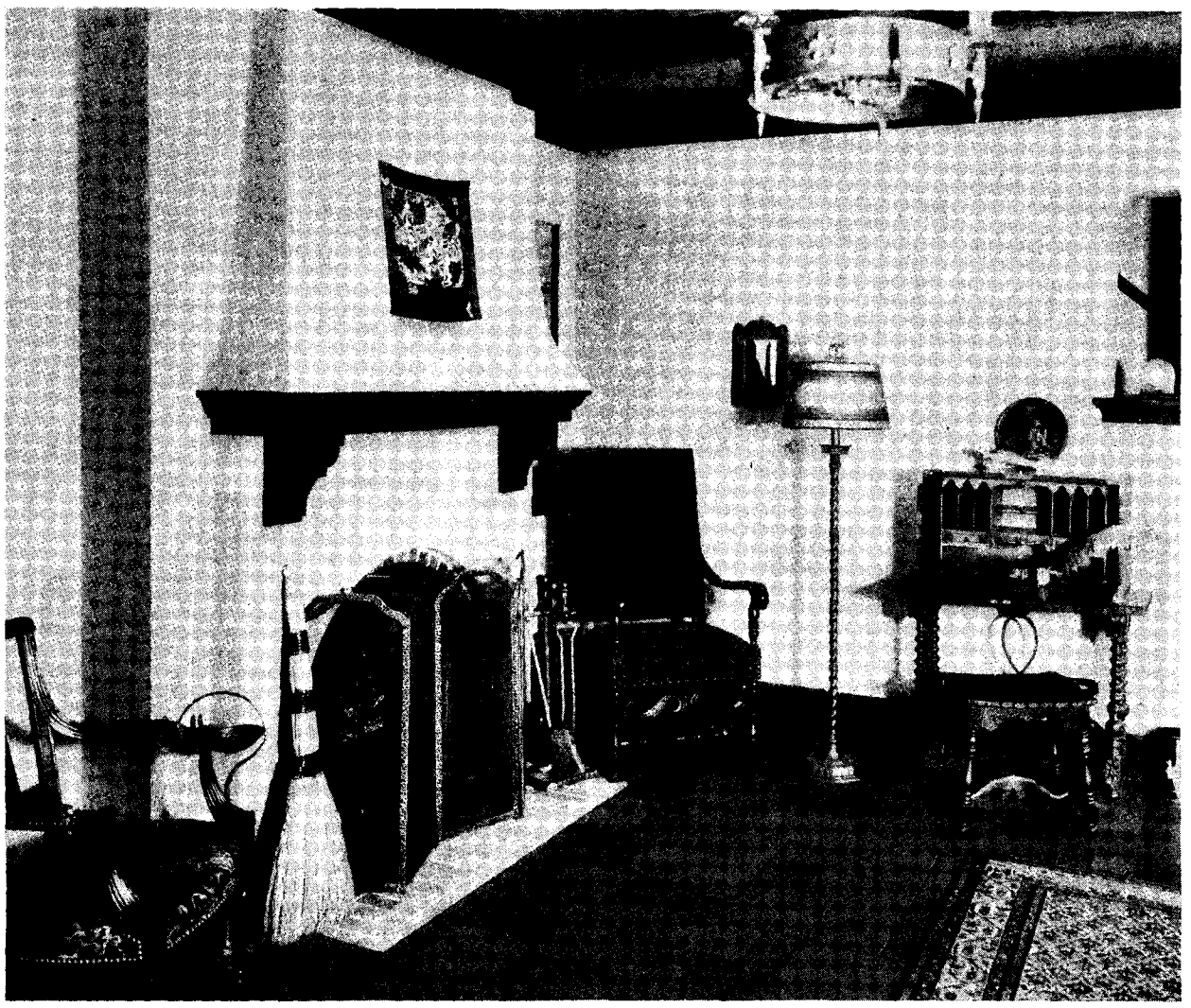


John Morrison Curtis, decorator and well-known writer, chose this Marble Inlaid Linoleum (Design No. 70) for one of his artistic creations. "Floors should be part of the room picture," says Mr. Curtis.

"What the well-dressed floor will wear" is ably demonstrated to the public of Omaha, Nebraska, by a complete model home built by Orchard & Wilhelm, furniture house. For the living-room of this home an Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum was selected as best suited to the spirit of the decorative scheme. (Flagstone design No. 6042.)



Every HOME DECORATOR

should know the story that these three pictures tell

BEFORE you embark on your next adventure into the color-land of decoration, let these three room interiors whisper a word of cheer. One lives in a Pennsylvania town. A second spreads sunshine in a smart New Jersey apartment. The third welcomes the public in a far western model home.

Though you may not guess it by looking at these camera studies—or even by peering into the rooms themselves—all three interiors are alike in one important respect . . . the floors.

Yes, the flagstone floor, that marble tile effect, even the unique ship motif set in a plain brown field—all are Armstrong's Linoleum. All are springy to the tread and quiet . . . warm . . . permanent . . . easily cleaned. But each is a distinctive floor, planned to fit into a distinctively original setting.

The story these three rooms tell is a new freedom in home planning. "No reason," they say, "to put up with old-fashioned colorless floors. Have just the design, just the color each room demands. And get with it a new freedom from floor cleaning drudgery!"

That, too, is offered you by the new Armstrong Floor effects now showing at local stores. For these fashionable floors now come to you with their surface made spot-proof, stain-proof, by the new Armstrong's Accolac Process. Dirt wipes right up. A light waxing and polishing keeps them new-looking. Even where floors may need frequent washing (kitchens, baths, halls) cleaning is simplified—just an occasional renewing of the Accolac-Processed surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

One brand-new home in an old Pennsylvania town boasts Armstrong Floors throughout. This one view shows the versatility of modern linoleum—a special ship insert in an entrance hall floor of plain brown, then a wide black border leading to a ceramic tile effect in the dining-room (design No. 6028).

Why not send today for a book-ful of room pictures that tell this same story in all the full richness of realistic color? Just ask for "New Ideas in Home Decoration," Hazel Dell Brown's latest book for home planners. It brings you color-scheme suggestions, pictures the latest floor styles, offers you author's free personal service when you are decorating. Sent for 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 921 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • PRINTED • • ARABESQ *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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VOLUME 84 AUGUST 10, 1929 NUMBER 6

Galloping Pete

By Thomas McMorrow

In which a gambling hell, Octavine, and an art collection prove assets to a career

Pete took off his shoes and stole into the rooming-house. He crept like a burglar up the two flights of stairs

R. Van Buren

THE ice-box door that guarded the entrance to Honest Dan Rook's quiet and respectable gambling hell on West Eighty-third Street flew open. The figure of a large young man was on the threshold, outlined by the brightness within. On each side of the young man was a large bouncer; behind him and propelling him was the paunchy Honest Dan, in evening dress. The two bouncers and the rotund Dan synchronized their final efforts, and the large young man cleaved the air like a pigeon.

"And stay out!" said Dan as the young man hit the sidewalk of West Eighty-third Street. The trio on the stoop slapped their hands together, turned, and went in, slamming the heavy door.

The young man, who had sprung from the sidewalk as if its touch had doubled his vigor, was halfway up the stoop when the door closed. He halted, his shoulders hunched, his big fists balled for battle. He shot a furious and despairing look at the door, went down the steps again and slunk toward Columbus Avenue. His fists opened in surrender; his shoulders drooped.

THE hour was two in the morning. The streets of the staid and law-abiding city of New York were almost deserted. A milk truck, piled with cans, rumbled along under the elevated, echoing the daunting thunder of a train passing overhead. A taxicab, bearing some merry-making business men who needed every last minute of sleep, shot by the truck at fifty miles an hour; the young man drew in his stomach and stood like a soldier, barely missing it. The taxi man's, "You ham-and-egger," floated back to him.

He slouched over to Amsterdam Avenue, to Broadway, to West End; he turned southward aimlessly. Following the line of least resistance, he was soon descending Seventy-ninth Street toward the North River.

He walked to the end of the Seventy-ninth Street dock and stopped. Before him and nearly a mile away were the yellow lights of the Jersey shore; below him a black and oily tide was moving swiftly to the sea. The air was heavy with the smells of the Jersey factories; it was musical with the gurgling of the river. He sat down on the stringpiece and drooped over the black and light-streaked mirror below him.

He saw nothing of hope there, nothing of enticement. He had played the fool and was being handed the bill, with interest. In a city where one may buy anything he was penniless; among the city's six million he could name no friend, no one of whom he might borrow ambition and the will to fight on. He had been famous, courted, kotowed to; he found in himself no zest for living thereafter by some toilsome and stupid grind, with a mere subsistence as its prize.

He was suddenly immobile, poised, alert as an actor for his cue; his mouth was open and his eyes were set. That fell cue did not come.

"HOT night, eh?" said a creaky voice behind him. He was conscious of the biting fragrance of a Havana cigar. "Yes, sir, I call it stuffy," said the man behind him. "I saw you over in Rook's just now, didn't I? Isn't your name Pemberwick?"

"Who are you?" said the young man hoarsely.

"We'll come to that right away," said the smoker. "I was just going out for a bite of supper when you took your leave. I intended to speak to you but you went too quickly. Will you join me?"

"I don't care to—thank you."

"Come ahead," said the man, putting a hand on the young man's shoulder.

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"If you sit there like that, you'll think of something silly."

"I tell you—" began the young man. And then he rose and went.

"Hottest night I remember since once in San Fernando, out on the coast," said the man, talking steadily about nothing in particular as they walked from the dock and climbed Seventy-ninth Street. "You've been on the coast, I dare say? That night was hot. I put my hand on the iron of the bed, and it was hot; I put my hand on the floor, and it was hot. Everybody ringing for ice water, like mad."

He was still talking without reply or comment from his companion when they entered an all-night restaurant on Broadway. He seated himself in a corner on the leather-covered divan that ran around the walls and invited the young man to a seat where his back would be to the room.

"Being rooked always makes me hungry," he said. "My idea is a planked steak in mushrooms, with German fried potatoes, asparagus, tomatoes and lettuce, a pot of coffee and a few trimmings. Does that sound plausible?" He smiled genially, noting the eagerness in the young man's face. He was an elderly man, bold, with full and clean-shaven jowls, and quick and bright blue eyes whose expression was humorous. Their expression was humorous and yet considerate as they traveled over the young man's wrinkled clothing and doubtful linen.

He urged his shaggy guest to eat, eating very lightly himself. The young man yielded readily to the pressure. He had made away with the lion's share of the generous meal, and had accepted one of his host's long cigars, when he said, "My name is Pemberwick. Why do you ask?"

"Pete Pemberwick?"

"Yes."

"Galloping Pete, right tackle of that great Harvard eleven?"

"Yes."

"Son of old Jake Pemberwick, the coast lumberman?" He was chuckling as he put out his hand. "Meet Colonel Ernest Swetfager, Pete. Your dad, my boy, was one of my best friends. I met him last in Los Angeles about ten years ago, just after you had that fight in Fresno with some professional pug, and he was all swollen with pride. Whipped him, did you, Pete?"

"I DID not," said Pete Pemberwick, laughing. "He gave me the lacing of my life for seventeen rounds and then knocked me cold. I was sixteen years old—I'm twenty-five now—and weighed 187 and thought myself some boy. Oh, my, the beating he gave me! I got four hundred dollars for taking it, and when I got home my dad took it and offered to lick me again for fighting."

"He could do it too, couldn't he, Pete?"

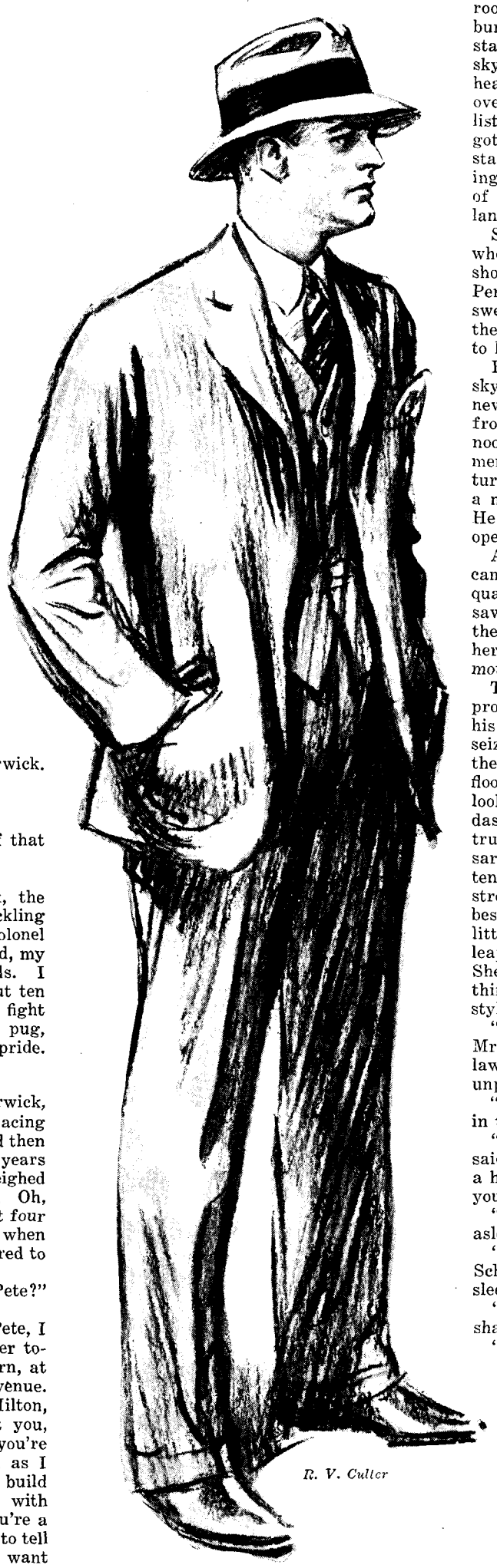
"Lord, yes."

"Good old Jake Pemberwick. Pete, I want you to come around to dinner tomorrow night. I'm at the Belcairn, at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. You must meet little Octavine Milton, my niece. She knows all about you, Pete, from hearing me brag. So you're Jake's boy. I knew you as soon as I laid eyes on you; you have Jake's build and square chin and gray eyes with those big black eyebrows. Oh, you're a chip off the old block. I want you to tell me about yourself; and, Pete, I want you to tell me that I can do something for you. Don't be bashful, Pete. Gosh, your dad would give me his shoes and go barefoot, and he stood the same with me. Six o'clock tomorrow night, Pete!

"Let's go, Pete," he said, getting up.

He led the way from the restaurant and to Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. They entered a public garage. The colonel opened the door of a beautiful little Regal victoria.

"Vee's car," he said. "I'm taking you home, Pete—where do you live? Oh, no, no trouble, my son; I'd like a breeze."



R. V. Cutler

Pete found a lady sitting on a little straw mat on the rooming-house steps

The car roared softly up Amsterdam Avenue to 125th Street and then eastward, halting finally before a dingy old brownstone front on 126th Street near the New York Central tracks.

"Colonel—" began Pete fervently.

"Oh, bother that, my son. Six o'clock it is, eh?" The car rolled away.

Pete mounted the steps, opened the door with a key from under the mat, took off his shoes and stole into the rooming-house. He crept like a burglar up the two flights of stairs to the top floor and to the skylight room. He thought he heard sounds below, and leaned over the banister to listen. He listened so intently that he forgot his shoes; they fell down the stairwell and landed resoundingly before the door to the room of Mrs. Rowena Schimpf, his landlady.

She popped out like a spider whose web is shaken, espied the shoes, called, "Is that you, Mr. Pemberwick?" received no answer, said "Hm-mph," picked up the shoes and retired contentedly to her beauty sleep.

By the star shine from the skylight Pete saw in his room a newspaper that he had taken from the landing in the afternoon. Thinking to refresh his memory of an advertisement, he turned on the gas jet and struck a match, but there was no gas. He went to bed, leaving his door open for a breath of air.

At half past six Mrs. Schimpf came upstairs and dropped a quarter in the gas meter. She saw the sleeping Pete through the open doorway, compressed her thin-lipped and toothless mouth and said, "Loafer!"

The handle of Pete's trunk protruded invitingly from under his bed. She stole into the room, seized the handle and tried to lift the trunk, but it hugged the floor. She said, "Gosh all!" and looked at Pete with at least a dash of respect; the owner of a trunk of such heft was necessarily a solid man and a worthy tenant. She put forth her strength, willing to think the best of Pete, but thereupon the little trunk left the floor and leaped at her like a fierce dog. She fell down and screamed. A thin and elderly man in an old-style nightshirt came to the door.

"You nasty deceiver," cried Mrs. Schimpf. "I'll have the law on you for wronging a poor unprotected widow."

"Oh, pardon me," said the man in the nightshirt, turning to go.

"Don't be dumb, Mr. Boles," said Mrs. Schimpf, "and give me a hand up. You contriving cur, you."

"Him?" said Mr. Boles. "He's asleep."

"Letting on," said Mrs. Schimpf. "Tonight he'll do his sleeping in the park—you fiend."

"None of this," said Mr. Boles, shaking Pete.

"Hello," said Pete, blinking.

"Phwew—gas," said Mrs. Schimpf. "Wasting the good gas too."

"What's up here?" said Pete. "Good morning, Mrs. Schimpf."

"Nailing his trunk to the floor to let on he has heavy valuables—the slimy lizard. Look at it—light as a red balloon."

"I'm expecting a check, Mrs. Schimpf," said Pete unconvincingly.

"So am I," said she. "From you. For nine dollars for three weeks. And a good one. And now. Or your parlor floor front is in the park."

"My newspaper," said Mr. Boles, aghast. He picked up the paper and fondled it lovingly while he scrutinized it for the scrawl of the newsdealer. "We have as good as a thief in the house, Mrs. Schimpf."

"I took it to look up the Help Wanted ads," mumbled Pete, browbeaten. "I thought you were through with it."

"Don't lie out of it," advised Mr. Boles. "I didn't read only half of it. Lots of it I didn't read." He moaned as he ran his eyes over news items whose freshness had gone forever.

"The trunk stays here," said Mrs. Schimpf, sitting on it.

"DOES he spell Pemberwick with a P?" asked Mr. Boles. "And is his name Peter? Here in the paper."

"P for policeman," said Mrs. Schimpf. "In the paper, is he? For what?"

"P for pardon me," said Pete, seizing the journal. He found the item, which had been given prominent place:

PETE PEMBERWICK PULLS PLUM

The will of Hannah Jones Pemberwick, filed yesterday in the office of the New York Surrogate by the law firm of McGinty & Pye, shows that a handsome bequest has fallen to the share of Galloping Pete Pemberwick, the great Harvard tackle of a few seasons back. The bequest consists of the art collection in the Park Avenue apartment of the late Miss Pemberwick, who was Pete's great-aunt. It is said to be worth upward of $85,000.

Galloping Pete, who was not found in the city up to a late hour last night, is the only son of Jacob Pemberwick, a wealthy lumberman of Los Angeles who was much respected up to his decease, when he left his entire fortune to his only son, Peter Pemberwick, who soon made a name for himself in the football world. Always an athlete, at the youthful age of sixteen he went the route in Fresno with Western George Deacon, but he abandoned the squared circle for the spiked shoe where he soon—

"Sweetheart," exclaimed Pete, dropping the paper and jumping for Mr. Boles.

The latter bolted for the door and slammed it behind him on the tails of his nightgown; they heard a muffled shout of terror. Pete opened the door to find the nightgown but not the shocked Mr. Boles.

"If it's another of his barefaced lies, the fibber," muttered Mrs. Schimpf, poring over the newspaper. "Come right in, Mr. Pemberwick, sir, please. Never mind that old snoozer. Have you fresh towels, Mr. Pemberwick, sir?"

"IDLENESS, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mr. Jonas Pye of the old and reputable law firm of McGinty & Pye, "invites bad company, which in turn leads to dissipation. The logical result is a life of crime."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Pete soberly.

"Your father, Mr. Pemberwick," continued Mr. Pye sonorously, "gave you access to a good education, and you majored only in jejune sports. On his death he left you a small but adequate estate, which was a nest egg—"

"And I scrambled it," said Pete.

"Miss Pemberwick's collection of paintings and ceramics," said Mr. Pye, disapproving the interjection and flustered by it, "was the apple of her eye and is a second nest egg which you should make the corner stone of your fortune. Since the residuary estate, upon which the transfer taxes are a charge by the terms of the will, is quite ample,

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you may take over the subject of the bequest at once. Opportunity, Mr. Pemberwick, is represented, and with reason, as a creature with quite a large tuft of hair on the forehead or thereabout and quite denuded or bald in the rear, indicating that we are to seize it when it is with us, as it never returns, or hardly ever. It behooves us doubly to seize it when it comes a second time. Have you ever planned a career?"

"I used to think I would like to be a doctor," said Pete. He added politely, "Or even a lawyer."

"THE learned professions, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mr. Pye with a wan smile, "require learning, at least a little, as the most cursory thought upon the subject should have revealed to you. I suggest that you liquidate this bequest, turn it into cash, and use the proceeds to effectuate your entrance into the business world. If you have friends who are experienced in business, seek their advice and be ruled by it; remember that your accession to this fund has been well advertised and that there are many sharpers in New York to whom you would be a choice tidbit."

He escorted Pete to the door of the outer office. By the door was sitting a lumpish man, a low-grade fellow with red and heavy face and hot black eyes. This fellow got up and said, "Are you Pye?"

"I am Jonas Pye, sir," said Mr. Pye curtly.

"Whatever kind of Pye you are, Pye," said the fellow, raising his voice to a bawl, "you are the Pye I want. I'm Matt Lowery."

"Ah," said Mr. Pye. "You wrote to me asking if you were mentioned in Miss Pemberwick's will. I told you that you were not mentioned in any way. The matter is closed, my dear sir."

"Pye," said Matt Lowery, turning even more red, "you're a liar. Miss Pemberwick and me were like two fingers in the mud. Twenty years I knew her, handing her in, handing her out, always nice and agreeable, as is my natural habits when I am not up against conniving. Then something drops; then I get wicked, Pye."

"You will shortly find yourself where the wicked cease from troubling, sir," said the old lawyer stiffly. "You have no appointment here. You are a stranger to this office, and I must ask you to stay so. Go or I shall call an officer to remove you."

"THAT'S you," said Matt Lowery, "Here's me!" And he started a round-house swing for Mr. Pye's head. Awkward and slow as the blow was, it was heavy and it would have found its mark had Pete not intervened. His thrusting forearm met Matt Lowery's wrist, nearly breaking it; in another instant he had Lowery's arm tucked under his own and was marching him from the office.

"Be your nice and agreeable self, Matt," he counseled. "We'll go out together. No, you can't talk like that when you're with me, Matt; stop it or I'll give you a slap. You have Pye all wrong, Matt; he's a lovely chap, only he's a bad mixer. You'll like him better when you get to know him. He's funny that way. Feeling better now, Matt?"

He walked with Lowery to the elevator, ushered him in, ushered him out, and so to the street at Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street, when he slapped him on the back and released him.

Pete went shopping; Mr. Pye had advanced him twenty-five dollars. He bought a dress shirt with the appurtenances and hired a dress suit for the evening.

He was in Colonel Swetfager's apartment on the fourteenth floor of the Belcairn at six sharp, and told the colonel of his inheritance while the latter was pouring into a silver shaker some applejack, grenadine, the juice of a lime and the white of an egg.

"Wonderful, Pete," he said huskily. "I brought you luck. Vee, you'll join us in celebrating, won't you?"

The dinner was excellent and was expertly served by the colonel's man. Octavine Milton, the colonel's niece, was very pretty. She was about twenty, deep-chested and wide-hipped, but shapely; her cheeks were full; her mouth was small and thick-lipped; her widely spaced eyes were of the darkest blue. Pete knew that he should not forget those eyes quickly. They were intense; searching in his mind for a word to describe them, he could think only of "electric." The girl with the electric eyes—a girl, he thought, without thinking it just so, of immense vitality, temperamental.

"What are you going to do with all that money, Pete?" asked the colonel later, holding up to the light of a candle a glass of ruby Portuguese wine—*Cosinha de sua Alteza, 1905.*

"There's an idea," exclaimed Octavine, seizing Pete's hand impulsively and leaning toward him. "You have capital and Uncle Ernie needs money. Why shouldn't you and Uncle Ernie go into business together?"

"By Jove," said the colonel. "Not that it would do at all."

"Why not?" said Pete, looking into those incredibly blue eyes, "all businesses look alike to me."

"I could use capital just now," said the colonel, "though I do not urge the matter at all. Pete, that's what you get when you discuss your business affairs with women; they think they're a proper topic for general discussion."

"Now, Uncle Ernie, stop sopping that bootleg, like a good boy, and tell Mr. Pemberwick your tale of woe," said Octavine.

"Honest Dan got to me for $140,000," said the colonel. "He cleaned the till, just about. And I need cash to start in business again. Swetfager, Merrill & Tilford is dissolved, you know."

"The fancy grocers?" Pete nodded. "That's where I heard the name."

"A NICE business. It netted $260,000 last year. Try that cigar, Pete; it's a house brand.

"The dissolution was caused by Tilford's death—well, that was the excuse. We gave the cash in bank to the estate; I took the accounts receivable, and Merrill took the business. I'll get the business when I open up as Swetfager & Co. Any bank will lend me what I need on the accounts."

"How much do you need?"

"Sixty thousand dollars; I might turn myself with fifty. The accounts—debts due the firm from its customers for goods sold and delivered—total $190,000. The class we sell to, Pete, is sure pay but almighty slow, and they resent any (*Continued on page 50*)

R. V. Culter

It was Octavine Milton. "Oh, Mr. Pemberwick," she cried, "I was afraid you wouldn't come here. I've been waiting for you for hours"

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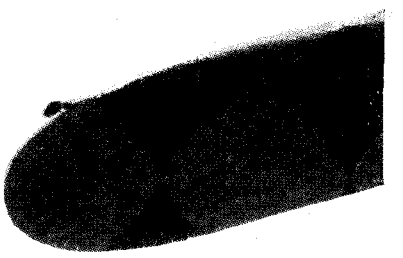
Wichita's Chillun got Wings

Courtesy Travel Air

The beginning of fuselage lines—a separate one for each size ship—where the steel skeletons are welded

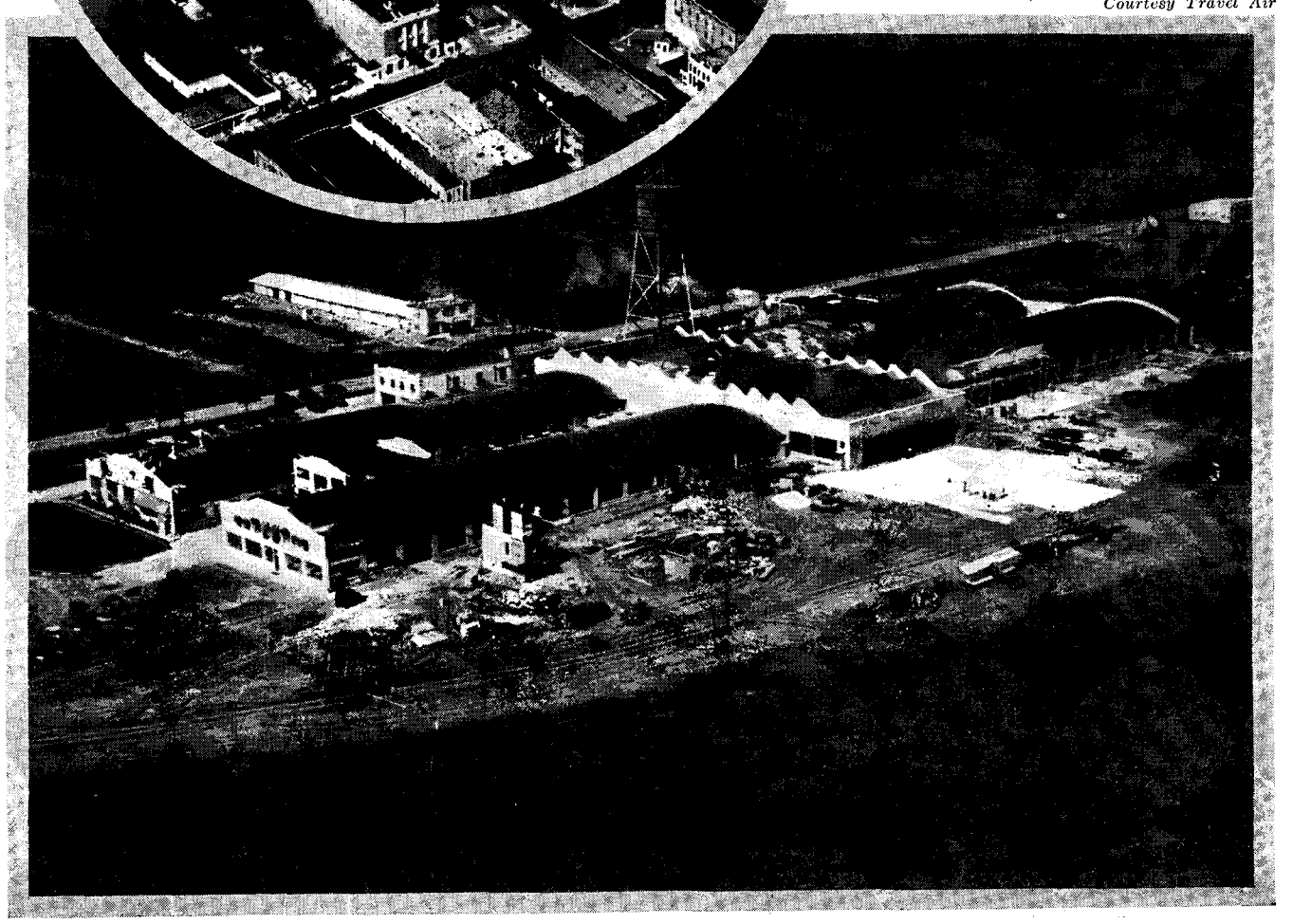
© Edgar B. Smith

The skyscraper heart of the "Air Capital"—which fifty years ago was a frontier post trading in buffalo hides



Bits of steel and spruce and linen start in the far ends of these sheds, meet in the central hall, and a finished airplane rolls out upon the cement flyaway apron

Courtesy Travel Air



Men who live to fly are plentiful now: here's a city with the same sole aim. In Wichita they're making aviation history and they're making it fast

IN THE two years since commercial aviation began to batter on the doors of big business the name of Wichita has appeared in brokers' prospectuses and in statistical tables more often than that of any other city. Fifty years ago this new little frontier settlement established its first industry—the sale of buffalo hides. Fifty days ago its last livery stable closed. Today it produces more airplanes and has more aëronautical enterprises than any other city in the world.

To laymen Wichita has come to mean airplanes, as Detroit does automobiles; while professional airmen make pilgrimages to this air capital as patriotic school-teachers go to Washington. It was in Washington, in the lobby gossip at the International Civil Aëronautical Conference last December, that a great designer and builder of transport planes said to me:

"If there is to be such a thing as an air flivver soon I think it will come out of Wichita. The manufacturing throttle is set for it there. Why, next spring they'll be ready for mass production—turning finished units off never-stopping assembly lines, just as in the great automobile factories.

Military Importance

"It's the semi-mass output of Wichita this year that brought small-plane prices down within reach of ordinary people. While other airplane manufacturing centers have been prone to regard the airplane as a rich man's luxury, Wichita has geared itself to the proposition that it is—or at least is going to be—modern transportation for the upper half of the social crust that owns automobiles. That's why Wichita is important to the average man.

"There's another reason why Wichita might some day be extremely important to American citizens. Do you realize that most of the factories that make our military and naval planes are located on or near our coastlines? If we should have a war with powerful enemies, they might conceivably smash us from both sides at once and seize our coasts. We'd have to fall back on the interior, and turn to the commercial factories of the Middle West for aircraft reinforcements. Wichita has the greatest natural defenses in the United States today—1,500 miles of land, east and west. I can't help but feel that historically and industrially, so far as aviation goes, Wichita is a city of destiny."

And so I went to Wichita, in the great flat country, to find out how and why the city achieved its position as the newest, most colorful, and most exciting float in America's dazzling pageant of industrial romances.

Certain features are apparent the instant you fly within eyeshot. Ten thousand derricks lattice the prairie horizons and the ground once churned by buffaloes is submerged under a golden sea of wheat. Wichita thanks oil and grain for its prosperity—its fine buildings and homes and parks and numerous banks and cleanliness. But it sees its future written across the skies by the three thousand planes that will leap from its factory fields this year to take their places as argosies of the modern world, drawing men's imaginations and fortunes in their wake.

Oil to Burn

The oil, however, is not divorced from Wichita's future. In it, and in the local abundance of natural gas, lies a safeguard for the city's head-start in airplane manufacturing. Other cities, isolated in agricultural country, have assumed temporary leadership in similar

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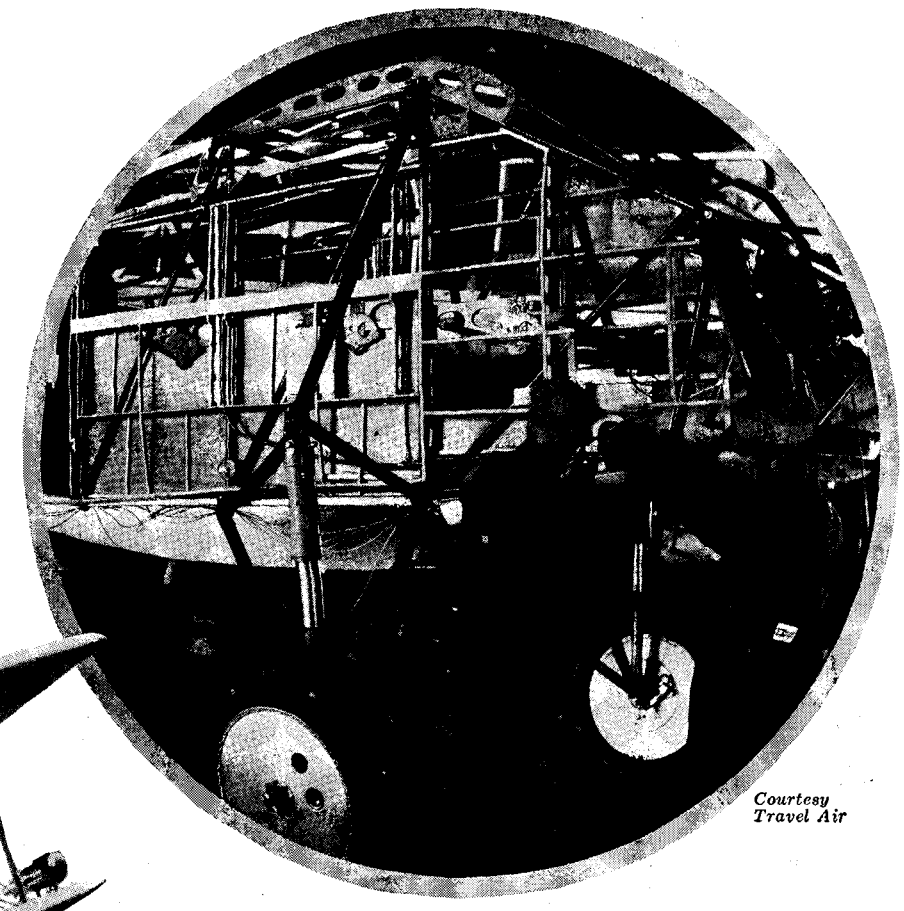
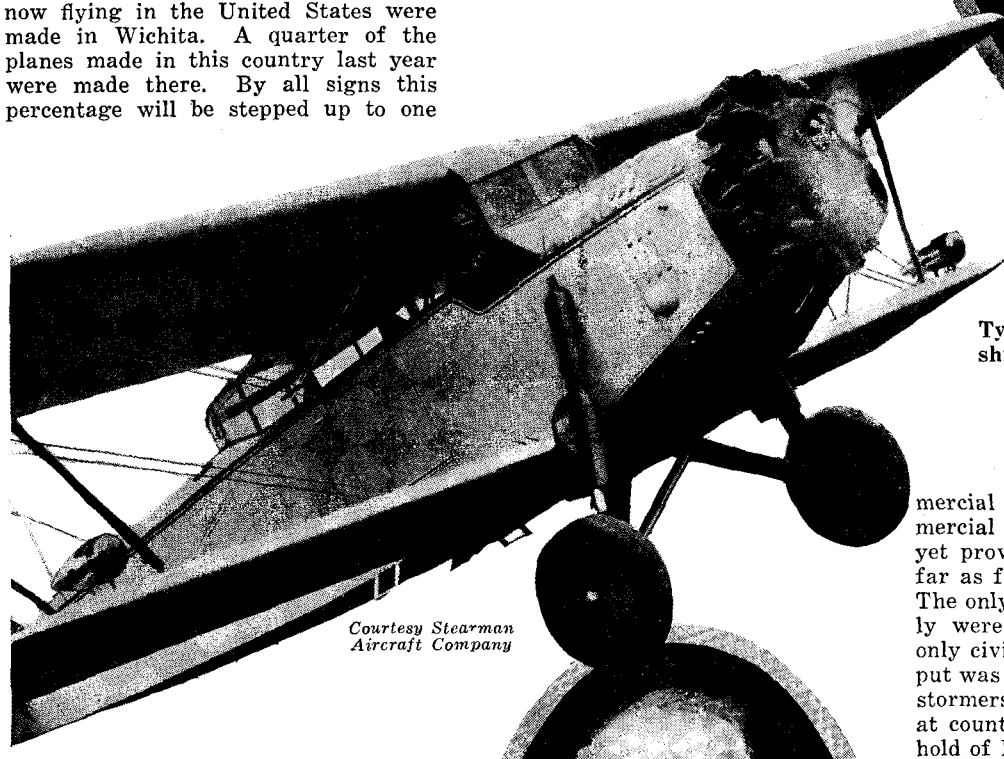
By W. B. Courtney



Courtesy Travel Air

The end of the fuselage line—a big six-passenger cabin skeleton ready to be insulated and covered and made ready to receive its wings and motor



Courtesy Stearman Aircraft Company

Typical of the trend in closed ships toward greater visibility for passengers and pilots

races in the past only to be overtaken and brushed aside by industrial cities with established facilities. Detroit stole the infant automotive business from Indianapolis and South Bend and Elyria partly because Detroit had coal at hand. Wichita's factories burn oil.

There are more than a hundred concerns in Wichita devoted either wholly or in part to aviation. At this writing fifteen airplane manufacturing companies are actually organized, and a dozen more are "in the lawyers' offices." At least six of the first fifteen must be rated of major importance in the industry as a whole. Each of the six is running at top speed and expanding faster than it can build.

One fourth of the commercial planes now flying in the United States were made in Wichita. A quarter of the planes made in this country last year were made there. By all signs this percentage will be stepped up to one half within two years. Right now the state's percentage of the nation's output is probably one third, if the production of the American Eagle factory at Kansas City, Kansas, is added to Wichita's.

Wichita's planes carry a hearty share of the airmail. They bear passengers over scores of scheduled airways. There are upwards of 200 branches, representing Wichita's aircraft factories throughout the country, and about a dozen abroad. Hundreds of its ships are in the hands of private owners—and when a Wichitan tells you this you begin to get behind a pride you have detected but could not attribute directly to the foregoing statistics. The safety of the locally made planes—this seems to amount to a civic religion. The people of Wichita talk with greater pride of the city's two victories in the Ford Reliability Tours than of its triumph in the Dole race to Hawaii. Safety is the keynote of the entire aëronautical industry in this country today; but you are told that it was in Wichita that safe flying was first practiced and preached—by *fists*, when words and example failed. And then you learn about Jake Mollendick.

A peculiar sort of name; one you've probably never heard in connection with aviation, unless you're in the business. But to understand the phenomenon of this southwestern city you'll first have to hear the extraordinary story of this uneducated and hard-boiled tool-dresser of the oil fields who, never having heard of Tennyson, could see eye to eye with the great Victorian a vision of "the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails; pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."

Jake Mollendick is a Pennsylvania Dutchman who went as a young fellow to the oil fields of the Southwest. He took a job that befitted his hard muscles and hard tongue—tool-dresser, the man who takes a drill bit when it has been worked dull and heats and beats sharpness back into its clumsy biting edge. Jake struck oil on his own account and became a rich man overnight. This sort of thing being sheer luck, Jake's business ability remained—nothing minus. But he had qualities of character and manhood that couldn't be learned from books. He had an immense faith in whatever he set his shoulder and his bank account behind; he had grit; and he had amazing foresight.

Courtesy Swallow Airplane Company

Jake Mollendick, father of commercial aviation, who sank his fortune in a vision

One day in 1919 Jake heard that a new prospect of his at El Dorado, thirty miles from Wichita, was gushing. All excitement, he wanted to reach the scene in a hurry. Some one suggested a plane. Jake flew. It was his first flight, and his imagination and faith were touched. He forgot about the gusher; and then he met Matty Laird.

Laird was a war ace who, with two cronies, Buck Weaver and Bill Burke, was trying to organize a strictly commercial airplane company. The commercial usefulness of airplanes was not yet proved—hardly even suspected—so far as factory activity showed in 1919. The only planes being used commercially were converted warcraft; and the only civil use to which they were being put was providing quick death for barnstormers and their daring passengers at county fairs. Jake Mollendick took hold of Laird and his friend, and threw all his money and prestige behind the company. Jake was made president; the plane was called the Swallow.

He Meant What He Said

No one in the company had any conception of business methods: and Jake's personality did not breed peace. His faith in the future of commercial aviation was fanatical, and as difficult to endure as any fanaticism. He was a slave driver in the 1880 industrial sense, into whose consciousness the eight-hour-day never entered. He ran his helpers ragged for twelve hours a day, bullied his executives, and wasted money on this experiment and that. His office accounts were chaos; his factory, bedlam. Meanwhile, he actively demonstrated his confidence in the everyday use of the airplane for business and pleasure. Wherever he went he flew.

He cursed and raved when newspaper accounts came in of barnstorming accidents. He caused a large sign to be painted on the fence of the Swallow factory: NO STUNT FLYING HERE. And whenever he saw a pilot stunting, either alone or with passengers—it did not have to be looping or flying upside down, either; a bank too close to the ground would arouse Jake's ire as swiftly as a wingover—he would walk up to the plane as it landed and smash the pilot in the face as he climbed out of the cockpit. After a licking by Jake, a pilot either quit stunting or flew away to barnstorm where people didn't have such safe and sane notions, backed by such flinty fists.

Jake made flying a social, but not a business, success in Wichita. Some local capital had been attracted at first through Jake's prestige, but he soon found himself shouldering the whole burden. He could never take airplane production casually; each newly completed ship sent him into hysterics of jubilation and an orgy of planning which generally ended in a scrap with his executives. After four years Matty Laird quit hoping for a logical business development under Jake's management and resigned, going to Chicago to start the Laird Airplane Company, the first offshoot of the commercial line pioneered in Wichita.

Just as in Detroit the automobile industry grew up around a group of vigorous personalities, so in Wichita the airplane business has sprouted from the forceful youngsters Jake attracted into his employ. Walter Beech, now president of Travel Air, started as a test pilot with Mollendick. Lloyd Stearman, now president of his own company and still sixteen years old so far as appearance goes, was made designing engineer by Jake largely because he had studied architecture at Kansas State Agricultural College. Stearman was born on a farm near Wichita. Clyde Cessna, president of one of Wichita's most successful factories, never worked for Mollendick, but he must be noticed as a pioneer. He was a garage mechanic in Enid, Oklahoma, when he saw Garros, the French barnstormer, stunting over the Oklahoma City fair grounds. Cessna settled in Wichita and devoted himself to the study and development of monoplanes.

To return to 1924. The country was not ready to share Jake Mollendick's faith in commercial aviation. Most flying men, even, scarcely considered the plane as anything other than a military weapon and a civilian novelty. But every other purpose in life had slipped over a forgotten horizon for Jake; and so his fortune was melting away.

(*Continued on page 51*)

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A Young Man in Peril

By Dana Burnet

When a young man says he won't marry, Love has a good long laugh. This is the story of a young man who said it—with serious consequences

THIS is a highly moral story. It concerns an upright young man who, in a weak moment, dallied with strong drink, with results that were highly disturbing. To be sure, there were extenuating circumstances. In the first place there is practically no drink in America that is not strong drink and in the second place this young man was cold. He was so cold he had goose-flesh. But that was his fault. He should never have gone to the Sheldon's fancy-dress party in a Roman gladiator's costume.

His name was Neal Brainard. He was a bachelor and intended to remain one. His business was real estate. He was six feet tall, weighed 185 pounds, made twenty thousand a year, got his own breakfasts, and exercised regularly. Every afternoon he went to a gymnasium and boxed to keep himself fit. He almost never drank alcohol.

On the night of the Sheldons' party he dressed in his apartment—(he had a monastical three-room flat in an old brownstone house in East Fifty-fourth Street)—and making sure that his keys were in his overcoat pocket, he sallied forth in his gladiatorial costume. He felt somewhat ridiculous, especially below the knees, and hoped he'd meet no one on the stairs; nor did he.

He saw a figure descending the stairs. The girl's hair glowed suddenly, with a quick coppery gleam, as she passed under the light

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

But in the vestibule of the house he met a girl. She was a pretty girl, with copper-colored hair. Neal recognized her as the young woman who recently had moved into the apartment above his.

She was standing in the vestibule, bareheaded, examining the contents of her mail box. Her expression was serious. When she saw Neal it changed.

She gave him a swift glance, up and down. She saw his bare legs below the rim of his fur coat, and the classic sandals on his feet. And involuntarily she giggled.

For a moment Neal was annoyed. But she was a very pretty girl. He grinned sheepishly.

"I know," he said. "Silly, isn't it? I'm going to a fancy-dress ball. I'm a Roman gladiator."

"I didn't mean to giggle," said the girl. "But your legs were sort of—unexpected."

"They're sort of cold," replied Neal, and walked hurriedly down the icy steps of the stoop.

It was Saturday night in February, and the air was bitter. Also, the taxi he took was unheated. By the time he reached the Sheldon house he was chilled to the marrow. And that house, an ancient mansion, was as full of drafts as a cathedral.

So when he was offered a cocktail he took it. The cocktail warmed him. He drank another. His hostess, Madge Sheldon, saw him and shrieked: "Look at Neal! He's going on a bender!"

"Rot!" said Neal. "It's this darned house of yours. I've got goose-flesh all up and down my legs."

"Let's see!" cried Madge, rushing over to him.

"Don't be silly, Madge."

"Why, so you have got goose-flesh! Poor baby, have another cocktail!—unless you think it would wreck that handsome constitution of yours?"

"You annoy me," said Neal. "I could drink more than any of you if I once got started."

He plucked a third cocktail from a passing tray and drank it without blinking. Mrs. Sheldon laughed.

"Mercy! You *are* going the pace! Oh, there's Mary Price! Mary!" called Madge. "Come over and look! Neal Brainard's got goose-flesh on his legs!"

"It's a lie," said Neal, as Miss Price, in a Spanish costume, crossed the room toward them. Mary Price was thin and leisurely and beautiful; a dark young woman with large lazy eyes, drooping black lashes and a vivid mouth.

"I've got goose-flesh on my arms," she said.

THEY were lovely arms. Neal looked at them appreciatively. "Only one thing to do, Miss Price. Have a cocktail."

"Thanks," said Mary. "Will you?"

"With pleasure."

They drank their cocktails. Madge said: "You two are sitting next each other at dinner. . . . Remember, Mary, Neal's an invincible bachelor." She laughed and left them.

"Are you invincible?" Mary asked Neal, as they started in to dinner.

"I'm a regular Gibraltar," he answered promptly.

"Then we ought to get on beautifully," she said, smiling. "Because I'm opposed to marriage myself—on principle. I've seen so many horrible examples of it!"

"Suppose you happened to fall in love?" suggested Neal.

"I do. Frequently."

"I don't," he said. "But what if you were serious about it?"

"I'm always serious about it. For instance, if I fell in love with you tonight—"

"But you won't!"

"I might. You're fair game, aren't you?"

"Not at all," protested Neal, warmly. "And anyway, this is the closed season for bachelors. You're supposed to hunt them only during the Spring and Summer months."

Mary Price turned and looked at him. Her long lashes drooped provokingly.

"I do my hunting when and where I choose," she said.

"Do you? But I assure you that I—"

NEAL stopped, aware of some strange happening at the center of his being. He had just taken a sip of wine, and suddenly a wave of heat swept through him. It engulfed his chest and rose to his brain. He felt oddly exhilarated.

"What were you going to say?" asked Mary Price.

Neal leaned toward her. He gazed solemnly into her dark eyes.

"I was going to say that you're beautiful, Mary."

She laughed, lightly. Her eyes gleamed a little under their half-lowered lashes.

"You know," she said, "I'm not sure I won't fall in love with you—just for the evening!"

The party lasted till well on toward daylight. Neal Brainard left at three A. M. He knew he had departed; because here he was in a taxicab headed

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Mary paid no attention to Mr. Dawson. Abruptly, she said "Miss Demarest! I want to ask you a question"

for home. The party remained a pleasant blur in his mind. He remembered dancing with Mary Price. He remembered kissing Mary Price. They had sat behind a rampart of potted palms on the stair-landing, and he had kissed her. . . . Well, why not? There was no harm—no danger—in falling in love for the evening. Yet he was haunted by a vague apprehension. Did Mary, he wondered, understand clearly that he was invincible?

"I'M invincible," he said to the taxi-driver, as he paid the fare.

"I'll say you are, sir," said the taxi-driver, pocketing his tip. "I never seen a guy more that way than you are. Good night, sir."

"Good night," said Neal. "And God bless you."

He mounted the steps of the house and searched his pockets for his keys. He couldn't find them. He searched again. They weren't there. And his legs were rapidly freezing.

"Lost my keys," said Neal to the cold, unfeeling night. "Only thing to do, ring the bell."

But there were many bells; one for each apartment in the house. He pushed a button at random. Then he waited, peering hopefully through the glass door. The sharp air sobered him. His brain began to clear. . . .

At last he saw, by the single light in the foyer of the house, a figure descending the stairs. It was the figure of a girl in a dressing-gown. The dressing-gown was pink. The girl's hair glowed suddenly, with a quick, coppery gleam, as she passed under the light.

"Good Lord," said Neal to himself. "It's that girl I met in the vestibule—the one who giggled at me! What'll she think—?"

Then the door opened, and the girl's voice inquired eagerly: "Is it a telegram? For Miss Demarest?"

"No," said Neal, stepping into the hall, "it isn't a telegram. It's me."

"Oh!"

"I'm sorry," said Neal. "But—you see—I've just got home from that fool party, and I—"

"Oh, dear," said the girl.

"I've lost my keys. I didn't mean to ring your bell, Miss Demarest. But I was darned near frozen, and I couldn't go to a hotel in this silly costume."

"Well, never mind," said Miss Demarest, and added: "I was awake. I've been expecting a telegram, and I thought it was that when I heard the bell."

"I'm really sorry to have disturbed you," said Neal. She had turned and started back up the stairs. He followed her. They reached the second floor hall. Neal said: "Here's where I live. Thanks for saving my life, and good ni—!" Then he stopped, appalled. A blank look came over her face. "Holy Cat!" he said, "I'm sunk!"

"What's the matter now?" she asked, over her shoulder.

"I can't get in. I can't open my door."

"You mean you've lost the key to your own apartment?"

"Yes. It was on a ring with the other, the house key."

They stood facing each other in the dimly lighted hall.

"Well, I must say—!" began Miss Demarest; then abruptly she said: "You've got a chill."

"I'm af-f-raid I ha-have," admitted Neal, his teeth chattering.

She regarded him with an expression that changed rapidly from annoyance to a kind of amused sympathy.

"Come with me," she said. "There's a fire laid in my living-room." She again started up the stairs.

"But Miss D-Demarest—"

"Yes, I know it's almost four o'clock in the morning, and we haven't been formally introduced, and all that. But as it happens, I'm a trained nurse, so you needn't mind so much."

"I don't m-mind," said Neal. "In fact, I'm p-perfectly delighted. I'm N-Neal Brainard, by the way."

Miss Demarest's flat was on the third floor, directly over his. She led him into her living-room, and told him to sit down on the couch near the open fireplace. He did so, rather dazed. She lighted the fire in the grate.

"LET me feel your pulse," she said. He meekly surrendered his wrist to her efficient grasp. "You're all right," she informed him. "You've a splendid pulse."

"I'm healthy enough," said Neal. "But—look here, Miss Demarest—I'm imposing on you frightfully. And the worst of it is, I'm getting sleepy."

"That's good," she said approvingly.

"But I—" He stifled a prodigious yawn. "Good Lord! This is terrible, I can hardly keep my eyes open. . . ."

She laughed. She had a charming laugh. She was altogether charming, standing there in her pink kimono with the firelight on her face and on her hair. . . .

"What's so terrible about it? That couch is quite comfortable. Lie down and go to sleep."

"But I—! I can't stay here!"

"Why can't you? Don't be silly! There's nothing else to do. Good night, Mr. Brainard."

Without another word she walked into her bedroom and closed the door. Neal stared after her. He said vaguely: "An angel, that's what she is. . . ."

Then, with a sigh, he plunged headlong into the pillows of Miss Demarest's couch and slept.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the next morning young Mr. Brainard, fully clothed and in his right mind, was sitting down to a late Sunday breakfast in the privacy of his own apartment, when there came a knock on the door. He opened the door; and found himself face to face with his angel of the previous night.

"Miss Demarest!"

"Good morning, Mr. Brainard. I came down to see if you were all right. I was a little worried about you."

"I'm fine!"

"When I got up this morning," she said, "you were gone. I wondered what had happened to you."

"I climbed down the fire-escape," explained Neal, "and got in through one of the windows of my bedroom, which was unlocked. Pity I didn't think of the fire-escape last night. . . . Come in," he urged, "and have some breakfast."

"I've had breakfast, thanks."

"Have some more," said Neal earnestly. "Have a grapefruit. Or a cup of coffee."

"Well," said Miss Demarest, "I might have a cup of coffee."

She stepped into the room. He placed a chair for her at the breakfast table. . . . He felt curiously elated, as though he had made some important capture. . . . He thanked her profusely for having taken care of him the night before. She said it was nothing, and complimented him on his coffee. . . .

Her name, he discovered shortly, was Nancy. (He had always like the name of Nancy.) She had just completed a course of training in a New York hospital. This, she gave him to understand, was a matter of education rather than necessity. Her home was in Brookline, Massachusetts.

"But I don't know why I'm telling you the story of my life, Mr. Brainard."

"My name is Neal."

"All right," said Nancy, smiling. "Do you happen to know Brookline, Mr.—Neal?"

"Well," replied Neal, "I've never met Brookline personally, but I know it by reputation."

She laughed. "I was born there," she said, "and might have gone on, living all my life there, if I hadn't accidentally fallen in love."

Neal's feeling of elation ebbed suddenly.

"You fell in love?"

"Yes. With a man who was also Brookline—Johnny Dawson. I'd known him since the day he came up to my perambulator and poked me to see if I was real."

"And were you?"

"Johnny wasn't sure. He thought I was a doll. He kept on thinking so right up to the time we became engaged. . . . Then he got an awful shock, poor darling. Because, you see, I'd made up my mind to go into a hospital and study nursing."

"Why?"

"Well, I thought it would be a sensible thing to do. Johnny had a job with an oil company whose fields are in a remote part of Texas. So I thought if I was going down there, to live with him and have babies and raise them, that I'd better know something about my job. Don't you think I was right?"

"I think," said Neal, with enthusiasm, "that you're a most unusual sort of young woman."

"Oh, no, I'm (*Continued on page 55*)

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April Escapade

The Story Thus Far:

MARY KATE O'HARA, a beautiful San Francisco girl, works in the office of Gordon Rountree, rich, prominent, and powerful. She is introduced by Mr. Rountree to one Christopher Steynes, a wealthy young man of the world. Mr. Steynes, it appears, is being pursued by a Russian countess—Madame Yarnowska—and her predatory daughter, Marka, who is determined to marry him. Escape will be difficult, unless he can produce a wife. Will Mary Kate go to Burlingame, smart San Francisco suburb, where he is living, meet the Russians, and pose as "Mrs. Steynes" for twenty-four hours?

Mary Kate is engaged to young Cass Keating, an ambitious real estate salesman. She loathes the idea of doing secretly such a thing as Steynes suggests. But Steynes offers her a large sum of money for her services—and the O'Haras are very poor. There's her mother, a hard-working widow; and Tom, a restless high-school boy; Regina and Tess, two charming little girls; seven-year-old Pat; and Martin, who acts as chauffeur for old Doctor van Antwerp and who can go to Germany with his employer and study medicine, if he can raise sufficient funds.

Tempted, Mary Kate wavers. Finally she accepts the offer. Telling her fiancé and her family that Mr. Rountree is sending her to Sacramento on business, she meets Steynes, who buys her an extensive wardrobe. And presently, heart throbbing, she finds herself on the train, en route to Burlingame—and the greatest adventure of her life!

IV

AFTER all there was nothing so terrifying about it. There was nothing alarming about riding quietly, interestedly, down to the San Mateo neighborhood, looking out of the car windows with all the pleasure of the stranger; there was no reason why a tall girl in a belted brown coat and fur hat *shouldn't* get up quite naturally when the conductor said "Burlingame!" and join the moving line in the aisle.

And on the platform was Christopher Steynes, quite brisk and businesslike, taking her suitcase away from her, glancing at her in satisfaction.

"Everything serene?"

"Oh, yes, so far!"

He laughed at the rather uncertain tone; Mary Kate had to laugh herself. The reassuring afternoon sun was shining, and down here in the sweet green country everything smelled sweet.

She got into the car, put her feet up in front of her, settled herself in pleasant expectancy.

"Not so bad, eh?" Christopher Steynes said, taking his own seat beside her, leaning across her to try the right-hand door, and putting his gloved hands on the wheel.

"So far!" she admitted again, with an easier laugh.

Their way lay across the highway, streaming with cars that flashed and hummed endlessly, in the long afternoon shade and sun, and up through great brick gates toward the foothills.

"That's the Club," Chris told her, indicating it with a jerk of his fair, uncovered head. "Know that place? That's the Belcher place—"

"I don't know any of them!" She studied the beautiful gardens, the shining windows and low roofs with obvious approval.

"Is this us?" she asked interestedly, when he turned sharply in at a certain oak-guarded garden gate.

"This is us."

"Isn't it darling!"

"It's small. But it's one of the show places of the Peninsula."

Mary Kate thought it might well be. Her heart beat high for sheer pleasure in its beauty as she descended from the car and followed her host, through a grilled gate in a creamy wall, into the patio.

It was a Spanish house, quite new, but cleverly simulating age. The crudest of peasant laborers might have put it together in some village lying on the hills near old Toledo, three hundred years before. There was a fascinating simplicity, a certain clumsiness and irregularity about its adobe walls and the angles of its collapsing roof-line, of fading pink tiles. No two of the windows were alike in size or position: some had heavy shutters of weather-beaten green-gray planks; some were narrow, with twisted iron bars protecting them.

In the wide, tropically scented patio, at the end of this drowsing spring day, water was splashing sleepily in an old stone fountain, under whose wide lily pads little red fish shot to and fro. A great banana palm, opposite the gateway, flung tremendous fans of delicate green against the adobe wall. From the left of the entrance a narrow cloister, outlined in slender, white-painted poles, ran back to a hooded doorway; underfoot moss spurted green between the irregular, tip-tilted tiles. Doves were walking on the low roof, twisting their trimly groomed little white and gray bodies, pouring their heart-breaking chord of sorrow into the peaceful air.

CHRIS led the way into the dim shadows of the interior, gratefully cool on this warm airless afternoon. Mary Kate, speechless with the deep satisfaction of discovered beauty, saw narrow, arched doorways; fine, twisted stairways rising up against bare, soft walls, niches where Spanish saints stood stiffly under crowns of tarnished stars, a great fireplace with a wrought-iron crane, a bit of balcony from which hung a tattered scrap of mellow old brocade.

"Will you put my cousin in the spare room, Peter?" Chris said to a quiet, middle-aged man who was carrying Mary Kate's bag. "It's now ten minutes to six—we ought to leave at ten minutes to eight," he told his guest. "I've got to go over to the club, so make yourself entirely at home. There are books—there's a radio over there."

He turned away, and Mary Kate discovered with an obscure satisfaction that her rooms were on the ground floor. Somehow that seemed to make the whole adventure seem safer. Here they were, the first a darling bedroom with two low carven beds of black wood, chests and tables and chairs to match, low lights in little parchment hoods. And opening out of it on one side a sort of piazza sitting-room, with wicker chairs and a tiled floor, and bare grapevines patterning against the glowing garden beyond. On the other side were a luxurious dressing-room and bath.

There was another door; a deep closet with hangers. Her eyes shone. On the hangers were the evening wrap, the white sport costume of thin silk, with the striped coat, and the creamy satin evening dress, embroidered in pearl roses. On the shelf beneath them stood the creamy satin slippers with their pearl buckles.

In the dressing-table drawers were powder, perfumes, rouge, cold cream. Transparent flesh-colored stockings, and a closed, old-fashioned jewel-case shared the second drawer.

Mary Kate took off her hat and coat, and hung them up carefully in the closet. Then she went quickly to the hall door, and locked it. After that she stood in the center of the room for a moment, panting, her eyes wide open, the fingers of one slim hand at her cheek.

Not a sound anywhere. Or rather, not a disquieting sound. The quiet splashing of the fountain was audible, through the stillness, and now and then vague voices, that might have come from a neighboring garden, or might have been servants in the kitchen. Once a bird screamed harshly; she had seen a parrot, walking suspiciously up and down on a perch, in the patio. Now and then a motor honked, out of sight on the road, beyond the lawn, and the garden trees and shrubs.

Then the fountain again, splash and trickle and splash. And always the soft, incessant plaint of the doves.

The sun must be almost gone now; some leaves outside her shuttered window were burning blood red.

MARY KATE went back to the dressing table, sat down. She took the jewel-box in her hands; opened it. Inside lay a triple string of rosy, small pearls, held by a diamond clasp. She had never had real pearls in her hands before; she knew these were real.

Lying in the circle of the pearls was a beautiful heavy ring; two great pearls guarding an emerald. This was old-

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Illustrated by Charles Lassell

Mary Kate saw two lean, dark, rather sickly-looking women facing her. "What do you say?" the older asked, sharply. "My wife," replied Christopher Steynes

By Kathleen Norris

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fashioned, too, and the lovelier for that. The girl slipped it on; it fitted perfectly.

She put all the jewels back carefully, and began an inspection of the room. Books—they looked fascinating; magazines. When she peeped through her open door she could see nobody—hear no sound. She made a timid little tour of inspection of the lower floor, admiring the patio again—took from the row of magazines that were faced in an overlapping line on a library table, one or two for her own amusement.

Back in her own room, the door locked, she removed her dress and shoes, lay reading on her bed, looking at pictures, always with an odd sense of excitement and danger running in her veins.

A darling house, and a darling room. Delicious smells everywhere, and especially the fragrance from the white lilacs on her table. There were pens and ink on that same writing table; she smiled idly to think how useless they were to her! There was nobody to whom Mary Kate O'Hara could send letter paper heavily engraved with the mysterious words, "El Hogar." What did it mean, anyway? That would be a nice, safe question to ask Mr. Steynes when they came back tonight.

It was twenty minutes to seven, and time to dress. By this time tomorrow night she would be at home in Mother's kitchen again, thrilled by her secret adventure, ready to break to Mart the intoxicating news that he might go to Germany with Dr. van Antwerp if he would!

SHE ran bath water into a pale pink square tub, poured in bath salts, took the fat little cross-stitched cloth from the rack. And what soap!—deliciously scented with violets, and what a luxury of hot water!

Unfamiliar with all the creams, she tried several; she turned her bright head upside down, and brushed her flaming mop until it sparkled like copper wires. She wiped her greasy face on a soft towel, and sat at the dressing table, regarding herself thoughtfully.

A first moment of panic smote her.

"What on earth am I *doing?*" Mary Kate said, half-aloud.

The transparent stockings were drawn on; she stepped into the pearl-buckled slippers. They lifted her unexpectedly high; it was a tall girl who looked back at her from the mirror.

Her wildly tousled hair was brushed into a shining cap of metallic waves. The deep ripple of it was low on her white forehead, just above her dark-blue eyes; little wings of glittering red-gold crept out upon her glowing cheeks.

The dress went over her head, descended in a cool ripple of satin, settled about her. The smooth ivory of her shoulders rose from the smooth ivory of the gown; the skirt stood about her knees in great petals embroidered with pearls. Her budding breasts, the slim straightness of body and legs were outlined in the lustrous soft lines, the pearls over her heart rose and sank softly with her sudden, ecstatic breath.

Mary Kate took the old pearl necklace in her fingers, clasped it about the column of her throat. She slipped her finger through the ring. Then she stood up, and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, you Marguerite!" she said, half-aloud, the unwilling dimple appearing at her suddenly-curved mouth. The girl in the mirror was like a flame in an alabaster cup. Her cheeks were blazing scarlet, her bitten lip crimson, the cream of her modelled brow and chin, her smooth throat and swelling bosom ivory white, flawless and soft. Against her pure skin the rosy little globules of the pearls threw opal shadows.

The furred wrap, with its gold and cream quiltings, over her arm, she went out into the now softly lighted living-room; Christopher, very tall and broad and smart in full evening dress, was standing beside a wood fire, smoking. He turned as she came out, and threw his half-finished cigarette into the flames.

"I say—" he said, in a bewildered voice. He frowned, but there were wrinkles of amazed laughter about his eyes, too. He took a step or two toward her, halted, his puzzled gaze not for an instant leaving her. "Say, Mary," he began again. "You look wonderful—you look simply grand. What a swell dress—what a swell you are—"

The boyish paucity of his phrases appealed to her as no sophisticated compliment could have done, and she laughed in a sort of delighted confusion.

"Isn't it a gorgeous dress?"

"And the pearls—" he said, admiringly. "Why, they were made for you! They were my Steynes grandmother's, and the ring was hers. She gave them to my aunt, Mrs. Florence, and when Aunt Minnie died, out here in California, last year, she put them in safety deposit for me.

"But honestly—" He was still completely taken by surprise. "You're perfectly lovely!"

"It's the dress," Mary Kate repeated.

"It may be partly the dress—it was certainly a find," Chris conceded, studying the details of the perfect whole curiously. "But your hair—and your slippers—I didn't realize you were so tall. You're very tall, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. I'm as tall as my brother Martin—I'm nearly as tall as Tom."

"Who's Tom—the fiancé?"

"No; the man I'm going to marry is named Cass Keating. No; Tom's my younger brother. Tom's seventeen."

"The youngest?"

"Oh, no. Then comes Tess, and then Regina, and Pat—he's the baby."

"And has—Mr. Keating—ever seen you like this?" Chris said in his careless way.

She laughed artlessly. "No one's ever seen me like this! I didn't know this creamy color would be so—well, so—"

"Becoming. Why don't you say it?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"Becoming."

"We have ten minutes," Chris told her, motioning toward a chair. She sat down against a high back of old red brocade embroidered in tarnished bullion. Against it the dazzling purity of hair and skin, and the folds of the ivory gown, shone out with startling beauty.

"WILL you smoke?" Chris inquired after a short pause.

"No, thank you."

"Can you?"

"I never tried."

"Do you drink at all?"

Again the placid, dignified glance from the blue eyes.

"I never have."

"You dance, Mary?"

"Oh—dance!" Her voice was rich with rapture. The man laughed.

"I'm very proud of my wife!" he said, with a sly sidewise glance.

Her color rushed up, but she spoke with composure:

"Now that we're this far into it, it's all right. But all of a sudden it seems to me a perfectly crazy thing to do!"

"I don't know why." There was a little telephone on the table near him; he indicated it idly. "You could call your mother on that, and be talking to her in half a minute."

"Yes, I thought of that!"

"You see, there are lots of things that girls couldn't do, generations ago, that they can do now. For instance, suppose you really were going on a trip from the office," Christopher argued, "and some perfectly personable young man—some man who might easily be in love with you, was sent along, too. That situation must be constantly occurring—"

"Oh, it *is!*" Mary Kate agreed eagerly, as he paused, feeling more and more comfortable every minute.

"You and he dine together on the train, perhaps make a trip of several days, at hotels and on trains," the man pursued, "without anyone thinking the less of you!"

"Yes, I know. Just the same," Mary Kate said frankly, "if my mother ever gets onto this she'll skin me!"

"She'll never get on to it."

"Not if I can help it!"

"By the way, (*Continued on page 37*)

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Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

"I can't use that money," said Raeford. His dancing eye guided Halloran's glance to the pocket from which Jelnik's trembling fingers were extracting a wad of bills

Five Grand

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

AS THE afternoon wore thin, Jelnik watched the office door with tightening expectancy. At four-thirty he would know which of two agreeable things was going to happen to him; he wanted them both so earnestly that he was sure of being glad and sorry whichever way it turned out.

If Joe Raeford didn't show up, the letter in Jelnik's pocket would be turned over, at five o'clock, to Big Mike Halloran, and when Big Mike finished using it Joe Raeford would be out of public life for keeps.

Part of the time Jelnik hoped that this would happen. He hated Raeford, with cause. If it hadn't been for Raeford Jelnik wouldn't have been disbarred, wouldn't be obliged to do Big Mike Halloran's legal scavenging, on the salary that Big Mike paid to people he could send up the river. It would sweeten Big Mike, too, if Jelnik turned that letter over to him, and there might be a bit of money by way of thanks.

Not much, though. When Big Mike could put a man in stripes he didn't see the sense of paying cash for loyalty. And so, as he listened for steps in the hall, Jelnik hoped most of the time, that Raeford would be able to raise the five grand and buy that letter.

Five grand was worth more than the satisfaction of seeing Raeford kicked out of politics in disgrace. And, Jelnik reflected, there'd be some satisfaction anyway in knowing that Raeford would have to sweat and scrimp to pay back the money, after the stupid fashion of people who didn't have the nerve and brains to go after quick, big, easy coin.

In Raeford's place, Jelnik thought, a wise guy could get that five grand and plenty more just for the asking, with those sewer contracts coming up before the council this month and the sweetest graft of the year depending on a couple of votes. But Raeford wouldn't have sense enough to reach for easy jack—if he raised the money at all he'd put himself in hock for it, like all honest boobs, and spend the next three or four years paying it back.

IT WAS almost four-thirty when Jelnik heard steps in the hall. He sat very still, holding his breath, as Raeford came in. One look was enough. Raeford had the money. Jelnik's knees wobbled a little as he walked over to lock the door. Big Mike wouldn't come in till almost five, but it wasn't healthy to run any more risks than were absolutely necessary. Just double-crossing Big Mike was enough of a risk to put that shiver in Jelnik's knees.

"Make it snappy!" He spoke in a whisper. "Put the coin on the desk so I can see it's all there. I'll put the letter down beside it, so you can see it's the right one, see? Like this."

One hand on the paper, he watched Raeford thumb the bills. A hundred fifties. Good bills, too—it would have taken a clever counterfeit to fool Jelnik's eye, even if Raeford had been smart enough and crooked enough to try to put something over.

Raeford pushed the money toward him carelessly, reached without haste for the letter. Jelnik felt cheated; the bills sent a pleasing thrill along his fingers, but he'd been counting, as part of the fun, on hearing Raeford squawk, and Raeford wasn't squawking. He laughed quietly, the way a man laughs over merry thoughts.

"What's the joke?" Jelnik demanded sourly.

"You let me down so easily," said Raeford. "There wasn't any harm in that letter when I wrote it, eight years ago, but it would have been a nuisance to explain it, if the papers had got hold of it right now, with the sewer graft coming up in the council. I'd have paid twice as much sooner than let Big Mike use a club like this on me."

"Applebutter! You can't kid me, Raeford. Twice as much! Why, five grand's more coin than a sucker like you can make in a year. You'll sweat blood before you pay it back."

"I would," said Raeford, "if I had to pay it back. But I don't, Jelnik. Not unless I want to. That's where the joke comes in. I'll give you two guesses where I raised that cash."

Jelnik stared. "Big Mike! You—you sold out!"

"Give yourself a big hand," said Raeford. "You're half right. I got the money from Halloran all right, and if I vote the way he wants me to on the sewer graft I don't owe him a cent."

Jelnik had no words.

"Easy come," laughed Raeford, "easy go." He leaned back, lighted a cigarette, crossed his legs. "You could have held me up for ten," he said cheerfully.

There was a heavy step in the corridor. Jelnik's heart tried to scramble out his throat. He knew the step. He stuffed the money into a pocket. Raeford, still laughing, rose and unlocked the door. Big Mike Halloran came in.

The bulk of him blocked the doorway. His heavy red face swivelled on nested chins, his recessed eyes shifting from Jelnik to Raeford and back again to the popeyed, breathless little man behind the desk.

"WHAT'S the big idea, Raeford?" The husky voice sent a shivering tingle up and down between Jelnik's shoulder blades.

"I wanted to see you, Halloran," said Raeford's cheerful voice, "and I knew you always stopped in here around five, so I thought I'd wait for you here."

He chuckled.

"You see, Halloran, after thinking things over, I've decided that I'll have to vote against your sewer grab, after all. So of course I can't conscientiously—" he paused after the word as if to give it emphasis— "use that money I borrowed from you on the understanding that I'd vote your way.

"I came around here to give it back to you, but I've got to be uptown at five sharp; as you didn't show up, I—" his dancing eye guided Halloran's hard, piggy glance to the pocket from which Jelnik's shaking fingers were already trying to extract a wad of crumpled bills—"I was just going to run the risk of leaving that five thousand for you—with Jelnik."

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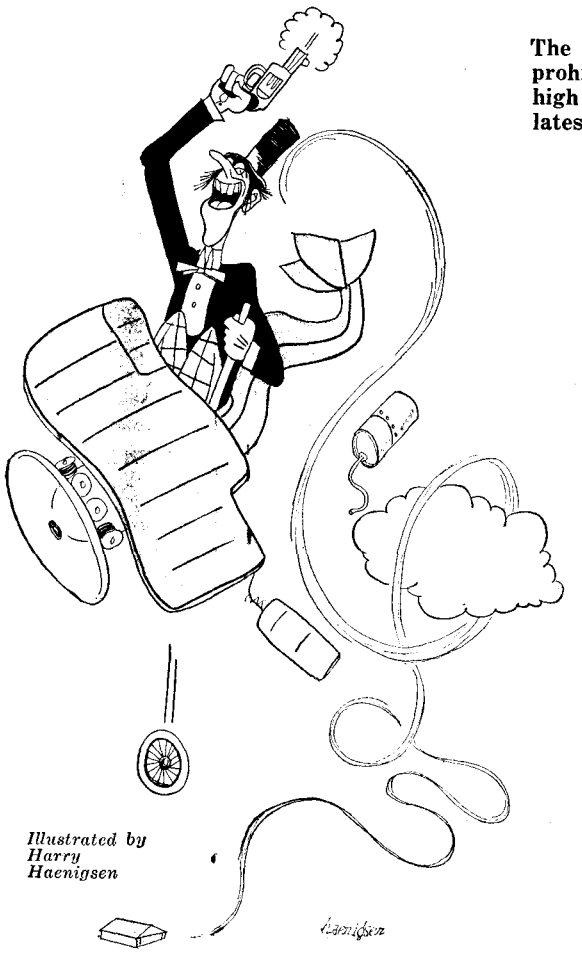
Oh, Shoot!

By Ring Lardner

In all our land there is nobody, we're sure, who can deplore better than Mr. Lardner—nor deeper. Of course there are topics which do not arouse this extraordinary talent of his; but give him a good deplorable situation and he will convince you at once that there is something wrong. Mr. Lardner had never heard of prohibition enforcement until we mentioned it a few weeks ago but, as you will read below, he began instantly to deplore it. And not only that: he solves it



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

It's silly to interfere with the Drys' efforts to knock their own legislation for a nose dive

The War Department should enforce prohibition with long-range cannon, high explosives, shrapnel and all the latest delicacies in the way of gas

WHEN it was suggested that I write something about prohibition, I snapped at the idea as a starving dog goes after a deck of cards. Here was a subject that had escaped the attention of other members of the writing graft, and you don't have to be so skillful in the handling of a given theme if the theme itself is sufficiently novel.

I thought I could tear off two or three thousand words almost as fast as I could type. I forgot that even a mental contact with the Demon or anything pertaining to same always filled me with an almost overwhelming desire to abstain from work for a period of thirty-four days. So the composition of this article has been a tough job and not a siesta, and I ask my friends to bear that in mind while they are thinking what a tough job it is to read it.

I do not believe I am betraying a confidence when I say that there are, in this country, several organizations whose aim is to effect the modification or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Nearly every citizen who isn't living under an assumed name has received invitations to join one or more of these tongs. If I have been asked once, I have been asked twice. But I have consistently declined to go into them because I figure it is silly to interfere in any way with the efforts of the Drys to knock their own pet legislation for a nose dive. If they fail, it will be time for outsiders to step in.

But they won't fail. They are experienced Gummers and we should be grateful that they are not enlisted on the side of some more salutary statute such as the one which restricts husband-killers to four kinds of dessert during the week of penal servitude.

The Drys of our land are to a large extent identical with the people who have fought the good fight for purity and decency in books and plays. If their war on rum is conducted only half as shrewdly as the struggle against literary and dramatic dirt, we boy scouts need have no fear. You can hardly name one legitimate show of the past season that could possibly give offense to any 125-year-old paralytic who was unable to attend it, and parents are safe in leaving a volume of Milne or Guest on the living-room table, while the children are away at kindergarten.

Let's Not Be Pikers

With a modicum of the same energy and skill applied to the anti-alcohol campaign, the Pros will soon have it fixed so a person can't buy a drink from a horse. It were folly for an amateur to offer advice to these needle-witted strategists, but it does seem to me that if the idea is to stop tippling by homicide, bigger results could be obtained, and at less expense, through the withdrawal of artillery and snipers from the border and the free and untrammeled admittance of all the stuff the consumer wants.

The price of what is screamingly called liquor would shortly drop to a point where even actors could afford it and the consequent fatalities would outnumber those resulting from the present system by at least a hundred to one.

Moreover, this sort of war of attrition would be carried on at little or no cost to the government; the customers would have to pay for their own demise unless they died before they settled, in which case the laugh would be on the bootlegger where it belongs.

But even if the current scheme is adhered to, I believe it should be carried out with more thoroughness and zeal.

In the first place it should be under the auspices of the War Department instead of the Secretary of the Treasury. Revolvers, shotguns, small-bore rifles and pea-shooters ought to be supplanted by long-range cannon, and bullets that can kill only one man or child at a time, replaced by high explosives, shrapnel and all the latest delicacies in the way of gas.

Peace Without Whisky

Electrically charged wire should guard the Canadian border from ocean to ocean and the Mexican border from the Pacific to the Gulf. Scout planes and observation balloons should locate Canada's distilleries and direct our shell fire, and the fields of hay from which the liquor is made could be destroyed by poisoned confetti.

The entire eastern half of the Dominion to the north of us might be inundated by a company of volunteers under Capt. Gertrude Ederle, who would stand at the bottom of Niagara Falls and splash the water back as fast as it came over. Our aces could drop souvenir post cards from George Creel assuring the Canadians that we have no quarrel with them as a nation, that all we want is peace without whisky, and that this is merely a war to make the United States safe for the soda fountains. An armistice would be granted, we'd tell them, as soon as they pledged themselves to eliminate entirely the alcoholic content of the stuff they have been selling to our importers. This would mean a reduction of nearly two per cent.

Some of the war-time regulations should be in effect once more. No meat on Mondays; no heat on Tuesdays; no sweet on Wednesdays; no wheat on Thursdays; no treat on Fridays, and no eat on Saturdays. Censorship of all mail passing between us and Canada and Mexico; four-minute speeches; adoption of Belgian orphans; purling; saving fingernail parings to fill in the shell holes on the (*Continued on page 57*)

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The Hindenburg Lion

By Grantland Rice

Wide World

Max Schmeling, the first German to come within reach of the heavyweight crown

Time was when a German would have been arrested, had he lived, for aspiring with his fists to the heavyweight championship. Old John L. would have fainted if he thought a real fighter might come from east of the British Isles. But look who's here—a kid from the Hindenburg line knocking them lopsided. And just about to grab the championship. It does beat all

FROM the days of Jem Mace on through John Lawrence Sullivan to James Joseph Tunney it has been taken for granted that except for those of Irish or British connection none but an American brow could support the heavyweight crown. There they marched: Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney. Fitz was born in England and developed in Australia. Burns (Noah Brusso) was born in Canada. Johnson was a Galveston Negro.

When Tunney retired last July, Jack Sharkey looked to be the best of a somewhat seedy lot. Jack Sharkey is of Lithuanian birth, but, being an American now, he seemed to qualify as much by default as anything else. He had all the cauliflower earmarks of a coming champion until his row with Dempsey in 1927, after which he appeared to lose a lot of his early zest for conquest. Even his tongue had become less eager.

But an American fighter is no longer the dominating name on the heavyweight scroll. For the first time in ring history a German heavyweight is featuring most of the arguments and at present is far in front of the pack. And unless some unexpected development takes place shortly the crown that Sullivan, Corbett and Jeffries wore will soon be on its way to Berlin.

In young Max Schmeling, aged twenty-three, Germany now seems to have the best heavyweight in the world. In one way this has been one of the most startling upheavals in sport. When Tunney retired no one suspected that his successor might come out of Germany. There wasn't a German in sight. There was Sharkey of New England, Paolino of Spain, Stribling from Georgia and possibly Dempsey from the West.

About that time a second-rater known as Gypsy Daniels was toppling one Max Schmeling over with a punch. But Schmeling got up. Since then he has slashed and chopped his way through most of the bunch in just a year's time.

When he stopped Joe Monte of Boston and beat up Joe Sekyra of Dayton he was on his way. When he knocked out Risko, the rubber man, he wrote a new chapter in ring history. No one else has ever knocked Risko out. And when he had finished dissecting Paolino Uzcudun, 192 pounds of slag, he had proved his case.

Schmeling at the age of twenty-three has a greater variety of natural qualities than either Dempsey or Tunney had at that age. He is a better boxer than Dempsey ever was, with a better defense. He carries more punishment in his right hand than Tunney could show. He is more of an athlete than Tunney was.

Tunney at twenty-three was only a fair fighter. He needed six more years to be ready for the main chance. Schmeling is less than a year away.

What qualities can Schmeling carry into battle? In the first place he has the foot work and the body litheness of a natural athlete. There is no stiffness, no awkwardness. In the second place he has two good hands, a greatly improving left and a punishing, accurate right.

He Knew the Answers

He has a rare combination of coolness and determination. In this respect he is somewhere in between Dempsey and Tunney. He lacks Dempsey's old ring fury, but he is more aggressive than Tunney.

He looks like Dempsey, but he fights more like Tunney, with this big difference: where Tunney was usually waiting for the onslaught, waiting for an opponent to start the trouble, Schmeling is more than willing to furnish the attack.

When the German fighter tackled Paolino there were just two questions the public asked: How would he stand up under fire and what sort of a left hand did he carry? He answered both. He came through with the old banner flying high. On many occasions he outroughed the mauling, tugging Spaniard, and it was Schmeling's greatly improved left hand that started the wood chopper on his way down hill.

In the early stages of that fight the German had little chance to throw in a right-hand punch. There was no target to shoot at. It was a sharp, accurate left that kept Paolino away and finally opened him up. Schmeling's left did most of the early damage and it was a far better left hand than he had ever shown before.

If one Luis Angel Firpo had only brought along with him a left hand of this quality he would have become champion of the world. No doubt of that. As it was, Firpo might just as well have left his left fist back in the Argentine. He could not use it in attack or on defense. There were many times when he left it hanging at his side as he whammed away with his right.

When Schmeling first came over, his right hand featured his attack. His left was better than Firpo's, but it was nothing to cable Berlin about. But he was smart enough to begin work on his weakest spot and to work in the right way. The Spaniard was evidently looking for a right hand. Instead he found a left prodding and jabbing, smashing his nose and closing his eyes. Schmeling could have won with his left alone.

Schmeling immediately gives the appearance of knowing his job. He comes out with a cool, determined, highly concentrated attack. There is none of Dempsey's early scowl. There is none of Tunney's early uncertainty. He doesn't go out for a quick kill, as Dempsey did; and he doesn't hang back to study the other fellow's style, as Tunney did. He makes his own war, in his own way; but he is never wide open or careless.

He isn't reckless. He isn't too conservative. He will come to any man who will give him a chance and make a fight of it, and on this account he is sure of a heavy crowd appeal.

One of the main features of the German contender is the speed, accuracy and power of his right hand. He handles it with a quick, sudden thrust that the eye often misses. The beauty of this punch is that it is no wild haymaker. It may travel only ten or twelve inches, but even from this short range it had force enough to crush Paolino and to keep him reeling and staggering during the closing rounds of the fight.

Within Reach of the Crown

Dempsey's ruinous punch was a left hook. He had a good right, but not a great one. Tunney's best hand was also his left, but he used it in a different fashion. It was more of a straight jab. Tunney's best right-hand punch was a thump to the body, as close to the heart as he could land it. But Schmeling has a more dangerous right hand, a more punishing one, than either Dempsey or Tunney ever employed. It has more power, greater speed and much more accuracy.

Those who saw the second Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago may still recall how Tunney missed right-hand swings time and again, often by a wide margin. One seldom sees Schmeling miss with short, sharp right-hand punches. He is aiming at closer range. He is using better control.

When you add to this right hand a greatly improving left you have the makings of a fine fighter, possibly a great one. Naturally he needs more experience. He can still use more schooling and training. But even as he stands he ought to take any heavyweight now in sight—a poor lot at best. Unless Sharkey happens to work himself into one of his inspired moods, or Dempsey at close quarters should land one of his blasting left hooks, Schmeling looks good enough to hand either of them a heavy battering with the strong probability that a knockout will be attached.

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In the Dark

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Sir Jasper Slane, master detective, matches wits with two masters of crime—and uses one fist to advantage

Donville leaned a little forward in his place. "See you at Grantham later on, Sir Jasper?" he asked. "I may look in," observed Slane

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

SIR JASPER SLANE welcomed his unusual visitor courteously but without effusion. Not even to himself would he have admitted the interest and curiosity, tinctured perhaps with a faint sense of uneasiness, inspired by her unexpected presence.

She stretched herself out in the chair which he had indicated—a strange figure of a woman, as thin as fleshless bones could make her, with an almost haggard face, destitute of color, pallid lips, a complexion which scorned cosmetics, great glorious eyes of a deep soft hazel shade, seldom open at their widest. Underneath her hat one could guess at her closely cropped auburn hair. Her black clothes had an air of decent but selected shabbiness.

"You wonder what I want with you, Sir Jasper Slane?" she inquired.

"As yet," he assured her, "I have not asked myself the question. I could imagine half a dozen things. Your visit is certainly a surprise. The last I heard of you, you were in Paris."

"I've been in Algiers since then," she confided. "Tell me, does it amuse you to talk to me, or would you like me to state my business, and go?"

"I shouldn't say that 'amuse' was quite the word," he rejoined, "but a visit from Lady Eve Tregarthen is naturally interesting. You could tell me many things concerning which I am curious."

"If I chose."

"Precisely. I have an idea that you have come to tell me what it pleases you to tell, and not me to hear."

She yawned, drew from a shabby bag a crushed up paper packet of cigarettes, and lit one from a worn lighter.

"What made you find your way to Raoul Guisol's studio the other night?" she asked. "You weren't exactly in the picture, you know."

"Well, Guisol invited me, for one thing," he replied. "I once bought a picture from him, and he has never forgotten it. I am not sure whether he ever sold another until he had his great success in last year's Academy."

"Oh, yes, he has sold a few," she confided, knocking the ash from her cigarette. "Not many though. So you came because Raoul asked you? Any other reason?"

He smiled across the table at her.

"Isn't this rather a quaint gesture of yours, this visit?" he suggested. "I am not gifted with superhuman intelligence, I know, but on the other hand your attitude seems to me a little ingenuous. And, by-the-by," he added, reaching for a box of cigarettes, "I wonder whether you'd mind—? The smell of that leaf you are smoking is atrocious."

She pinched it out with reluctance, and helped herself from his box.

"A vitiated taste, I suppose," she admitted. "I like strong Algerian tobacco. Perhaps you're right about the other matter. It's being a little sanguine, isn't it, to expect you to confide your secrets to me? Raoul asked you there, I know, because he doesn't understand; but you weren't exactly a welcome guest to everyone. I dare say you realized that."

"SIMPLY to this extent," he acknowledged. "There was one man there, only recently out of prison—a bosom friend of Guisol's he used to be in the old Paris days—who probably wasn't too pleased to see me. My presence even may have brought him a certain amount of uneasiness."

"Quite possibly," she agreed. "Especially as he is looking out for work, I believe."

"Then I should advise him to start in a new line. Such amazing skill as his can be put to many better uses."

"Can it?" she queried indifferently. "I've always understood that forging bank notes was a fairly profitable occupation."

"So it is for someone," Slane assented, "but you know as well as I do that it is very seldom the artist who reaps the reward. Take your friend Lansen, for instance. They say that when he was caught seven years ago he had turned out over a million pounds' worth of counterfeit notes. He hadn't enough money to pay his lawyer."

"I didn't come here to talk about Lansen. You haven't any absinthe, I suppose?" she asked, looking hungrily around.

"Nothing of the sort," he assured her. "A cocktail, if you don't mind waiting, or a whisky-and-soda at once if you prefer it."

"Whisky in a wine-glass, without soda," she begged. "I take my spirits as I take life—neat."

He rose and helped her from the sideboard. When he resumed his seat, he leaned a little further toward her.

"Lady Eve," he proposed, "we can save one another time. If you are here to gather from me just how much the police know about Lansen's future plans, just how much immediate danger he is in, you are wasting your time. I have never discussed Lansen with anyone in authority, and my connection with Scotland Yard is entirely unofficial and occasional. I simply remember that Paul Lansen used to be a friend of yours in the Paris days, and if you are still interested in him you can give him the best possible advice to quit. He's too clever for the police ever to lose sight of, and they won't."

She pinched her cigarette into the ash tray, and lit another.

"This is very interesting," she observed, "but, as I told you before, I didn't come here to talk to you about Paul Lansen. I came on other business."

He looked at her questioningly, but without speech. She moved uneasily in her chair. Her expression had become tense.

"Have you ever heard," she asked, "that I was a friend of the man you've all been after for so long—The Lady Bird?"

"I'VE heard it hinted at," he admitted. "I've never believed it."

"Well, it's true!"

"I'm sorry," he murmured.

"You needn't be," she went on defiantly. "My people threw me out long ago. In my way I'm a derelict. I don't care. Life's too short to waste it with people you've nothing in common with. I can't help how I'm made. Crime attracts me—crime that isn't ugly crime—crime as the Lady Bird understands

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She laughed in his face insolently, challengingly, with a touch of provocativeness. "Brave men don't turn on envoys," she reminded him

it—crime that stakes its life against the other man's.

"You ought to understand. What are you an amateur policeman for? Just because you love the throb of excitement, the real passion there is in crime which you can't get out of anything else—the throb, man against man, brains against brains, courage against courage—and the triumph afterwards. You sit at home and think about it all, and read the papers, about the clues, possible arrests, the moments of hideous apprehension which the hunted man feels when a stranger looks as though he were going to tap him upon the shoulder."

He shook his head.

"Lady Eve," he remonstrated, "that's all very well, but not even you could find sport in cold-blooded murder."

"The Lady Bird never killed anyone in his life," she retorted.

Slane raised his eyebrows.

"There was Doublay, the jeweler, that Police Sergeant at Ludgate, Marks, the bank cashier—"

"IDIOT!" she interrupted. "Do you think the Lady Bird is that sort of a person? He is a director of crime, not a criminal. I'll tell you something. You may believe it or you mayn't. I don't believe he's ever carried a gun in his life."

"I am afraid if ever the police find him it will be a little difficult for him to prove that," Slane remarked incredulously.

"You can find him if you want to," she said.

He leaned a little closer.

"You are going to give him away?"

"To you—not to the police."

"What's the trouble?"

"Better not ask," was the curt reply. "I've stood dozens of other women; I've had to. This time there's been something else. You can have the Lady Bird if you want him. I've done with him."

He felt her watching him, felt her eyes seeking to read the thoughts at the back of his head. He exercised to the full his capacity for facial self-control.

"This is rather a serious business, Lady Eve," he ventured.

She blew out a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Do you think I don't know it? Do you think the memory of this afternoon won't torture me for years to come—if I live, which I rather doubt. I don't care. If I could have put a dagger into his throat last night I would have done it. Mind you, I don't think you'll ever take him. You're much more likely to be driven to the cemetery, whilst he's off on the Train Bleu to Monte Carlo. That's not my business though. He'll be at 18a, Willow Walk, Bermondsey, from seven o'clock tonight until midnight."

"What about the reward?" Slane enquired. "There's five thousand pounds in different amounts, you know."

"I don't want the damned money," the girl scoffed. "I want a front seat in the court, and to watch him in the dock."

Slane took a long, meditative sip of his whisky-and-soda.

"Willow Walk, Bermondsey," he repeated, "between seven and twelve tonight. It's a baddish neighborhood."

"You didn't expect to find him in Pall Mall, did you?" she rejoined sarcastically.

"And how do you feel about it," he asked, looking at her with a new interest in his eyes, "now that you've given him away?"

"HE'S jolly well got what he deserved," was the hard reply.

"Shall you be there?"

She laughed in derision.

"I shall not. I shall be lying low in Chelsea for a few days, and in danger of my life—if I cared much about that—there. However, it doesn't really matter. Go quietly, mind. Leave your taxicab at the corner. Bring as many people as you want to help you if you must, but put them out of sight. You know the Lady Bird. He doesn't leave much to chance."

Slane smiled.

"I can quite well believe that," he agreed.

"You'll go?" she asked, almost fervently.

He smiled once more. This time there was a glint of humor in his eyes.

"Lady Eve," he confided, "if I go to 18a, Willow Walk, Bermondsey, tonight, I shall do so in an armored car, with the loop-holes closed, and an armed patrol around me. I know very well that the first man to step from security on to the path leading to the front door—of what number did you say?—18a Willow Walk—would be biting the ground before his finger pressed the bell. We are all fools more or less, but there are not many of us who would be fools enough to believe that you were giving the Lady Bird away."

She looked at him steadily, fiercely, but without speech.

"I'll admit," Slane went on, "that I knew nothing of your friendship with the Lady Bird, but I did know that for some reason or other I have become obnoxious to him. I can guess why. You see, it was I who recognized Sebastian Ostello, who, Scotland Yard knew quite well, had come over to join the Lady Bird. Back he had to go to Hungary. Then, there's another reason. I've taken to showing myself a good deal more about the West End lately, because it's there I fancy that some day or other we shall find your friend, whose career I have rather a fancy to bring to an end.

"THE Lady Bird doesn't like that. He knows very well that I can go where the police can't. There were rumors that something was to happen at the Mulliner party, the other night. I was there. Very annoying for your Lady Bird, without a doubt, to be kept away from that studio party. I think the Lady Bird had his eye upon Lansen. Very paying proposition to get hold of a man like Lansen. I quite understand. I am a nuisance, Lady Eve, and I must be removed, but, believe me, 18a Willow Walk will see nothing of me tonight."

She drained her glass of whisky, and rose.

"I told him it wouldn't be a damned bit of good," she said defiantly. "They none of them appreciate you. Au revoir, dear Sir Jasper. A trip abroad wouldn't be bad for your health, just now."

"And a voyage round the world for you," he rejoined sternly. "I knew your father, Lady Eve. Do you never think of your people when you mix yourself up with this desperate gang of thieves and outlaws? I am not at all sure that I shouldn't be doing you a good turn if I locked the door, and telephoned to my friend Stimpson, at Scotland Yard."

She laughed in his face insolently, challengingly, with a touch of feminine provocativeness.

"Brave men don't turn on envoys," she reminded him.

"But you," he retorted, "were a false envoy. You didn't even come bringing honorable proposals."

She laughed again, her hand upon the door knob, his finger upon the bell.

"And yet I shall go," she said, "and you won't attempt to stop me."

She threw him a kiss—and went.

An hour later the girl in the shabby black frock and with the wonderful eyes finished her story, leaned back in a chaise longue piled with cushions, and lit one of her evil-smelling cigarettes.

Of the two men who had been listening, one—Colonel Charles Donville, D. S. O., tall, with regular but insignificant features, blue eyes, a figure something like a tailor's dummy, and a general appearance, which had earned for him throughout a certain section of London society the nickname of the "Beauty Boy," stood with his hands in his pockets, looking moodily out of the window across the park. The other—Bob Frayson—a pleasant-faced, soldierly looking man, approaching middle age, indulged in a little grimace and threw himself into an easy-chair. It was a very delightfully furnished room upon the top floor of a famous block of flats, and nowhere near Bermondsey.

"Nothing doing then with our friend Slane?" Donville remarked gloomily.

"Seems not," Frayson agreed. "I never thought he'd fall for that Bermondsey stunt."

The girl looked at them through her half-closed eyes. (*Continued on page 58*)

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NEWS for the owners of Buick • Hupmobile • Auburn 8 • Graham-Paige • Nash

We have discovered in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, and in hundreds of laboratory tests, that the New Mobiloil "BB" gives the greatest summer protection and adds the most power to Buick (1929, 1928, 1927 models), Nash (Advanced and Special Six 1929, 1928, 1927 models), Hupmobile (All 1929 and 1928 models), Graham-Paige (All 1929 and 1928 models), and Auburn 8's (1929, 1928, 1927 models). If you own one of these cars remember to *ask for Mobiloil "BB."* The price is 35¢ a quart (prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States), and there is a Mobiloil dealer always nearby.

Mobiloil "BB" is recommended also for other makes of cars. See chart at the right.

No matter which make of car you drive, the way to be sure of correct lubrication for your automobile engine is to buy oil according to the New Mobiloil chart. The chart shown in this advertisement is a complete automobile chart. From it you can tell the grade of the New Mobiloil that you should use to give the best protection to your engine, and all Mobiloil dealers have this chart for your reference at any time. Regular use of the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

FIND YOUR CAR

Here—for the first time in a publication — is a *complete* Mobiloil Chart of all passenger cars made in the U. S. A. Check up now. Find the correct grade of Mobiloil for *your* car. The recommendations below were made after practical and scientific tests of the New Mobiloil in your type of engine. Make this Mobiloil Chart your guide.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Ajax	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Apperson	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Auburn 6-66	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Blackhawk	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Brewster	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Case	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	...	...	A	Arc.	A	A	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 4-cyl.	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Cleveland	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Cunningham	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dagmar 6-60	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
" 27-670	...	...	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Davis	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Derby	...	...	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
De Soto	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Diana	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dorris	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Duesenberg	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
DuPont	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	A	Arc.
Elcar 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Falcon-Knight	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Flint	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Gray	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Hanover	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Huffman	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Jordan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kissel 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kleiber	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Lexington Concord	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Locomobile 8-cyl. 80 & 88	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" *other models*	...	...	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Marquette	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
McFarlan Eight	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McLaughlin-Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Meteor	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Adv. 6 & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige 8-cyl.	...	...	...	...	BB	Arc.	...	...
" *other models*	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
ReVere	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Roamer 8-78 & 8-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" 8-88	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6-50 & 6-54	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Duesenberg	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Rolls-Royce	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Roosevelt	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Sayers & Scovill (S&S)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns-Knight 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Viking	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Wills Sainte Claire	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor White Prince	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...

the New Mobiloil "BB"

GARGOYLE

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About Face

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

There's something more to skin beauty than going to a beauty parlor and letting someone else do the work. That little do-funny on your chin may be from your liver. Or it may be due to the way you sit, walk, or chew your breakfast bacon. In this second article on skin care, Dr. Wadsworth lists the major facial flaws, their causes and cures—if any

BACK in the early 1900's an ex-citizen of the little town in which I lived returned with a wife he had married in a near-by city. She was a modish little person, with pleasant manners, much executive ability, and very pink cheeks and a very white nose. Although her personal qualities were such that she should have been enormously popular, she lived under a cloud for the period of her stay in our town because it was soon rumored that the pink cheeks were too pink and too constantly pink to be caused by nature.

We were still in the era when cosmetics were considered an invention of the devil, and when those who used them ran the risk of being classed with the demi-monde. If a nice young girl tried to sneak a little powder on a shiny nose, the family physician was called in to tell her how she would get lead poisoning from the use of face powder. Since there wasn't a large demand for cosmetics, and therefore few of them were manufactured, there was little chance to perfect them, and what harm did result from their use was capitalized by parents and preachers as scare material for the young, whose logical minds could not understand why there was an inevitable association between good looks and evil.

It is interesting to see how the situation had changed by the year 1925. I am indebted for these figures to Drs. Lawrence McCafferty and Serafino Genovese, who have written a most interesting paper on cosmetics, analyzing the various preparations used, and working out harmless and effective formulas for each purpose.

In 1925 there were cases of injuries reported to medical societies as follows:

From Use of		Packages Sold to Public
Hair dyes	74	22,182,000
Hair tonics	30	
Creams	9	68,356,000
Rouges	8	
Powders	5	42,864,000
Miscellaneous (including bleaches)	21	57,502,000

It will be seen from these figures that with the enormous increase in the use of cosmetics the number of injuries, except from hair preparations, has stayed very low.

Know Your Vegetables

Generally speaking, the cosmetic designed to change the color of the skin or hair is most likely to cause injury. This is because both dyes and bleaches often contain the poisonous metals and aniline dyes. If we must bleach, we should stick to harmless hydrogen peroxide. If we must color artificially, and great numbers of women will use rouge most of their lives, we should stick to the vegetable or natural coloring materials, such as carmine, yellow ochre and burnt sienna. If the public demands natural coloring matter, the manufacturers will use it. Moreover they will label their products, showing that they have used it.

So far, in discussing the care of the skin, we have considered merely the attempts of people with normal skins to keep what they had of beauty and freshness, or to increase that beauty by such simple means as cleanliness and the addition of a little color, or the removal of a little shininess and dryness. But we have not touched upon the vast number of instances in which the individual is not satisfied even with the basis which nature has provided.

There are conditions which we cannot class as diseases of the skin which still are not normal, and are considered unsightly. It is when we attempt to rid ourselves of these unwelcome gifts of nature by means of cosmetics that we approach the real danger zone.

I. Common abnormalities of the skin which appear at any age, but generally start in early youth, are:

(a) *Moles: those pigmented, or dark,* slightly raised spots, sometimes containing long hairs, which may appear at any point on the skin of the body but which seem to choose, with an inherent viciousness, the most conspicuous spots on the face, such as the point of the chin, the corner of the eye, or the middle of the cheek. A skillfully placed mole may be as disfiguring to a face as a large boil.

It is a great temptation to the possessor of a mole to try to get rid of it. Sometimes it can be safely done, but *only by a skin specialist.* It is significant that moles are known to the medical fraternity as *noli me tangere,* which, if I remember my Latin, means "leave me alone," or words to that effect.

We won't go into the methods commonly used to get rid of moles—we will simply class them all as dangerous. A mole is a little potential dynamo. If interfered with, or started into activity by any means, its elements get into the system and give rise to numerous other moles which distribute themselves, sometimes, in vital places. Only those physicians who specialize in the skin, and are skilled in the use of electricity, X-ray and radium, will attempt to treat them.

(b) Warts: those outgrowths of the skin which look like, and really are, excrescences. They appear most frequently on the hands, but may appear anywhere on the body, including the face. Warts are, fortunately, only temporary in their existence. Leave them alone long enough and they will eventually disappear. The cause of their being is so far quite unknown. They can be removed before they are ready to go, by the application of acid, but such application should certainly be made or at least advised by a doctor.

It is always possible that what is thought to be a wart may be some other form of skin abnormality, and a doctor should make the diagnosis.

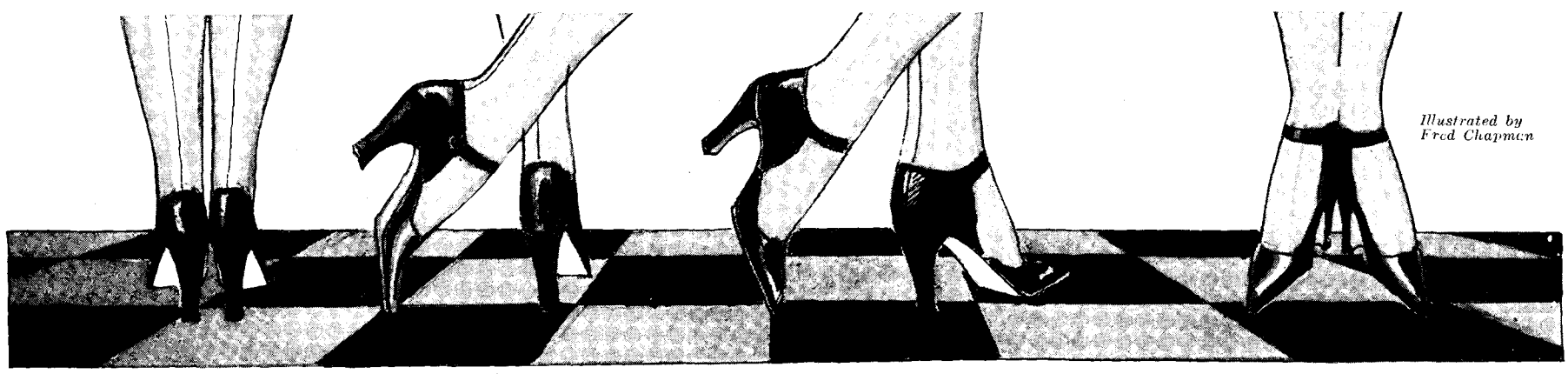
The wart is an ailment of youth, generally of early youth. When there are a great many warts on the body at one time they are indicative of some fault of nutrition and the doctor generally advises some internal medication. I have seen an undernourished child's forehead entirely peppered with warts, and I have seen enormous numbers on the chests of young girls with anemia. In such cases self-medication is obviously out of place. And in less flagrant cases it is not advisable.

A Tragedy of Youth

(c) Freckles are also, fortunately, of short duration. They are the response of a certain type of youthful skin to the sudden application of intense sunshine. Generally they fade during the winter to reappear in the summer when the skin is again exposed to the sun. As they are a phenomenon of youth, usually of early youth, they should not constitute a major tragedy. Even when they persist into maturity it is better to endure them than to try to bleach them off.

To me a freckled face is infinitely more attractive than a face, especially a young face, artificially bleached. Moreover the bleaches, as we noted before, belong to the dangerous class of cosmetics.

There are certain creams on the market which (*Continued on page 34*)



Illustrated by Fred Chapman

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Will tooth paste buy an inner tube? *Why not?*

Intelligent people, delighted with the results of Listerine Tooth Paste and its price of 25¢, use it and accomplish an approximate saving of $3 a year. $3 will buy many things—an inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Clean, white teeth in a few brushings

SURVEYS show that Listerine Tooth Paste is a favorite not only in average American homes, but in those of the wealthy. This is not at all curious.

People are won to this modern dentifrice because it definitely improves the appearance of teeth and betters the health of the entire oral tract. The fact that it retails for 25 cents does not seem to be a factor.

You will be simply delighted to see how swiftly and how gently this tooth paste brightens teeth,—even grayish or yellowish ones. And how thoroughly it erases tiny deposits and discolorations. So little brushing is necessary, too!

Moreover, it gives the mouth a delightful feeling of exhilaration such as you associate with antiseptic Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste represents our ideal of a tooth paste after a study of oral hygiene covering a period of nearly 40 years. That it is also the public's ideal is reflected in the fact that it now maintains a commanding position in the tooth paste field. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Portia, West of the Pecos

By Owen P. White

"Your Honor," she goes on, "I introduces in evidence this here horn with a hole in it and this here Mayor with no hole in it"

A story of simple life in old El Paso, when gentlemen said it with bullets, and a man could raise a thirst

"THIS here e-vent that you're a-askin' about," said Old Man Albert as he set out the Hill & Hill, and took a swipe at a congregation of flies that were using his bar for a skating rink, "just couldn't a-happened nowhere on earth except in El Paso. And it couldn't a-happened even there if the local politicians, not havin' nothin' else to squabble over, hadn't fell for a suggestion from a good-lookin' woman and manufactured a campaign issue by makin' it ag'in the law for a Mexican to have the smallpox."

"That sounds interesting," I remarked.

"Interestin'," repeated the Old Man. "I reckon it was interestin'. It was just plain interestin' at first but later on it got damn' interestin'. Have another drink and I'll tell you about it."

I did. I took another small hooker of Hill & Hill; the Old Man absorbed a big one, and then he resumed:

YOU see, it was this way. Up until the comin' of this here woman I'm a-speakin' of, she bein' a civilized Bostonese female, there hadn't none of the towns out here west of the Pecos never tried to pass no laws restrainin' people in none of their personal habits. Fact is it wouldn't a-done no good to try 'cause you see, in them days, every white man what was old enough not to sag down under the weight of it, packs his own gun and conducts hisself accordin' to his shootin' ability, his liquid capacity and the dictates of his own conscience. Such bein' the case this was a peaceful country, and El Paso, where I was then tendin' bar at the Gem saloon, was a happy town.

O' course though, as them was the days when no feller never called another a liar without he was fixed to shoot quick and prove it, we did have a lot of killin's. But they didn't amount to nothin'. Generally speakin' they was all constructive killin's. Men what needed it the most got it the soonest, and as shootin' a feller was a lot easier'n suin' him in court the atmosphere of the place warn't all fogged up with a lot of sour law suits like it is today. And so, as I already says, but now wishes to re-peat, El Paso was a happy town; we all likes it; we was all plumb contented to live there, and then along in '87 here come the calamity.

At first, 'cause we was all used to it, nobody paid no attention to what was goin' on. Accordin' to their annual custom about the regular amount of Mexicans, livin' down in their own part of town, what they calls "Chihuahuita," and not a-botherin none of the white people with it, exercises their own personal rights and starts in to enjoy theirselves by layin' off from work and havin' the smallpox.

Now there warn't nothin' a-tall serious about that. Ever since Mexicans has been Mexicans they been havin' the *viruelas* as they calls it, and they don't think nothin' of it. It's a national habit with 'em, like hairless dogs. They don't mind it no more'n we minds the measles, and they don't no more of 'em die with it. But you see that warn't the question. For a Mexican to die with the *viruelas* was just a accident; like gettin' run over by a switch engine mebbe, and so that part of it didn't matter none. But, when all of a sudden it become a crime for 'em to only *have* it, well, that was a whole lot different. That's what starts the trouble and here's how she happened:

They was an election comin' along that week and seein' as how El Paso was a nice, quiet town like I tells you it was, there hadn't nothin' happened there in a long time which would give the gang what was opposed to the Mayor and his crowd not even a toe hold for a fight. It was all ca'm and lovely; as we see it there warn't goin' to be but one side to the votin', and then, 'cause nobody thinks to hobble her, what does this Bostonese woman do but get to pirootin' around down in Chihuahuita.

And that settles it. She sees yaller flags a-flyin' on a lot of them 'dobe huts. She asks what is they for, and when somebody tells her that that's the way a Mexican has o' tellin' his neighbors that he's got a little *viruelas* in his home she don't wait for no more information. She hoofs it hot for the Mayor's office, busts right in on us, where me and His Honor and the four aldermen is a holdin' a post-mortem meetin' over a couple of quarts of rye, and ruins the proceedin's by announcin' that *muy pronto* if not a lot sooner the city authorities has got to get busy and vaccinate every Mexican in town.

"But does you realize, madame," says the Mayor, "that this here enterprise which you suggests, of vaccinatin' about four thousand Mexicans, which can't none of 'em speak English, and ain't none of 'em ever heard of the operation, ain't no one-man job? What we needs for that kind of proceedin' is a army."

"Well, get one then," says the lady, and right away 'fore any of us can choke her down, she lets go with a line of large language which, while there don't none of us understand a word of it, sure was convincin'. When she gets through I looks at the Mayor and I knows it's all off. Which it was.

"Madam," he says, "you holds a pat hand right under the gun. You wins 'fore the draw, and as you suggests it shall all be did. Albert," and he turns to me, "go and tell Doc Crandall that I needs him here immediate."

I looks at my watch, sees that it's three o'clock, and knowin' the Doc's drinkin' habits like I does, I don't have no trouble a-tall in roundin' him up at the Ophir bar. "Come along," I says, "and confront His Honor." The Doc comes, gets his orders, callin' for the organizin' of a armed posse, and a wholesale vaccinatin' bee, and is told to hop to it. The Doc done it. He gets busy the next mornin', recruits him eight men, four of 'em to do the holdin', as he says, and four the scratchin', and then, 'long in the afternoon he sets out on his mission.

IT WAS a nice day, and as I was a-standin' the night shift at the Gem, and didn't have nothin' else to do, I went along to see the fun. I seen it all right. The Doc leads his army down to Chihuahuita, stops in front of a small 'dobe, where a couple of women is a-ridin' herd on about a dozen kids, and starts in to tell 'em just what he is goin' to do, and why. But shucks: he might just as well a-been talkin' Chinee to a pack-mule. It would a-done him as much good, 'cause when he's through they ain't but one thing these two women is sure of and that is that they ain't neither one of them, and none of their dozen kids, a-goin' to be vaccinated.

But they was mistaken about that. Doc Crandall warn't no man for nobody to trifle with. He could pull a gun as fast, and shoot as rapid as any man in town, and he warn't in no way noted for havin' a lot of patience. That day he didn't seem to have none at all. He tells them two women, in Mexican of course, that they *has* to be vaccinated. They tells him, with a lot of frills to it, that they hasn't got even the smallest idea of doin' (*Continued on page 24*)

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Did a partial solution of the origin of life lie in this bottle of mutton gravy? This question threw eighteenth century Europe into a furore when Father Needham, an English priest, announced that he had found thousands of microscopic animals in the liquid—though he had boiled and sealed it in an effort to keep it absolutely sterile. "*Life*", concluded Needham, "can come from *dead* matter."

The bottle of mutton gravy that shook up all Europe

Father Needham's announcement stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy. Some said the mutton gravy experiment disproved the Biblical story of man's creation. Others demanded sarcastically who created the dead matter from which life first sprang.

Kings and princes throughout Europe lionized Needham and hailed him as a great discoverer. Scientific societies besieged him with invitations to lecture before them. Peasants, awed by fantastic microbe stories that grew more grotesque with every telling, asked fearfully whether a man could now be changed into a horse!

Meanwhile in Italy, Lazaro Spallanzani, priest and scientist, quietly repeated Needham's experiments. And he proved that Father Needham had made one "slight" error—he had not sealed his bottle tight enough! Needham's microbes had apparently come in from the air. Spallanzani checked and rechecked his experiments; his conclusions were always the same.

"Life comes only from life," he told the world calmly. "Even a microbe has its family tree."

Though Spallanzani's experiments were simple enough, their effects were far-reaching. He had actually performed one of the greatest duties of the scientific research worker: from his quiet laboratory he had directed the world away from a blind alley—and set it back again on the broad path to scientific achievement. It was Spallanzani who laid the foundation for the strong fortress of preventive medicine that was to be erected nearly a century later when Pasteur, the father of modern bacteriology, demonstrated the relationship between bacteria and disease.

Nowadays every research worker must be a Spallanzani. For the medical researcher is constantly exploring dark, uncharted byways. And, naturally, the blind alleys, the false leads, the tempting avenues of half-truth and pseudo-science, all have to be recognized and avoided if real progress is to be made.

Such is the spirit of the Parke-Davis laboratories. Steadfastly adhering to the high ideals that are woven into the fabric of the organization, stubbornly refusing to compromise with quality, our devoted men and women feel a keen personal pride in the confidence that the medical profession so willingly reposes in the products that bear the Parke-Davis label.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Pure, creamy-smooth Milk of Magnesia

The next time you are buying milk of magnesia ask your druggist to show you the Parke-Davis brand. See how snow-white it is, how creamy-smooth. Your druggist will tell you that the exceptional purity and stability of the Parke-Davis product makes it absolutely dependable—that you can always rely on its being medicinally active and uniform.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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nothin' of the kind, and Doc, he yells: "Grab 'em, boys, and pour on the oil."

Well, sir, more hell broke loose right then, with less room to operate in than I ever seen before in my life. The boys grabs 'em, and does their damndest but Lord, man, alongside of vaccinatin' them two women what was opposed to the proceedin', tyin' down a couple of bobcats with a shoe string and writin' the whole alphabet on their hides with a runnin' iron would a-been a picnic. And was they opposed? They sure was.

Of course I warn't there as nothin' but a on-looker but just the same I gets paid for attendin' 'cause, somewhere in the overflow, one of them women hands me a kick in the stomach which couldn't a-been none improved on by nothin' less'n a full-grown mule. I loses interest for a minute or two, and then when I does come around again the first part of it's all over; them two women and their kids is a-goin' up the road makin' more noise than if they was a-bein' trailed by old Geronimo an' all his Apaches, while Doc's gang, which they is all certainly scratched up a-plenty, is just a-standin' there wipin' the blood out-a their eyes.

"Well, Doc," I says, "did you vaccinate 'em?"

"Hell, yes," answered the Doc. "We brands the women all right, but we don't have no good luck with the kids; we can't catch 'em." And then he laughs. "It'll be different with the *hombres* though," he says, "cause I reckon none of them can't give us no back talk without we bends a gun over their heads."

AND that, as I see it demonstrated a few minutes later, is the truth. Bein' a smart feller, Doc don't go a-trailin' after them two women who, as we can see, is already busy organizin' a mob down the road a piece. Instead he steps his gang out in a opposite direction, where the news ain't spread yet, and fogs right into a *plaza de gallos* where a lot of *hombres* is a-settin' around bettin' on the rooster fights and drinkin' *tequila*. "Stick 'em up," yells the Doc, and you bet there don't none of them Mexican men hold back none in obeyin' the order. They all knows the Doc: they has knowed him for a long time, and while they ain't in no ways hep to what he's a-plannin' to do to 'em, still they ain't like the women. They ain't a-goin' to argue none with a .45. Leastways don't but a couple of 'em seem inclined that a-way, and what they has to say about it don't amount to nothin'.

Doc, he slaps the first one to sleep with his gun, somebody else does a like kindness for number two, and after that there ain't no trouble whatsoever. Doc and a couple of his scratchers vaccinates the whole lay-out, and right there that ends the day's work.

'Twarn't intended to end it, of course, but it did, 'cause when we steps out in the open again, which we ain't been in that there *plaza de gallos* more'n twenty minutes, we find ourselves just about one short jump ahead of what seems like it's a million mad women.

"Good Lord," says the Doc, "look what's a-comin'," and then, 'cause anybody can see that just nine or ten weak men, like we was, ain't got no chance a-tall to win out in no fight again that many she females, let alone vaccinate 'em, he sings out: "Boys, save yourselves!"

We done that too, but seein' as how them derned women was all lined up 'tween us and the main road, there warn't nothin' to do, 'cept skirt around 'em for a long ways 'fore we can get back to town. And when we gets there damned if the whole place ain't already a-blazin' with war talk. It sure is. Word of what Doc's been a-doin' to the Mexicans down in Chihuahuita has got in ahead of us and already them politicians, what has been a-lookin' around for a year for something to hang onto the Mayor and his crowd, has hopped onto this Bostonese woman's vaccinatin' order and is buildin' a campaign on it. It was a beaut, too. I ain't never seen nothin' grow so fast and bloom so gaudy.

It sure makes a hit with the Mexicans though, there being about six hundred of 'em which is voters, to have them white men makin' such a fuss over 'em, and then when the last speaker announces that drinks is free down at Lou Vidal's dance hall, and the Crystal Palace saloon, it sure meant that we was in for a nice night.

But 'fore I gets into that part of it I reckon mebbe I better drop back a notch or two, 'cause it's important to the leadin' e-vent in this yarn which you was a-askin' about, and tell you some more about that Bostonese woman. As I already says she is a plumb good-lookin' female. If she hadn't a-been she wouldn't a-never got nowhere with the Mayor in the first place and there wouldn't a-been no rumpus a-tall. And likewise if it hadn't a-been for them looks of hers, and the fact that she was a educated person, like he was, she wouldn't never a-made no big hit with Doc Crandall. But that's just what she done.

DURIN' the first day of the excitement, she bein' out of course ramroddin' hard for the Mayor and his crowd, she and the Doc, who is similar engaged, sees a lot of each other, and 'fore night I'm damned if he ain't about as locoed a gringo as I ever see anywhere. He goes clean off his nut; takes her to dinner at the Grand Central Hotel; drives home with her in Mike Brannigan's hack, and when he gets back to the Gem, where he generally spends his evenin's playin' stud, he's so far from bein' his normal self that he actually lets a couple of cheap tin-horns get to him for a whole hundred dollars. He don't drink none either, which ain't accordin' to custom; he leaves early too, and the next mornin' when he comes to town, although it ain't nothin' but Wednesday, he's all shaved up and is a-wearin' a white shirt, a biled collar and a Prince Albert coat.

"Good Lord, Doc," I says, when I meets him on the street. "What ails you; is you a-plannin' to get married?"

"You go to hell," says the Doc, and right away I says to myself mebbe I ain't made such a bad guess.

Well, all that day I don't see no more of the Doc. Fact is, I just forgets all about him in the general excitement; but that night, 'cause you see I hires a feller to stand shift for me, when I goes to the second mass meetin' which the other side is a-holdin' in the plaza again, why he's about the first man I noses into. There he is, a-standin' on the edge of the crowd while alongside of him, a-hangin' onto his left arm and a-lookin' as satisfied as any woman oughta look who's raised that much of a rumpus, is that there good-lookin' female from Boston. Doc hisself, though, ain't a-lookin' no-ways miserable and when I steps up to 'em and says: "Good evenin', folks," he swings off his hat, bows low, turns right red in the face, and don't say nothin' a-tall. Neither does I. I can see that he's a little bashful about bein' cornered that-a-way with a woman, and so I just braces up alongside of the pair and stays there to listen to the speakin'.

The first man up that night is one of the same lawyers what had spoke the night before, and as everybody is expectin' him to do he makes another hell-bustin' talk. He touches on what he calls the sanctity of the home, meanin' of course them 'dobe huts down by the river; talks about search and seizure, whatever that is; refers to the guarantees of personal liberty which the United States gives to all its citizens, and then winds up by tellin' everybody to get out and vote as early and often the next day as they can 'cause they's goin' to get three dollars apiece for every ticket they can get in the box. He sets down; the band plays a couple o' tunes, and then who should pop up on the platform but the very feller who's actually a-runnin' for Mayor against our friend, Doc's and mine. And he was the feller that turns loose the real pizen.

He begins, though, soft and easy by tellin' the Mexicans what a good friend he is of theirs, and how he loves 'em, and (*Continued on page 48*)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

A gun goes off in my ear; that tin horn goes a-flyin' through the air and when I turns quick to grab the Doc to keep him from shootin' again that woman has already got him

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Away *from Home*

Here you are in your *own* bathroom. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Hot water always, a good mirror, and a fresh package of Gillette Blades on the shelf. Then it's easy to get your full measure of comfort.

A chilly morning in the mountains. And a mirror from your shaving kit tacked to a tree. A wind-burnt, sun-burnt face with perhaps a two-day beard. Then it's pleasant to remember that you took along a fresh pack of Gillette Blades *for comfort.*

. . . you can't expect as smooth a shave

WHETHER you shave quietly and luxuriously at home; or strenuously, over the shoulders of other harassed travelers, in a Pullman washroom; or primitively in camp, with the cold lake for your wash basin—no matter how different the shaving conditions may be—put a fresh Gillette Blade in your holder and you're sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

Your guarantee of this unchanging comfort is the careful honing, the delicate stropping that Gillette's marvelous machines give every blade. No human hand, however expert, however patient or tireless, could ever work such comfort into a blade.

And Gillette goes one step further. It sets aside almost half of all its blade department

But you can count on your Gillette Blade to give you a comfortable shave anywhere

workers to do nothing but inspect your blades—and rewards with a bonus the endless search for any blade that may be below par.

You see, eight out of ten men in America shave with a Gillette and expect every Gillette Blade to do its duty. So every blade *has* to be good, no matter how difficult the conditions it goes up against—hard water, cold water, tough beards, tender skins, slapdash lather—a dozen varying conditions that affect the comfort of your shave. Conditions change—the blade doesn't. That's why you can always slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and enjoy a swift, sure shave wherever you are. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

TRADE Gillette MARK

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Uncle Sam goes Modern

By Merle Thorpe

Editor, Nation's Business

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

The vigor of the new administration may shear a way through antiquated methods—the legacy of decades

Our national administrative methods, permitting actual competition between federal purchasing agents, nine inspections of a single ship by as many government departments, are a hundred years old, inefficient and costly. Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, championed simplification. So Washington is now watching for a drastic overhauling—and the end of red tape

UNLESS the signs are all wrong, you and I and some hundred and twenty million other stockholders will see a reorganization in the affairs of our largest business corporation.

It will affect us in two ways: First, it will reduce the expenses of our corporation. Second, all of us have business contacts in one way or another with this corporation. The reorganization will make it easier for us to carry on these contacts. In fact, the apparent and obvious saving will be small compared to the larger intangible saving. It will not only reduce the assessment which you and I and every other stockholder pay yearly to our corporation, but will give us larger returns in dividends.

You have already guessed what this corporation is. It is the government of the United States. It is not only the biggest corporation in the world but its methods and practices are most archaic and cumbersome.

President Butterworth, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in a first-of-the-year 1929 statement to members, said:

"The federal government has become vast. It has upwards of 500,000 persons in its employ. Its organization is so complex that the current issue of the Congressional Directory uses thirty-two pages of small type to show the nine executive departments containing more than 100 bureaus, with some of those bureaus in turn having sub-bureaus. It then is compelled to add twenty pages where, under the head of "Miscellaneous," it presents fifty-eight other agencies ranging from the Federal Reserve Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission to the Board of Surveys and Maps.

"Quite naturally there is the same tendency in the federal government as in state governments to multiply administrative agencies. Reorganization of the administrative side of state governments was undertaken in such states as Illinois, where more than 125 separate agencies were found in existence, and in New York where there were 187.

A Big Job for Someone

"Reorganization in the executive side of the federal government is a great task. Indeed, the task is so great that it has baffled many of the efforts which in recent years have been made to accomplish it. But the benefits to be obtained are so obvious that this task is worthy of any efforts, however prolonged and arduous, that may be necessary to bring about simplification in organization that will increase efficiency and make plain where official responsibility in fact lies.

"The waste is not only to be found in duplication of agencies; a far greater waste is the indirect tax upon the time and energies of the citizens who have business with the government, in finding their way from one agency to another."

Thoughtful men observed in the last campaign that both candidates for the Presidency had a similar outstanding qualification. The hope in Governor Smith was based on his record in New York State, where he had consolidated 187 departments and agencies with wasteful, overlapping and confusing functions into eighteen departments. Governor Smith said:

"I consider this reorganization of the State government the second most important accomplishment of my administration. Until that business reform was brought about we conducted the State's business as it was conducted fifty years ago."

President Hoover is likewise known to have a deep-seated conviction that the next step in government economies is a reorganization of federal agencies. On one occasion, as Secretary of Commerce, he expressed himself to the effect that the fine results of the budgetary system in producing economies "have now almost spent themselves unless there can be such a reorganization of government administrative structure as makes it possible to secure better appropriation policies to eliminate overlaps and unnecessary division of functions."

At the same time he pointed out that this saving to taxpayers, great as it is, would be small in comparison with the saving of intangible expense incurred by citizens traveling from one department to another in an effort to get action on matters affecting their particular business. He added that our industries and businesses are badgered to death by a host of non-coördinating agencies, each asking for the same information. I heard him tell how the captain of an American ship entering the port of New York is now required to come into contact with fifteen officials, spread over nine different departments of the government!

On entering port a ship must first get in touch with the Health Service. The captain then goes to anchorage. Assignment to anchorage is now in the War Department. He must report to a pilot; that is a state function. He must then obtain anchorage directions from one bureau; still another bureau inspects his boilers and life-saving devices; another helps to sign off his crew; another inspects his immigrants; another registers entry of his ship; and another bureau attends to customs on cargo. He must go to another bureau for changes that may have occurred in lighthouse and other signals; he must go to still another for charts of domestic waters and still another for charts of foreign waters. When he leaves port he has to go back through most of these departments in order to get away again. It creates a considerable tax on the efficiency and operation of ships.

Our Expensive Harbors and Ports

A reorganization in which would be concentrated the enforcement of the navigation laws, the signing of his crew on and off, the steamboat inspection, the marine division of the custom house, which handles the entry and discharge of ships, the various maps and sailing directions, and the anchorage control, would reduce by five or six the points of contact that the ship's captain must make.

In the port of New York alone the federal government expends $200,000 a year for various craft in the harbor which are used by federal government officials. Mr. Hoover once reported to a Congressional committee that he had had one of his assistants make a study of the possible reduction of the volume of craft used within the harbor in transporting government officials about and in carrying out government functions, and the report showed that a consolidation of these functions with better cooperation among them would reduce the expense by something like $110,000 a year. This (*Continued on page 54*)

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Two WAYS to Tell a STORY

THE newspapers reported, under a Washington date line,

"Yesterday, in the House of Representatives, the Congressman from Lynn, Massachusetts, strongly recommended a tariff on boots and shoes."

But read this . . .

"In Czecho-Slovakia there is a town named Zlin.

"There was in Zlin a Czech named Bata. Bata made shoes by hand. One day, having heard of Lynn, Massachusetts, he migrated there. He entered a Lynn shoe factory . . and carefully studied the machines that made the shoes.

"Then he returned to Czecho-Slovakia and resumed his trade. This time, he made his shoes on machines, too.

"Today, Mr. Bata . . in Zlin . . makes 65,000 pairs of shoes every day. He advertises his product throughout Czecho-Slovakia. Because of him, a multitude of Czecho-Slovakians can now wear shoes.

"And thus helping Czecho-Slovakia, he yearned to help America likewise. He observed that shoes enter the United States free . . and he began to send shoes into this country. At first a few, then more, now lavishly. This year, his factories will turn out millions of pairs of shoes for American consumption.

"Graduate of Lynn, Mr. Bata has become the terror of Lynn. On any class day reunion, he would be elected unanimously Lynn's most unpopular alumnus. The degree of his unpopularity is measured by what the Representative from Lynn recently told his brother Congressmen in Washington. He said to them, in part,

" 'I want to tell you gentlemen that if you do not put a tariff on boots and shoes, you are going to wipe out of existence the main industry of Lynn. During March of this year, 450,000 pairs of shoes were imported into this country from Czecho-Slovakia free. I appeal to you to give us justice.' "

Two ways to tell a story. Which do you prefer?

The second is taken from the pages of *Nation's Business*, official publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce. It is a typical example of one of the dominant editorial policies of this business man's magazine . . not merely a cold reporting of the facts, but the reasons behind those facts . . not merely the "what" of the matter, but the all important "*why*" of it, too.

Many times discontented with surface facts, *Nation's Business* in this way goes behind the scenes, digs deeply beneath the obvious, unearths and brings to light otherwise hidden information that helps to stimulate and clarify your understanding of pertinent business trends and problems.

Because this is true, the readers of *Nation's Business* are each month receiving on their desks and in their homes the *real* news of business. It is *real* news because its significance is interpreted for you, because the things back of it are explained, because its possible effect on you and your business is clearly indicated.

Perhaps this is why the circulation of *Nation's Business* has grown to more than 300,000. Perhaps this is why the President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Mr. J. J. Bernet, says,

"*I read Nation's Business because I can not afford to miss it.*"

Perhaps this is why you should be reading *Nation's Business* every month yourself. Its cost is $7.50 for three years. On the newsstands, twenty-five cents. Or send to Washington today for the booklet "*Ten Reasons Why*" that will tell you more about it.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 300,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Why should any

THIS monogram is the finest reference an electric servant can have. Whether on a fan, a MAZDA lamp, or a versatile helper such as a Hotpoint automatic electric range, the G-E monogram assures you of faithful, dependable, and economical service.

GENERAL

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woman have a hot stuffy house

when electric fans can be operated for about 4 cents a day.

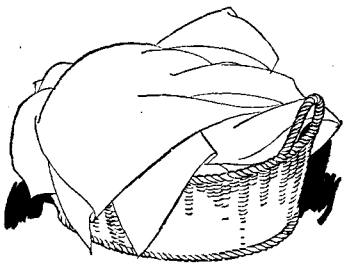
IN FACT, why should any woman be satisfied with less than the dependable comfort and convenience of the *completely* electrified home?

Breeze through the night with a *bedside* fan

How they "fag" you . . . these sweltering nights when there isn't enough breeze to stir a spear of grass! Make your own breeze. G-E electric fans are as easy to own and operate as floor lamps. Just plug them into convenience outlets. Give yourself and your family refreshing rest at night; and make your home a pleasant place to visit all day.

This air isn't free but it's well worth half a cent an hour

A G-E fan keeps the air moving without making a draft and costs less than half a cent an hour to operate. Human beings are more human if they have their air changed 3 to 4 times an hour. Kitchen air should be changed 15 times an hour. Here the regular G-E household utility electric fan should be in constant use.

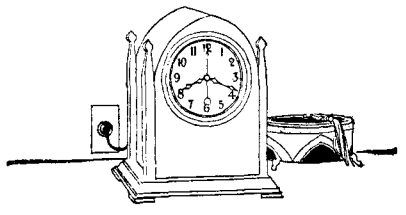


In, Dry and Dirty— Out, Clean and Dry

Why not wash and dry your clothes by the same method that has been used in commercial laundries for years? Now a home-size machine gives you the same convenience. You wash and rinse with electricity. Then the same motor whirls your clothes dry . . . ready for ironing. Wash *day* can be turned to wash *hour* for about 50 cents a week (including the cost of the machine).

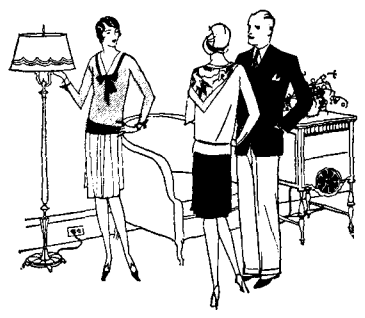
Gloomy rooms—gloomy thoughts

Your eye muscles have to work more than any other muscles in the body. Eyestrain caused by inadequate and improper lighting has a direct relation to nervousness, despondency, and "moods". A portable reading lamp placed behind the left shoulder should be supplemented by light from fixtures or additional portables, all properly shaded so as to supply diffused illumination for the whole room. G-E MAZDA lamps cost so little—about half as much now as six years ago—and they're twice as efficient!



New Magic!

What time is it? The Telechron always gives you an accurate answer, and it never needs to be wound, oiled, cleaned, or regulated. It contains no springs or escapements—only a tiny motor operated by the alternating beat of the same current that lights your home, browns your toast, and powers your radio. Telechron is furnished in a wide variety of styles adapted for living room, study, dining room, or bedroom. Ask your Telechron dealer to explain in detail how Telechron works, and why it is always accurate to the second.



If you ever want to rent your house

Won't electric convenience outlets be among the first things your "prospects" will look for—one of the chief things that will determine its rental value? Or if you are building a new house or renovating an old one, what more essential investment than the electric system? New and better electric appliances are being developed all the time—every room should be equipped to plug them in. Also, the installation of new outlets costs comparatively little and doesn't mean tearing up floors and plaster. If you specify "G-E Wiring System" you can be sure that it will be efficient and adequate.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

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Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of the murder of his uncle, Adrian York. Driven to desperation by the brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor stored in the cabin and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message to Desire Minot, formerly his fiancée and daughter of the district attorney, to send State Trooper Tarleton.

Desire and Tarleton arrive together. As they enter the cabin they are held up by a bootlegger, left to guard the liquor. Richard, dropping from the attic, overpowers the man, but in so doing badly wrenches his ankle. Tarleton recognizes in their prisoner Skeen, former top sergeant of the troop of state police to which he belongs. Skeen has taken to drugs. Unable to move Richard in his motorcycle, Tarleton leaves him in the custody of Desire and takes Skeen to jail. Richard tells Desire to put a light in her window if she ever wants to see him again. A few minutes later McGrogan's gang approaches. Richard hides Desire in the attic. He is captured and taken to the Hole in the Wall.

Meanwhile in Aristides Ehud Meister, secret confederate of Chief Clow in bootlegging and his rival in love, has been murdered. Captain Wilgus, Clow's assistant and the secret partner of McGrogan, turns suspicion upon his chief. Clow confesses the murder. He wrecks the car in which he is being taken to jail, but is fatally injured in the crash. On his deathbed he confesses that he shot Adrian York.

Tarleton returns to the cabin and finds Desire alone. She tells him McGrogan is at the Hole in the Wall. He summons the state police. Wilgus refuses to help. He interviews Skeen, who warns him to keep away from McGrogan. Single-handed, Tarleton sets out to stop the bootleggers from escaping. Wilgus reaches for the phone.

Conclusion

THE clamor of the bell pulsed through the dark silence of the Hole in the Wall, insistent as the ache that throbbed in the ankle of Richard York, half sitting, half lying on the foot of an unmade bed in a close little room where a candle burned, fighting off, for no clear reason, a weariness luring him to slumber.

From the yard at the rear of the building, a truck roared throatily and was checked. The muffled noises of a surreptitious activity continued; the grunt of straining men, the clatter of metal, suddenly stilled. The reiterated shrill of the telephone went on. Someone called. A door slammed. Feet ran upstairs and went past his room. The bell was hushed and he heard the purr of Izzy McGrogan's voice.

The imprisoned man listened, staring abstractedly at the yellow tongue of the candle flame. He yawned and wiped watering eyes. In the stillness, the gang leader's speech came through the partition, unmistakably distinct, and York fancied he detected in the wide-spaced monosyllables quickening tension. Other feet came quickly upstairs but above their sound the listener heard McGrogan promise:

"Sit tight; we'll get him." There was sinister portent to the brief promise, casual deadliness that made the listener blink. He heard the receiver returned to the hook as hasty footsteps sounded in the hall. Directly outside his locked door, a voice spoke:

"Izzy, if we load that still on first, there ain't gonna be room for—"

The feline softness of McGrogan's voice smothered the other's speech.

"Listen," it commanded. "Nemmind that now. That damn' trooper's horning in. By himself. Can you imagine that?" His laugh was a little gloating whine and he went on more quickly. "You know where Benny is? Beat it down an' tell him. The big dose, Jerry." Through the sound of the other's departure, he added, "And don't leave him in the road."

York sat rigid, incredulous. Beyond that locked door he had heard murder planned with a matter-of-fact brevity. Gradually his mind absorbed what it had received. Tarleton was coming. Someone, this "stool pigeon" of whom McGrogan had spoken, had betrayed the trooper. McGrogan's gunmen would kill him, sweep him out of the way as one destroys a bothersome fly.

He fought back horror urging him to vain outcry. That telephone in the next room! If he could only reach it! His helpless gaze searched and found no resource. McGrogan's footsteps went softly along the hall. York shouted, an inarticulate sound of anguish not entirely feigned. He heard the gang leader halt, hesitate, and called again, seeking desperately for plausibility as the key rattled in the lock and he confronted McGrogan with pale, wavering composure.

"I take it back," he faltered with an uncertain grin. "I need a shot, McGrogan. This ankle's raising hell with me."

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

Wilgus' yell was broken by the thud of flesh on steel. With a terrible smile, Skeen fastened his free hand on the uniform collar

"It's on the bureau," the other replied, nodding, and York observed with an inward qualm the liquor bottle standing almost within arm's reach.

"I KNOW it is," he retorted, concealing perturbation with pretense of agony. "But I can't reach it without moving and if I stir—"

With a furrow of impatience above his black eyes, McGrogan stepped into the room and York, pitching head foremost from the bed, caught him about the knees and heaved. The gang leader yelped. The crash of his fall shook the house. From the yard below, someone called in alarm. McGrogan's answer was a wordless gurgle, for York, the pain in his abused ankle lashing him to more furious effort, had clamped a crooked arm beneath the other's plump chin and was strangling him.

The gang leader strained and writhed. York set his teeth and hauled back the sleek head. The smell of hairgrease was strong in his nostrils. He dodged clawing fingers, a thumb that jabbed expertly for his eyes, and felt with a qualm the unwholesome softness of his antagonist. This killer, this desperado had the spongy, unmuscled body of a woman.

McGrogan's lashing feet beat on the floor. A heel struck York's injured ankle and drew a gasp. In chill, enveloping fury, he proceeded with the work of killing. His free hand reached for the rum runner's chin and McGrogan's teeth drove through his thumb. Rage, coupled with agony, unsettled York's cold intention. He tore the hand free and thrice drove a bleeding fist against the other's prisoned head. Beneath him he felt the body collapse, lie still and below heard a door slam and feet begin on the stair.

The sound restored sanity. He relinquished his grip on McGrogan and scuttled on all fours toward the open door. The anguish of his ankle burned upward through his leg. His knee struck a clattering obstacle. It was McGrogan's pistol and he gripped it and with clumsy, noisy haste, crawled through the hall to the darkness of the next room.

A VOICE squalled behind him, as he hauled himself across its threshold. With the blundering slowness of the nightmare-ridden he swung his body out of the way, slammed the portal and with a shaking hand felt the key in the lock and turned it.

From the hall came a howl of outrage. As York, (*Continued on page 44*)

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Let's load the boat with real treasures" *shouted* Columbus, *as he quaffed the bubbling beverage*

"Oh, well, I just came for the ride," Columbus explained to the second cabin boy, "but I must say I'm a little disappointed in America. That's what comes of taking those tourist folders seriously."

"But, sire, this new land isn't an entire washout," responded the cabin boy. "I have but a moment hence sampled a wondrous sparkling beverage, the delight of these natives, and behold it has left me feeling fit as a sea lion."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" stormed Isabella's Boy Friend. "Send up a case and we'll see what there is to it. If I do say so myself, old Chris Colombo is a pretty good judge of these bottled concoctions."

* * *

It was after the third bottle that Columbus gave his verdict. "All hands to the hold," he thundered, "throw out the precious stones and radios. Bring on those cases of bottled carbonated beverages. Let's load the boat with some real treasures!"

And that reminds us to remind you to load the family ice-box with those bubbling bottled beverages.

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

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THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

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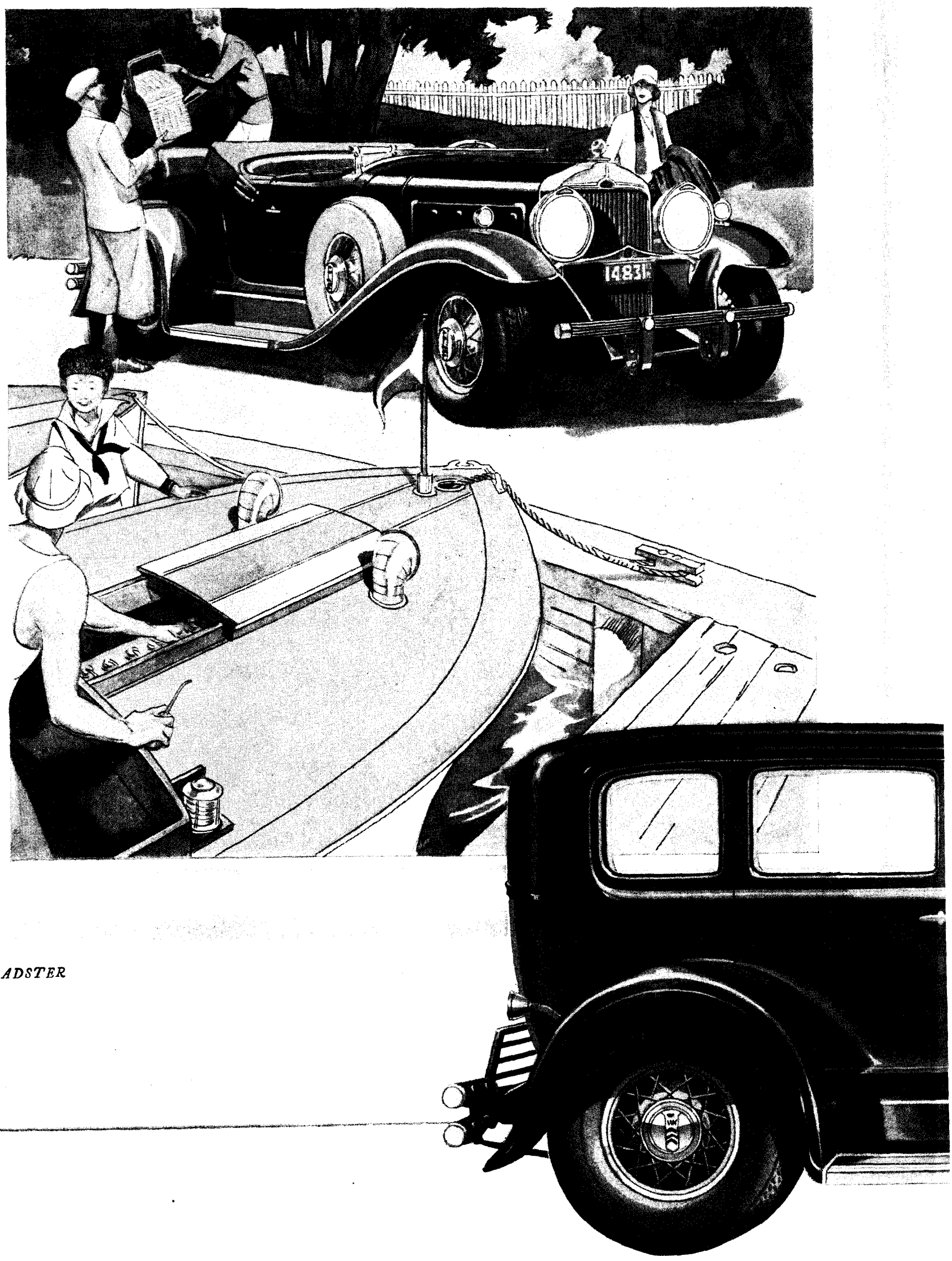

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THE MOST DISTINCTIVE AND MOST LUXURIOUS WILLYS-KNIGHT EVER DESIGNED

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GREAT SIX SEDAN
ROADSTER • COUPE
5-PASSENGER COUPE
—each model

$1895

Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Willys-Knight "70-B" models from $1045 to $1265. Wire wheels included. All Willys-Knight prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

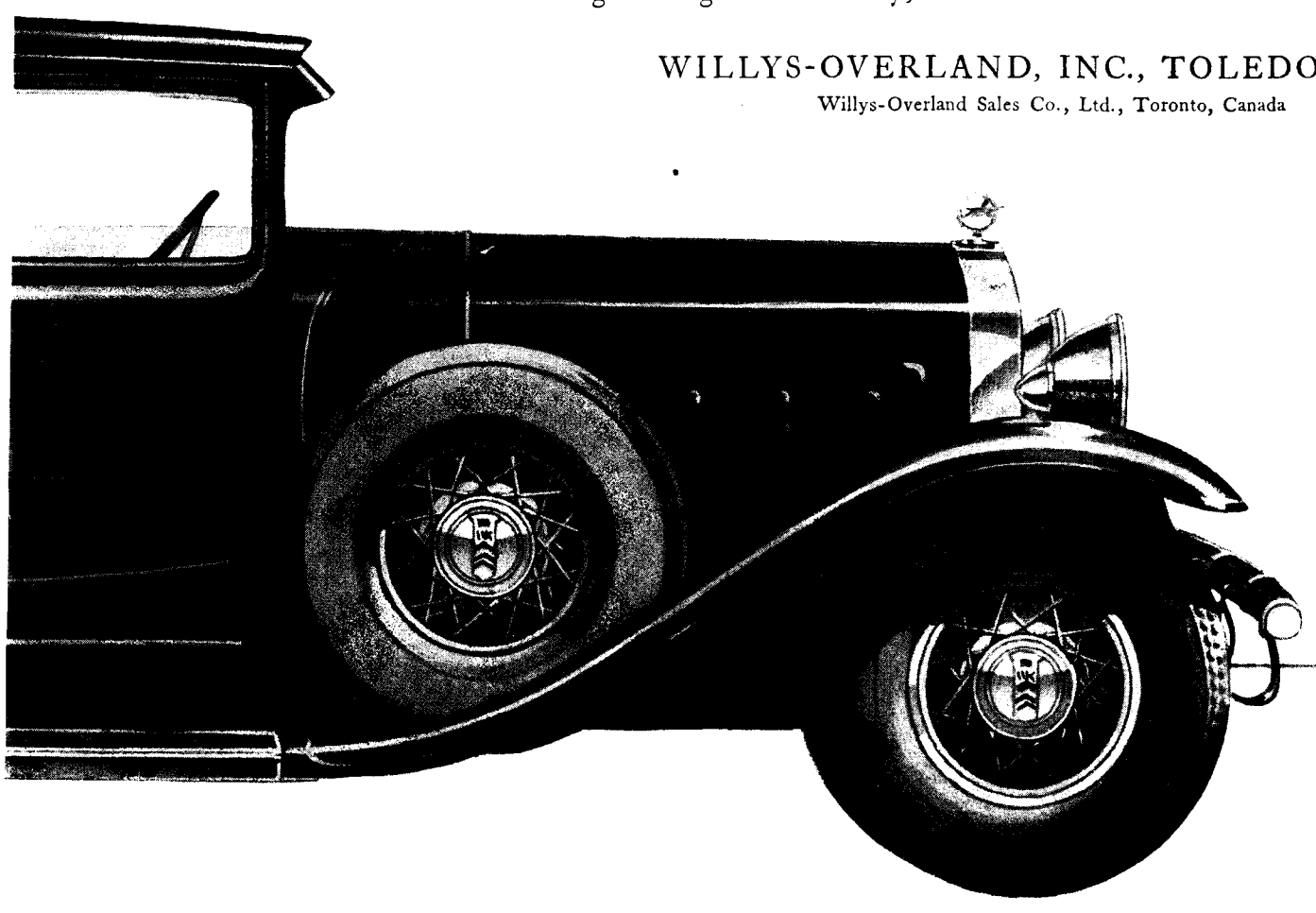
AT DEALERS' showrooms throughout the country, the new Willys-Knight Great Six is now on display—the most beautiful automobile that Willys-Overland's designers have ever created. No other car of the time so completely expresses supreme mastery of modern style.

Such graceful sweep of line, such perfection of symmetry, such rich harmony of color, such tasteful elegance of finish—all combine in a distinguished ensemble that testifies to the achievement of new ideals in motor car design. The spacious interiors are luxuriously appointed and embody many exquisite refinements.

In engineering as in artistry, the new Willys-Knight Great Six is advanced to a degree which few of the most costly automobiles ever attain. The *patented* Willys-Knight double sleeve-valve engine reaches its highest development—faster, more powerful and more efficient than ever before. Other important advantages include heavy seven-bearing crankshaft, one-shot lubrication system, extra strong frame, full internal four-wheel brakes, manual heat control and automatic radiator shutters.

Yet with all its artistic and mechanical improvements, the price of the new Willys-Knight Great Six is so reasonable as to make it the foremost value among modern fine cars.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada



THE SEDAN

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. J-10-8 H. 10-8-2 D. 5-4-2 C. Q-J-9-7	
West S. A-K-Q-6-5-3-2 H. None D. 9-7-6 C. 8-4-3		*East* S. 9-7-4 H. J-6-4 D. K-J-10 C. 10-6-5-2
	South S. None H. A-K-Q-9-7-5-3 D. A-Q-8-3 C. A-K	

THE above hand was published in last week's Collier's.

In Auction Bridge South would bid one Heart. West might bid either one Spade or three Spades; the former would follow the generally accepted idea that preëmption is not apt to be effective after an adversary has bid. But West's hand is typically one which calls for preëmption, so a bid of three Spades might succeed in shutting out further adverse bidding. South, after passes by North and East, would bid as many Hearts as were needed to overcall; and West, unassisted by his partner, would not be justified in bidding higher than three Spades.

At Contract Bridge, South's original bid would involve a decision between a bid of four Hearts and a bid of five Hearts, which would be a slight overbid and would ask North to jump to six with any probable trick. South can count his hand as worth seven Heart tricks, two Clubs and one Diamond—a total of ten. He also has a good chance of taking one, he may possibly take two, more Diamonds. With a normal break of the outstanding Hearts, all that North would have to supply to ensure at least a small slam, would be the Jack and Ten of Diamonds.

The chances are that South's hand will take more than ten tricks, but that will probably be its limit if North can neither fill in the Diamond suit nor win a trick in any other. For South to bid a small slam originally would be out of the question, and the danger of a five-Heart bid is that North, holding the Ace of Spades and no other assistance, would jump to six. Under such conditions, that Ace probably would not make unless the adversaries should lead Spades originally; and even if they did, a small slam probably would depend upon the Diamond finesse succeeding. South's sound and conservative bid would be four Hearts.

The Play

Played with Hearts the trump and South the Declarer, West's opening lead would be his King of Spades, and Declarer immediately would visualize a seemingly certain small slam with the grand slam an even chance. His plan of procedure would be to ruff the first trick, exhaust the adverse trumps in two leads, unblock dummy's Clubs by leading South's Ace and King, put dummy in with the trump Ten, cash dummy's Queen and Jack of Clubs, discarding South's Eight and Trey of Diamonds, and then try the Diamond finesse. If the King of Diamonds be held by East and the finesse should succeed, the result would be a grand slam; if the finesse should lose, a small slam.

But when West does not follow on the first lead of Hearts, Declarer can still exhaust the adverse trumps, but it will take three leads to do so and that will exhaust North also and leave the dummy hand without an entry to cash his Clubs and give South the needed Diamond discards. Declarer might attempt to squeeze out some of the adverse Diamonds by leading more trumps; but it is more than probable that East and West will throw away their Spades and Clubs. So Declarer must surrender one trump trick to East's Jack and, by making dummy's trump Ten an entry, gain two Club tricks for North and two Diamond discards for South.

South's play should be as follows: To tricks 2 and 3, he should lead the Ace and King of Clubs; it is essential that he unblock dummy's Clubs before North obtains the lead. To trick 4, he should lead a small Heart which East would win.

After winning his trump trick, East probably would lead a Diamond up to dummy's weakness, hoping that the Diamonds, which South's play indicated he was anxious to discard, could be captured. South, with four Diamonds and the ability to discard only two, should finesse the Queen; that finesse winning, he would have no difficulty in making his small slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North S. Q-9-7-6 H. K-J-6 D. 10-9-6 C. K-J-9	*East* S. 5 H. 10-9-5-4-2 D. 4-3 C. Q-8-7-3-2
West S. J-10-8 H. A-3 D. A-K-Q-J-8-5 C. 6-4	*South* S. A-K-4-3-2 H. Q-8-7 D. 7-2 C. A-10-5

About Face

Continued from page 20

prevent sunburn, and yet contain no harmful constituents. It is possible that they might also prevent the appearance of freckles if applied consistently enough and early enough in the spring. To the very young person such constant fussing with the face should, normally, not seem worth while.

(d) Nævi are small visible collections of superficial veins. They are classed medically as blood tumors, of the benign type. They are of variable size, sometimes flat, sometimes raised from the skin, and are congenital. The birthmark is a variety of nævus. If of large area they cannot be removed. If very small, they can sometimes be removed by a skin specialist. Common sense tells us that, being collections of blood vessels, they cannot be removed by cosmetics or bleached by chemicals.

Later Changes

II. Those conditions which appear with advancing years, the so-called senile changes in the skin.

(a) Pigmented, or "liver" spots have, in all probability, no connection with the state of health of the liver. It is possible that they are slightly more common among those who have a tendency to gout, but they may appear on anybody's skin after the thirtieth year. Unless they are abundant they are not very disfiguring, as the places on which they most commonly occur are the hands and arms and the sides of the forehead. They may be covered with powder, or touched with liquid powder, but they cannot be removed for the following reason: the cell which causes the color, the pigment cell, is not located in the superficial or dead layers of the skin.

(b) Senile keratosis: that roughened, pigmented spot which is so prevalent among the aged, and so annoying because it feels dry and often itches badly. I believe that people who have large and irritating senile keratoses should see a skin specialist about them, whether they are anxious to be rid of them or not. Sometimes they can be successfully treated, and they always bear watching.

(c) Wrinkles. These are the bane of the aging woman and the joy and raison d'être of the beauty specialist. It does seem that we hear less of wrinkles, and fear them less than our forbears did, although we spend more time in beauty parlors. Our grandmothers were supposed to peer anxiously in the mirror for the first wrinkle, and I suppose we haven't time for that. When things get bad, and we suddenly realize we are looking a little old, we resort to that of which our grandmothers had never heard—the "facial," or beauty treatment.

Theoretically the facial treatment smooths out the wrinkles and restores the youthful contours of the face, and temporarily it does just that.

A wrinkle, or linear marking of the skin, is caused by two things: habit and dehydration. Facial habits of smiling, frowning, grimacing, raising the eyebrows and scowling, are inclined to grow worse with age. The entire organism has a tendency to dehydrate with age. Moreover fat, especially facial fat, decreases with age, and the supporting structure of the skin falls away from beneath it and makes its linear markings show.

What are we going to do about it?

To dispose of the beauty treatment first: all excessive manipulation of the skin breaks down its fine supporting structure of connective tissue and fat. While massage temporarily increases the blood supply to the face, its effect of "plumping" is transitory. A woman who treats herself to a facial before a party soon finds that she must do the same before every party if she is not to look older than she did before.

The muscles of the face do not need passive exercise such as is gotten by massage. They get plenty in chewing and talking. The non-muscular part of the face is only hurt by massage, its normal structure being interfered with thereby.

As for facial habits, we can't eliminate them but we can control them, especially when they are caused by physical defects such as eye-strain, nasal obstruction, faulty tooth alignment or other localized cause of facial irritation. A great many habitual facial distortions or grimaces are traceable to such causes. What we need is a frank sister or brother or child to tell us about our mannerisms, and then to look for the exciting agent.

A typical wrinkle or crease due to eye-strain is located between the eyebrows and runs downward on a line with the nose. Chronic headache wrinkles, due to eye-strain or some other cause, are the parallel lines in the forehead which result from raising the eyebrows. The lines due to nasal obstruction appear as curves at the sides of the nostrils and result from frequent forced inhalation, or sniffing. The wrinkles due to faulty alignment of the teeth are many and are located around the mouth and on the cheeks. A missing tooth will cause a sagging in of the face and resultant wrinkles.

For all such "defect" wrinkles the cure is, naturally, a cure of the defect behind them.

Personality has a lot to do with wrinkle formation. The easy-going person acquires wrinkles more slowly than the habitually anxious and nervous person. The animated and vivacious person falls heir to more wrinkles than does the passive, restrained individual. Few of us are going to take the trouble to change our personalities to avoid wrinkles.

But no matter what the personality, general physical habits will affect the aging of the skin, as they affect its dehydration and fat loss. A body which is habitually underfed will have a dehydrated skin, unsupported by fat. A body which is underactive, and therefore has a sluggish circulation, will have a skin which shows the effects of that poor circulation.

More than Skin Deep

The part which constipation plays in the appearance of the skin is much disputed. There is a general belief that constipation results in muddy, ugly, pimply skin. But I can find no scientific evidence for such a belief, and all the cases I have treated for chronic constipation have had delightful, clear, ruddy complexions. Not that I would advocate chronic constipation as a means of acquiring a beautiful skin.

It is probable that the person who has reason to fear constipation gets the habit of eating healthful food, such as much fruit, high vitamin foods, and of drinking much water, all of which measures should, theoretically, improve the appearance of the skin.

It would seem, then, that there is more to the acquiring and keeping of a beautiful skin than going to a beauty parlor and letting someone else do the work. Beauty may be, after all, more than skin deep.

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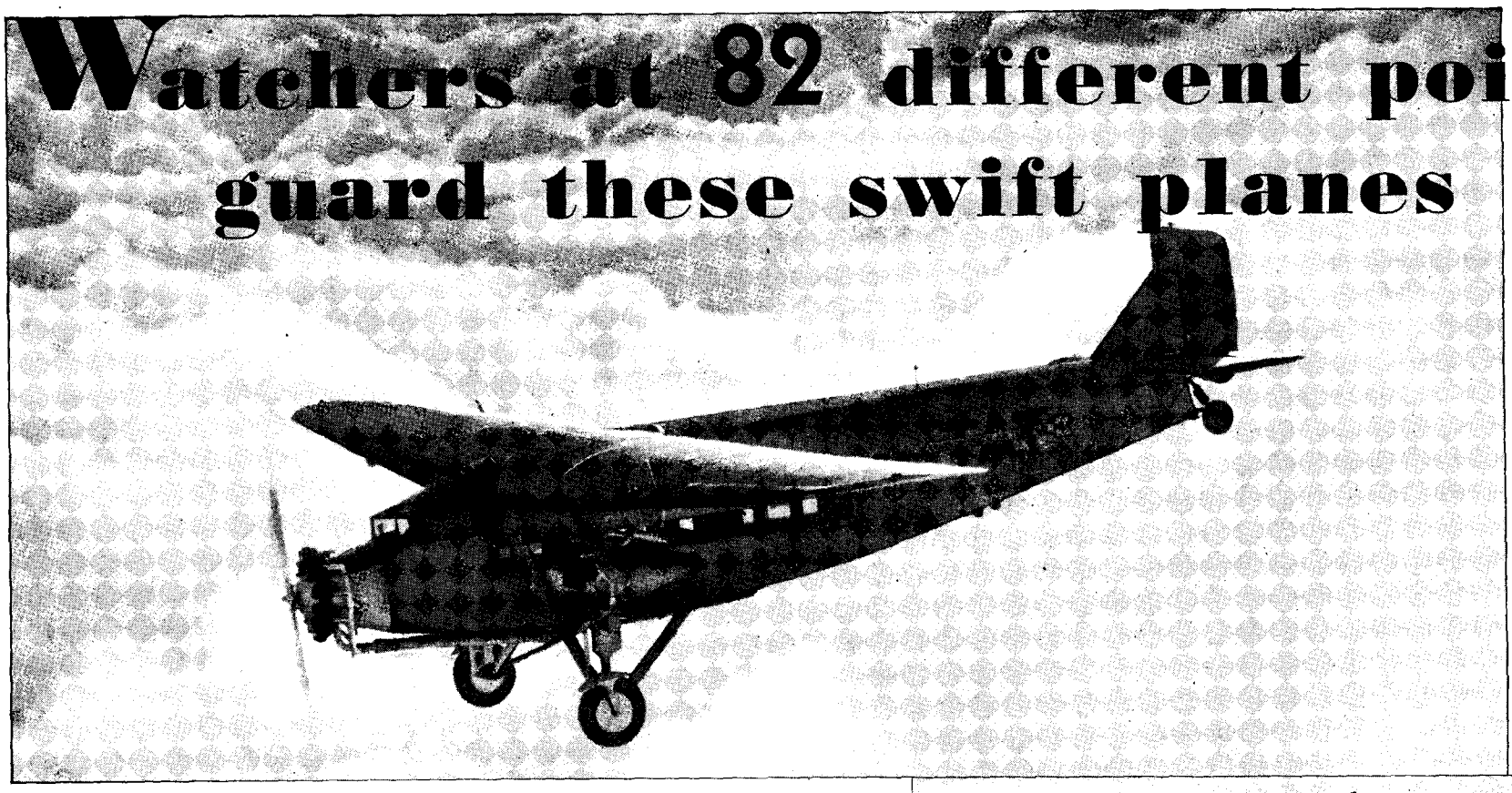
Watchers at 82 different points guard these swift planes



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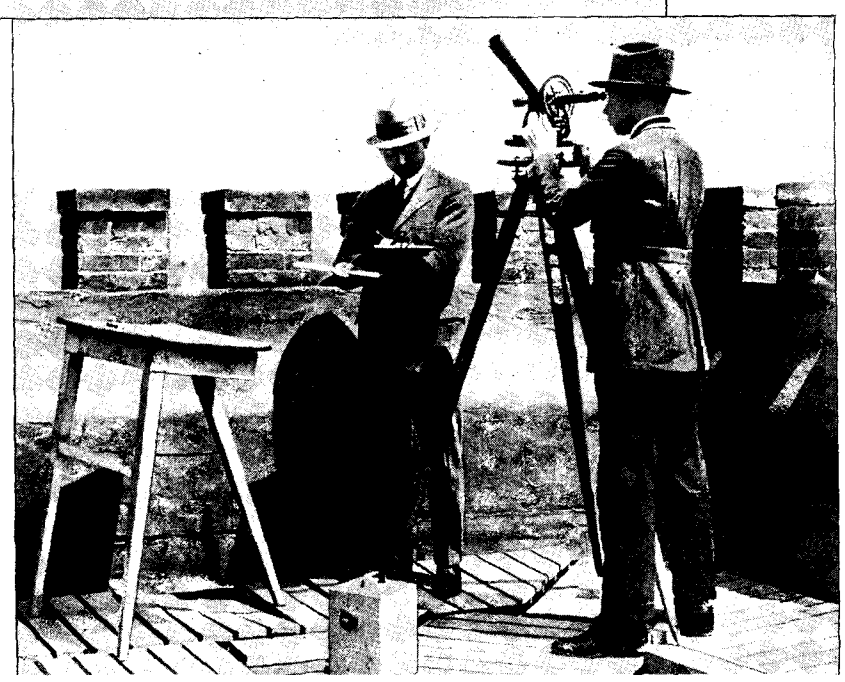
Air routes have been selected, mapped, tested by flights. Millions of dollars have been spent in the building of extensive airports. Emergency landing fields have been laid out at regular intervals along the carefully prepared routes. Airplanes have been most rigorously tested.

A private meteorological system—destined to be the inspiration of airlines of the future—has been worked out in conjunction with governmental and other agencies... Also an elaborate system of communications (teletype, radiophone, wireless)—making it possible for planes in flight to receive weather reports compiled from observations at 82 different points.

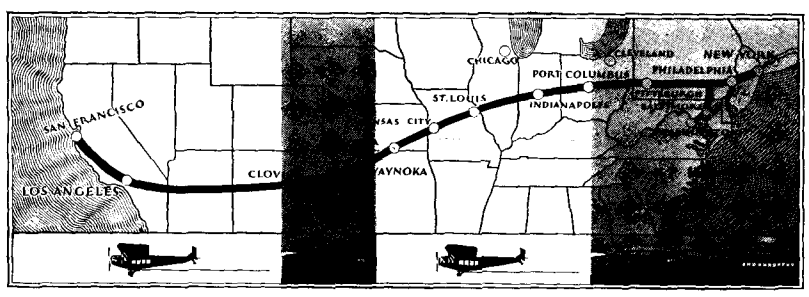
In short, the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.—with which the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe Railway have associated themselves in the establishment of the first 48 Hour Coast to Coast Service by Rail and Air—has done everything in its power to ensure the safety and comfort of travelers employing this new, swift mode of transportation.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is Consulting Aeronautical Engineer to the Pennsylvania Railroad and Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.



Trained observers in the picture above are shown measuring the height of the "ceiling." Weather reports, compiled from observations at 82 different points along—and on either side of—the air route, are regularly radiophoned or wirelessed to planes in flight.

48 HOURS . . . COAST TO COAST



By night a luxurious train—by day a safe, swift plane!—Westbound, the Coast to Coast passenger travels on The Airway Limited of the Pennsylvania as far as Port Columbus—thence by a tri-motored plane of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. to Waynoka, Okla.—that night by a Santa Fe train to Clovis, N. M.—then by plane to Los Angeles, arriving in the afternoon. (*By plane next morning to San Francisco.*) Eastbound by the same route, Lv. Los Angeles 8.45 A. M., Ar. New York, 9.50 A. M. (second morning).

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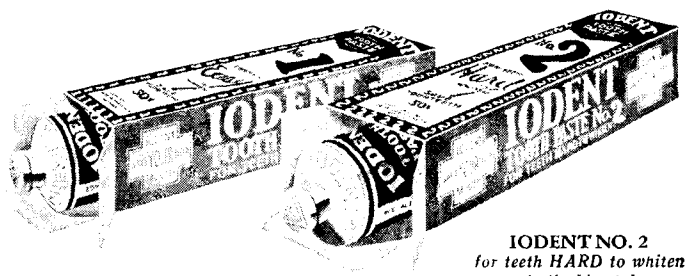

IODENT NO. 1
for teeth EASY to whiten
—in the red tube

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for teeth HARD to whiten
—in the blue tube

IT *can* be done quickly. Iodent No. 2 will do it. And of far greater importance—will do it with perfect safety.

For the world-wide popularity of Iodent—its rapidly mounting sales—its widespread professional endorsement is not alone due to its surpassing efficiency in *whitening* hard-to-whiten teeth.

Iodent's fame and recommendations are due to the fact that it cleans and whitens SAFELY, a combination which for years was thought impossible to attain.

Iodent No. 2 achieves its astonishing effects through its super-cleansing action alone. It contains no bleaches and no grit, no astringent nor abrasives. That's why Dr. Lautmann, prominent Detroit dentist, *created* Iodent—to safeguard his clientele against these dangers. And it explains why dentists everywhere recommend it.

Why will Iodent No. 2 whiten where other tooth pastes fail? Its *special texture* is the answer. It doesn't turn to bubbles in the mouth. Holding a firm, soft body, it shapes itself to the teeth under the brush, clings 'til it cleans, and makes hard-to-whiten teeth lustrously white.

For teeth easy to whiten use Iodent No. 1—textured precisely for this less difficult task.

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IODENT *tooth paste*

No. 1 . . .
Is the Ideal Dentifrice for those whose teeth are EASY to whiten

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April Escapade

Continued from page 13

we were married more than a month ago," Christopher reminded her suddenly. "We'd better settle the date."

"Suppose we say February—twenty-third?" Mary Kate suggested, looking up.

"The day after Washington's birthday?"

"We can remember it by that. And where?"

"Let's say Washington again. We can't forget Washington."

"That's a grand place to be married!" she said innocently.

Christopher pressed a bell.

"Peter," he said to the old man, who promptly appeared, "will you bring my cousin that white box in the hall? These are your violets. I thought of orchids," Christopher told her, as she began happily to investigate the silky tissues. "But with that gown I'm glad it's violets."

Mary Kate bent her face over them, sniffed deeply.

"Oh, smell those—did you ever smell anything so delicious?" she said, making a long arm to extend them to him.

THE touch of royal purple was the last one needed, with the ivory satin, the blazing hair, and the old pearls.

"I'll tell you frankly—why shouldn't I? I'll probably never see you after tomorrow," Chris said, "that you're ravishing! I dare you to keep that gown and be married in it. Come on, Mary," he said, picking up her wrap, "we have to go."

He jerked himself into his own light coat; he wore no hat.

"Exactly like a movie!" thought Mary Kate, in a very rapture over her gown and flowers, her jewels and furred coat, her slippers, her escort, as they went out to the car.

She spoke very little on the mile drive. Christopher completed his instructions.

"Now, remember, we have to take this with a rush. They won't suspect, unless we do something raw, and we've simply got to be careful. Just keep thinking how utterly indifferent you'd be if it was some other man with his wife, and keep your chin up. After all, they're not going to ask us for our license, you know! Oh, Lord—"

"What is it?" Mary Kate asked, alarmed at his tone.

"Have you a wedding ring?"

"Oh, yes, from the five-and-ten." She laughed joyously. "I thought of that!" she exulted.

"Then we're all set. And here we are. Now—up guards and at them!"

They entered another richly furnished, warmly lighted house, but not half so pretty as El Hogar, Mary Kate thought. This was an older house, comfortable, but not beautiful. The front doorway was widely opened upon a wide hallway, on this soft spring night, and their host—familiar, stout Mr. Rountree—was crossing the hall as they came up the steps.

"Oh, hello, there you are! The others are here," he said, welcoming them.

"You know Mrs. Steynes, Gordy!" Chris said.

"I should say I do. How do you do, Mrs. Steynes," Gordon Rountree said, with a broad, significant smile.

Mary Kate, wishing herself well out of the whole silly thing, and thinking herself a fool, was taken into a big, comfortable, obviously bachelor suite of sitting and smoking and living rooms generally, where there was quite a formidable group of persons.

First came Doctor and Mrs. Ridley, nice, aristocratic, rather stupid-looking middle-aged persons, who were not in the least interested in her; Joe Davey; Don Archibald, the polo man; Harry Ainslee; Kent Ainslee.

"Countess, may I present Mrs. Steynes? Mrs. Steynes, Countess Yarnowska. Countess Marka Yarnowska."

Mary Kate saw two lean, dark, rather sickly-looking women facing her. They were exactly alike, except for a difference of some nineteen years. Both wore shabby, ornate dresses cut extremely low, and dark, scrambled hair. Both wore elaborate jewelry, and heavy earrings.

"What do you say?" the older asked sharply, with an instant and astonished glance from the host to Christopher, who was closely following Mary Kate.

"My wife," Christopher said. "Didn't you get my announcement?"

"You are married?" the senior Countess asked blankly.

"A month ago, Countess. Wasn't it, dear?" Christopher asked Mary Kate.

"Five weeks!" she answered, reddening, but courageous. "It was the twenty-third."

"You are married?" the European woman asked again, frowning.

"Suddenly," Christopher said.

"Bot—bot I do not understandt," said Countess Yarnowska. "She is byoodiful, yaze. Bot I do not know you are married."

She remained staring blankly, severely, at Christopher. Mary Kate relieved the situation with an artless laugh.

"We very much surprised ourselves!" she confessed.

"Bot—why you don't tell me?" demanded the Countess.

"It was very sudden," Christopher said, suavely.

"Sodden! Bot—bot not so quick like that!" protested the European.

"I assure you we do everything very quickly, we Americans," the man persisted.

THE younger Russian woman now spoke hurriedly to her mother in their own tongue. Their faces were dark and angry, but Mary Kate, flutteringly laughing and talking in a ring of young males, assured herself that there was no suspicion.

"My daughter says that she don' like to be surprise' like this," said Countess Yarnowska, flatly. The younger woman looked defiantly at Christopher, her head high.

"You should have had an announcement in the mail," Christopher explained.

"Come on. Everyone come out to dinner!" Gordon Rountree said hospitably. He rather bustled his distinguished guests toward the dining-room, where a long and brilliant board was banked with spikes of pale blue delphinium and exquisite pink roses.

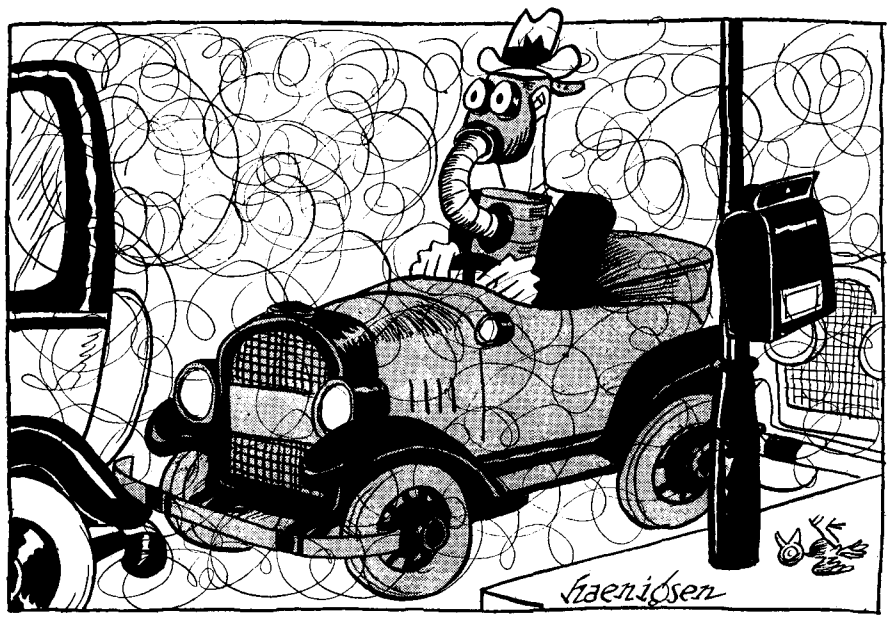
Nice, dull, elderly Mrs. Ridley was on the host's left, the elder Countess on his right.

"Mrs. Steynes," said Mary Kate O'Hara's employer, "will you take the foot of the table, and be the Mama? Chris, do you want to sit next to your wife? Doctor, will you take that chair, next to the Countess Marka—now, does that come out right?"

"You look like a duchess!" Chris said, in an undertone, with a quick glance of encouragement to Mary Kate, as he sat down.

"Here, no whispering!" Gordon Rountree said.

(*Continued on page 40*)



Motor Halitosis

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THE bad breath of the automobile is not the part that smells bad. No, paradoxically, that would be better if it were worse, because the scent is harmless and would serve as a warning of the presence of another gas that is odorless as air but a deadly poison. This is carbon monoxide. The chemist has to call it by that awkward name to distinguish it from its sister gas, carbon dioxide, which almost always goes along with it.

This gas, the "di-," is in all the air we breathe, in fact we put it there by our breathing, but it does us no harm unless so much of it gets into the air that it crowds out the oxygen we must have. We can sleep in a closed room with other people and wake up with nothing worse than a headache. But if we sleep in a closed room with a running auto engine we will not wake up at all.

That is because the engine does not do its work thoroughly. If it burned completely all the fuel fed to it this would be converted into the comparatively innocuous carbon dioxide. Actually, part of the carbon in the gasoline is discharged as the injurious carbon monoxide. The average in the discharged gases is about seven per cent. This is soon carried away and scattered in the atmosphere—provided there is plenty of atmosphere about.

The investigation of the United States Public Health Service, covering fourteen of the largest cities of the country, shows that the atmosphere at the height of the heads of pedestrians on congested streets contains 0.8 part of carbon monoxide in 10,000 parts of air. Fewer than twenty-five per cent of the samples so taken contained over one part in 10,000.

From this it seems that exhaust gases do not constitute a serious menace to public health in the open. But in covered ways, enclosed parking stations, repair shops and garages this noxious gas is often found in dangerous amounts. The samples taken in the repair shops averaged 2.1 parts in 10,000 and sometimes ran as high as eleven parts. Men working in an atmosphere containing over two parts in 10,000 are likely to get a headache after five or eight hours, and if the amount per 10,000 runs up as high as ten, the same effect will appear within an hour and later, perhaps, unconsciousness or even death will result.

The lesson of it is that engines should be shut down in enclosed places or during a prolonged tie-up on the street.

New Sources of Paper

THE publication of a book, a magazine, and several newspapers printed on paper made from cornstalks proves that the utilization of this farm waste is at least possible if not yet profitable. Excellent specimens of paper have also been made from cottonseed, after the oil has been extracted and sold for soap or salad dressing.

In Sweden straw is made available for fine letter paper, as well as kraft and newspaper, by a new process. This consists in cutting the straw into inch lengths and then cooking it in a digester at lower temperature and pressure than customary so as to leave the glutinous substance of the straw. The same process can be applied to sugar cane and grasses, such as esparto grass.

Esparto grass is now being employed in Italy for the manufacture of artificial silk by the viscose process. A hundred pounds of esparto yield forty-two pounds of refined cellulose. The esparto shipped from Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Spain amounts to over 200,000 tons a year, most of it going to England for paper.

The Australians, who blacken more clean white paper with printers' ink than any people except Americans in proportion to their population, and who make none of it now, are experimenting with the timber of the eucalyptus, which is their most common tree. They have found it entirely feasible to prepare from it a good white grade of wood pulp, and they are hoping to get it cheap enough so they can make their own books and papers as well as their own stockings and dresses, socks and shirts.

There is, of course, no end of sources of paper, since the material cellulose forms the fiber of all vegetation.

The congressman who proposed to print the Congressional Record on cornstalk or straw paper was a bit premature in his project, and laid himself open to the retort from those who are skeptical of the present state of the art: that this is a good idea, for then the Record would decay even more quickly than does the wood pulp paper now used. But if congressmen realized that through the use of cornstalk paper by the Government Printing Office they would contribute to farm relief by every word they said, they would be tempted to lengthen their filibusters and extend the leave to print.

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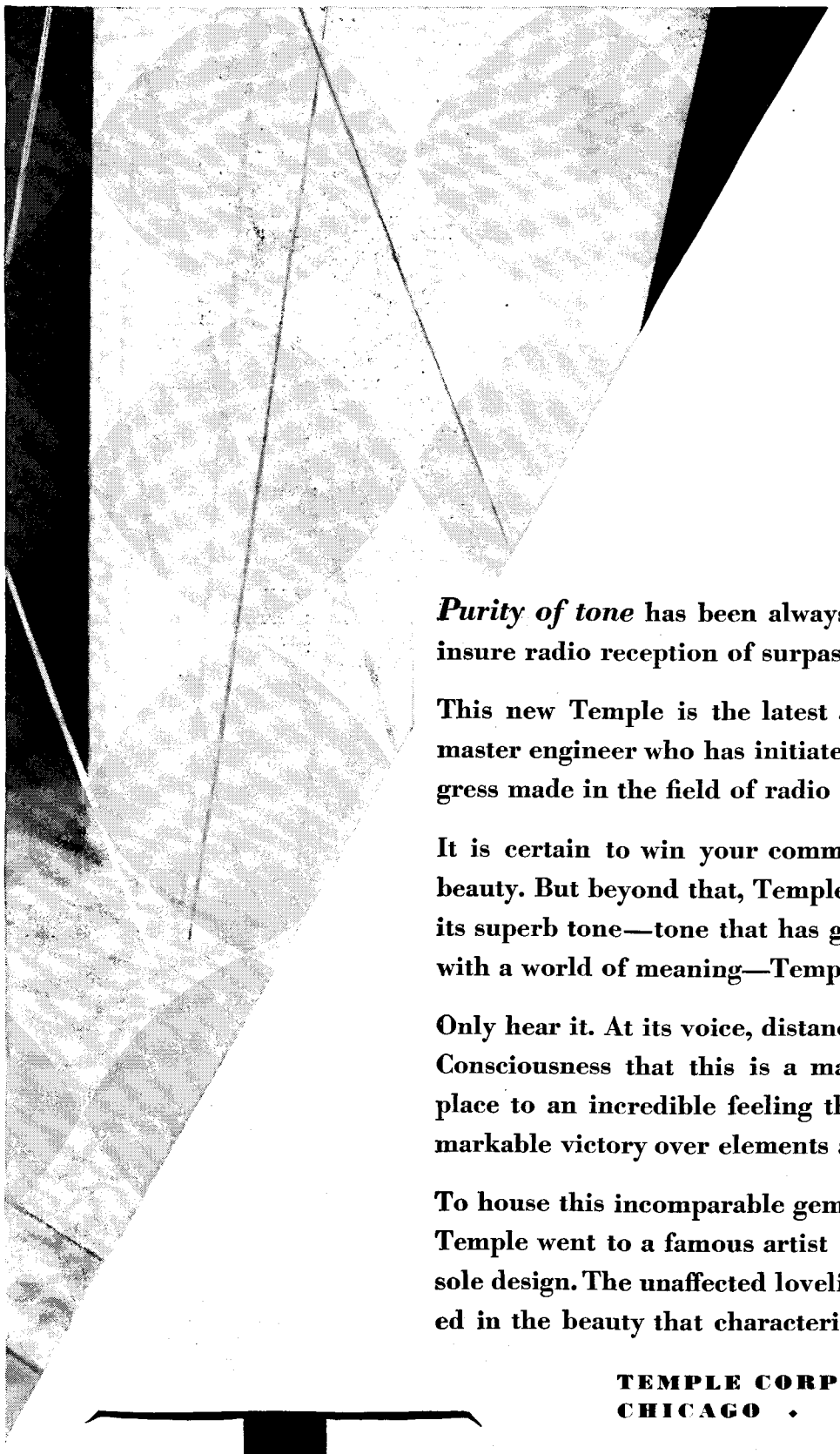

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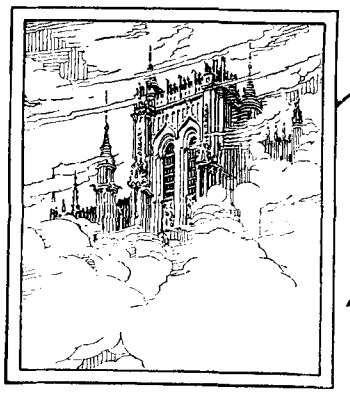

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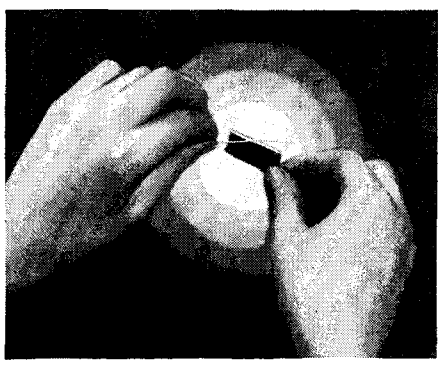

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April Escapade

Continued from page 37

"I was saying something nice to Mary!" Chris confessed easily.

"Mary is the wife that I don't know he has," the Countess said unflaggingly, aggrievedly. "When we meet him in London, he say nothing of this wife Mary he have now."

"As a matter of fact they gave us all a surprise!" Gordon said in a comfortable, confidential tone.

"Mrs. Steynes, you're not related to the Virginia Selbys, are you?" said Mrs. Ridley, who was. "You're the livin' image of a portrait that hangs in my Grandfather Goldsborough's house—"

"No, I was a Deane," Mary Kate said calmly. Gordon and Christopher, who had both halted, with soup spoons in air, resumed their meal.

"Now, when Mrs. Ridley and I were in Russia," said Doctor Ridley, with pleasant pompousness, as he turned toward the Countess Marka, "I made up my mind to get a bowing acquaintance, at least, with your language. Difficult language! The chief difficulty for us Americans, I believe I am right in saying—"

MARKA gave him a look of hate; he saw nothing amiss. It was his duty to talk to his lady for a while, and talk to her he would. He was a trifle overweight, as was also his wife, up there next to the head of the table, in pale blue satin. They smiled contentedly at each other when the roast came along.

Now and then he looked with great satisfaction at that beautiful girl who was taking the foot of the table. Lovely creature! She was quite a picture in that old-fashioned gown. Lucky fellow, young Keyes or Sayles or whatever his name was.

"Do you play golf, Mrs. Steynes?" The young men were all discussing an approaching golf match.

"No, but I want to!"

And she glanced dutifully, loyally, at Christopher.

"You've delayed your trip to China?"

"Only over one steamer—yes."

"I think you had better that your husband take you, too!" the Countess, listening from the other end of the table, put in venomously. "You know thiz men they forget their good little Mary wives, when they come to Russia!"

"Oh, I shall go this time," Mary Kate, who was beginning to enjoy herself in a frightened sort of excited way, said amiably.

"Some day you are not afraid—" the Countess pursued, "that someone show you the letter he write?"

Mary Kate glanced unsmilingly at Christopher again.

"I know he's a terror," she admitted mildly.

It was all so smooth. It was all so easy!

"We have almost three good bridge tables, for after dinner," Gordon Rountree, who was a man of one idea, at least as far as evening amusement was concerned, said wistfully.

"Oh, I'll watch!" Mary Kate offered eagerly. "I'd really like to sit beside Chris' chair, and watch!"

She hadn't seen it coming, but the name sounded smooth and natural. Her sapphire eyes moved; Chris Steynes was looking at her with an odd expression, an expression that brought the uneasy, puzzled color up into her cheeks.

"Let's all cut in!" said one of the young men.

"Sure, have two tables, and we'll cut, Gordy."

"Telephone old van Antwerp—he's right across the road here, he loves bridge!"

Mary Kate's mouth went suddenly dry; her hands were cold. She felt her heart thump heavily, sickly.

"He's in town, I telephoned about an hour ago," the host said, and she could breathe again. But what an escape!

Her palms were wet, and she felt the blood that had receded from her face return again.

"You're like Mary Queen of Scots," Chris said. "You know they said that when she drank wine it could be seen, through the transparency of her throat."

"I don't think, if I drank ink, it would show," Mary Kate said amusedly.

"You ask me when we sail? We sail on Sunday," said the Countess heavily, in a pause. "We go to my country—to Russia, where my girl will marry with her cousin. He have no money—his property is taken away by the revolutionists—bot what can he do? If nine lives are not here, he will be Tsar."

The daughter, who spoke English at least as well as her mother, now proudly and protestingly interposed a few rapid words in her own tongue, and glancing scornfully about her at the company, lapsed into silence again.

"My girl say that he is too old, he is fifty, he have a boy of twenty," the Countess interpreted. "Bot—she will marry him!"

"Say, Gordon," Christopher said suddenly, "you know that little bit of business I told you about today?"

"Yep. How'd it go?" Gordon Rountree asked, with his nervous, characteristic laughter.

"Fine, I think." Christopher's noncommittal eye moved casually to meet that of Mary Kate. Neither smiled.

THE room was hot; she was glad to step through one of the opened dining-room windows, after the meal, and let the dark sweet night air cool her hot face, and whisper eagerly to Christopher, who followed her onto the terrace:

"Do the ladies leave the men now, the way they do in books? Because it's being alone with her that scares me."

"No, the ladies don't leave the men now, the way they do in books," Christopher assured her, leaning down close over her, and repeating her words in an odd, tense whisper. He spoke mumblingly, laughingly. "Gordon's wild for bridge, and the Countess is a regular wolf for it," he said. "We'll play, right away. Do you want to be put at a table with those boys?"

"Please. But—Mr. Steynes—is it working, do you think?"

He was flapping the silver ribbons on her violets, to and fro, against her shoulder.

"Is what?" he asked, inconsequentially, foolishly.

MARY KATE looked at him sharply. Was he intoxicated? But no, he was merely a very handsome, blond, perfectly ordinary young man in evening dress, speaking and laughing in rather mysterious confusion, his face close to her cheek.

Streaks of light came from the house, out to the terrace; she was in a shaft of it, but she could not see his face very well.

"You said—" he muttered.

"Is it working? Our plot?"

"Oh, working!" he echoed. He was suddenly, to her relief, his businesslike self again. "It's simply a knockout. Can't you see that yourself? The old girl was staggered, for a few minutes, now she's off on a new track. We'll complete the job with that lunch tomorrow, probably. She's sort of sidling out of it, now."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"It's simply perfect, I tell you. Come on back, and carry on." Christopher put an urgent hand under her elbow, and Mary Kate went back into the warmth and noise of the brightly lighted rooms, to play cards.

Mary Kate had a hilarious rubber with Joe Davey and the Ainslee brothers. It was just like playing bridge at home, with Cass and Martin and some other player, except that now and then she could look up tonight, and see reflected in a great mirror the black coats of the three men, and the ivory and satin and glittering hair that was herself.

The Countess and her daughter were playing rapaciously at the other tables; Chris played a first rubber with them, and then drifted over to Mary Kate's table, and sent Harry Ainslee back to take his former place.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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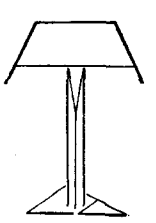

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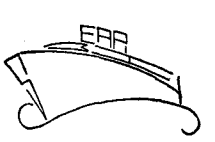

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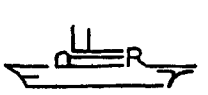

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MONOGRAM OIL

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Oh, no; no cut! Mary and I have to be partners."

"Cut for the deal, then. Mrs. Steynes gets it."

"What are you playing for?"

"Only a cent," said Joe Davey, who had never earned one.

"And I'm ahead—look, more than two thousand points!" Mary Kate exulted innocently.

"You pay her losses, and she takes her gains—that's the way my wife manages," young Ainslee said feelingly.

"Mary always wins," Chris said.

They played a hard rubber, for Mary Kate was determined to impress him, and bid desperately and took chances. Hardly was the last point scored when the four enthusiastically commenced again; Christopher played a reckless game, but on this particular occasion all his risks were justified, and he could sit back in great satisfaction at the end of the game.

"Any more?" Mary Kate asked eagerly.

"Well, what do you think? It's now one o'clock."

"It's *what!*" She was amazed. "Oh, gracious, oughtn't we to go?"

"I think so."

THEY left all the table litter for the servants, the girl observed; nobody gathered up ashes and cards and abandoned score, as somebody would have done in the little parlor at home; nobody straightened chairs and shut up the green table.

They all strolled into the adjoining room, where the card games were also finished, and there were general good nights.

"I come to lunch with you tomorrow," said the Countess sternly to Mary Kate.

"You come to us for lunch tomorrow," the girl agreed.

"Good night, Mrs. Steynes," Mrs. Ridley said abstractedly, still wondering how on earth she could have failed to play the thirteenth spade. "I don't know when I've overlooked a card like that, after all the trouble I had clearing it, too!" she kept murmuring. Mary Kate, muffled in quilted brocade and white fur now, made the circle of good nights, and was out in the cool fresh dark again, with Chris, being escorted carefully down to the car.

"It's over!" she exulted, and they moved between silent gardens and the dim bulk of great trees, under a soft dark blue night sky, toward El Hogar.

"It registered just one hundred per cent," Chris said. "They wouldn't come to lunch tomorrow—the Yarnowskas, if it wasn't free food! You heard that talk about Marka marrying her cousin? That's enough. That means only one thing. They're through."

"I was frightfully nervous at first," Mary Kate confessed, huddling herself into her furs.

"But there wasn't anything to it, was there?"

"No, it's been lots of fun!"

They went into the hacienda, which smelled deliciously of wood smoke, freesia, lilies, lilacs. Dim lights outlined the position of chairs and tables; a big bit of gold braid, on a hanging tapestry, winked and crawled in the glow.

"Come in here a minute, I want to speak to you," Chris said.

Mary Kate, still hunching herself luxuriously into the brocade and fur, lingered for a moment in the big drawing-room.

"D'you need that coat?"

She flung it off, and stood beside him at the hearth, looking up expectantly. The firelight was pink on the rich folds of her gown; the beautiful shining waves of her flaming hair were tossed back carelessly from her forehead. Her sapphire eyes were fixed on his face.

"Your mother's living, isn't she?"

"Mother? I'll say she's living!" Mary Kate excused the inelegant phrase with a little laugh.

"Father?"

"No, my father died seven years ago. Mart was only fourteen. We were in Brooklyn then, and my mother worked in a telegraph office for a while. But then my father's brother—Uncle Miles, sent for us to come out here, and when he died he left Mother his house, and two other houses."

"Where are they?"

"O'Farrell Street."

"And did he leave her well fixed? Comfortable, you know?"

"Well, not exactly. But Mart works, and I work, and the children are growing up all the time."

"How many children?"

"Oh, Tom, next to me—he's seventeen."

"And does he work?"

"No. Not yet. He wants to. He wants to work on an airplane, he wants to get into aviation," Mary Kate, safe on her own ground, answered interestedly. "But Mother wants him to finish High, so he can really get started."

"And then who comes?"

"Well, then my mother had a little boy named Francis, who died, and then Tess—she's thirteen, and Regina, who's eleven, and then Pat, the baby. Miles Patrick is his name, and in school they call him Miles O'Hara, but we call him Pat. Tom calls him the straight and narrow Pat, because he's so tall—"

She looked at him expectantly. His eyes were upon her, but she knew he was not listening.

"This is what I was thinking," he said suddenly. "Wouldn't it be the very deuce—wouldn't it be the limit, if—"

He caught his breath and stopped.

"If what?" Mary Kate asked.

"I've been thinking this all evening," Christopher said. "I mean, if you and I fell in love with each other?"

He laughed nervously as he said it. Mary Kate, who had seated herself in a formal high chair of carved black wood, was the more composed of the two.

"I thought of that," she said simply. "It was a natural enough thing to think, I suppose. But—but of course—"

"Of course what?" Christopher said in an odd, constrained voice, watching her.

"Well, of course I'm engaged!" she explained, looking up with a smile.

"And my people have slightly different plans for me!" he added lightly.

She did not like the tone; the rich-man tone.

"I suppose so!"

"I happen to be an only son and an only grandson!" he went on.

IT WAS not quite saying that she was not good enough for him, but the inference was unavoidable. Mary Kate ignored it.

"I mean, my dear," Chris said easily, "that if you knew the whole ridiculous story, you'd know that they'd rise in a mob, and slay us both!"

She continued to look dreamily into the fire, carefully indifferent. But she was furious.

"That wasn't in our agreement!" she reminded him, elaborately stifling a yawn.

"Exactly!" Chris conceded, without changing his expression. "S-sh!" he said, raising his hand, listening.

There were steps in the patio; somebody knocked twice on the door, with a heavy iron knocker.

The color drained from Mary Kate's face, leaving it terrified. She half rose from her chair, one hand clutching at her heart. The clock struck the half hour after one.

(*To be continued next week*)

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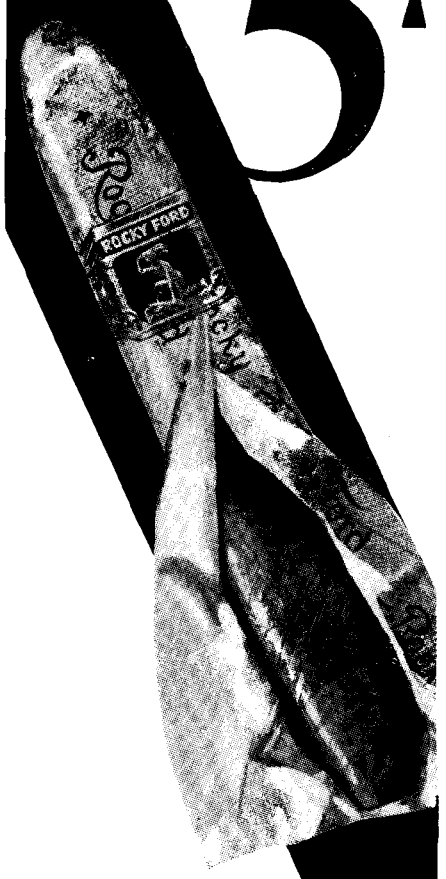

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Still Waters

Continued from page 30

whimpering with weakness and pain, groped on hands and knees across the floor, the door creaked under weight thrown against it. The knob rattled. The assailant tried once more to burst the portal and withdrew. York's head banged against a table leg. His hands pawed across its top, gripped the cold metal of the telephone, drew it down to him.

IN THE next room a window rasped upward and a voice yammered into the night. The operator's query was a breath of sanity in the mad darkness. The man could not force speech through his gusty breathing until she had twice asked for his number.

"I want the state troopers," he managed at length. He felt the building quake to the feet that stormed upstairs. In the room whence he had escaped he heard someone command: "Gimme that liquor," and through the receiver, slippery with blood from his bitten thumb, a far-away voice said, "Mansion House." York gasped. This, he recalled, was the inn where the state police outpost was quartered.

"I want a state trooper," he reiterated, and in the hall a man squealed: "He's at the phone."

"Ain't neither of 'em here," the voice buzzed in his ear. "Any message?"

Outside, a man avalanched downstairs and the door crackled as a body battered it.

"He's got Izzy's gun," someone warned shrilly and the assault was not renewed.

"Murder," York babbled, "at the Hole in the Wall. Tell them—"

"Can't hear ye," the far-away voice droned maddeningly.

"Murder," he shouted more loudly. "Murder—" and worked the receiver hook. No click of broken connection had reached his ear, but the wire was dead!

Something dragged along and bumped against the door. In the instant of silence that followed, York heard in the distance the sharp handclap of a shot, sinister, terminating, heartbreaking.

In the hall, McGrogan's mob thrust another bureau against the portal. Their leader, disheveled, breathing thickly, sat on the edge of the rumpled bed and watched them.

"That'll do," he pronounced at last, in a hoarse voice. "Leave him there for the bulls to find. We got no time."

He glanced at his wrist watch, drew himself up with rheumatic slowness and snarled at the lingering men.

"We haul outa here in an hour," he ordered. "Step on it."

Behind the barricaded door, York flung the voiceless telephone from him, with a quavering curse. The finality of that single distant shot had broken him. The silence following the men's withdrawal was invaded by sobbing he could not check.

At length, incongruously, he slept. He did not stir when, below, guns raved and a great crash shook the Hole in the Wall.

Captain Wilgus completed his telephone conversation; then he entered the jail.

Through the bars of the farther cell, he regarded the prisoner a long minute before speaking.

"Hey, there," he said at last. Skeen regarded the captain a long instant with awed eyes.

"Well," he said in a flat voice, "so you're the guy? I wasn't sure. You listened while that trooper was trying to sweat me. You been Izzy's leak all the while! I might of guessed it."

Wilgus opened and closed his mouth soundlessly. The spasm that crossed his dark face left it oily with sweat and menace.

"Sometimes," he began with a detached air, "the less a guy knows—"

"The longer he lives?" Skeen jeered. "I'll spit on your tombstone, you lousy stool pigeon, if you don't let me outa here."

"You," Wilgus began, but the other's tense speech again overwhelmed him.

"That sap trooper's going to try and stop Izzy," he said rapidly. "Let me out. There's a road over Green Hill, not much, but I can take a truck over it. Let me out an' we'll bilk him right."

"What a chance!" Wilgus sneered. "You'll stay right here, fella, and take what's comin' to you."

"Sure," Skeen acknowledged with a feverish grin. "Sure. Have it your own way, Captain. Only, I heard you an' Izzy plan to burn down Tarleton—"

Wilgus' inarticulate yelp checked him and he faced the venomous eyes with a wide pale smile.

"Listen," the captain asked softly, "what kinda game you shovin' across, eh? Used to be a state cop, yourself, didn'tcha. An' a state cop brought you in."

SKEEN sat down upon the cot with the precipitancy of collapse, staring past the policeman with abstracted eyes.

"Yeh," he conceded slowly, "I was a state cop. You listened. How much did he get when he pumped me?" He peered through the bars at the flabby figure in blue and seemed to derive comfort from Wilgus' obvious uneasiness.

"Damn you," he rasped so savagely that the captain winced. "Don't you try to put the bee on me. I know too much—now. Act nice and I will. The mob's playin' too stiff a game for me. I'm thankful there's jails and I'm in one."

"I'd turned you out before this," Wilgus placated, "but that Tarleton—"

"Give him the big dose," Skeen invited impassively. "See if I care. All I want is my alibi—and that layout you frisked off me."

His teeth chattered on the end of his yawn, and his face relapsed suddenly into haggard lines of yearning.

"I want it," he stammered hysterically, "I gotta have a shot. Gimme, buddy—an' I'll forget I ever heard anything. Gimme, an' I'll forget about the boy you're gonna have spilled all over the road. Only, gimme—"

"Shut up," Wilgus hissed with a startled glance along the empty corridor. He dug into his pocket and, glancing downward, missed the momentary hardening, the transitory canniness of the prisoner's harried features.

"Here," he said, thrusting a flat metal packet through the bars. "Pump yourself full an' button your lip. What the hell's the matter with you?"

"You got eyes, ain'tcha," Skeen retorted, rising with alacrity and stepping forward. "You can see—"

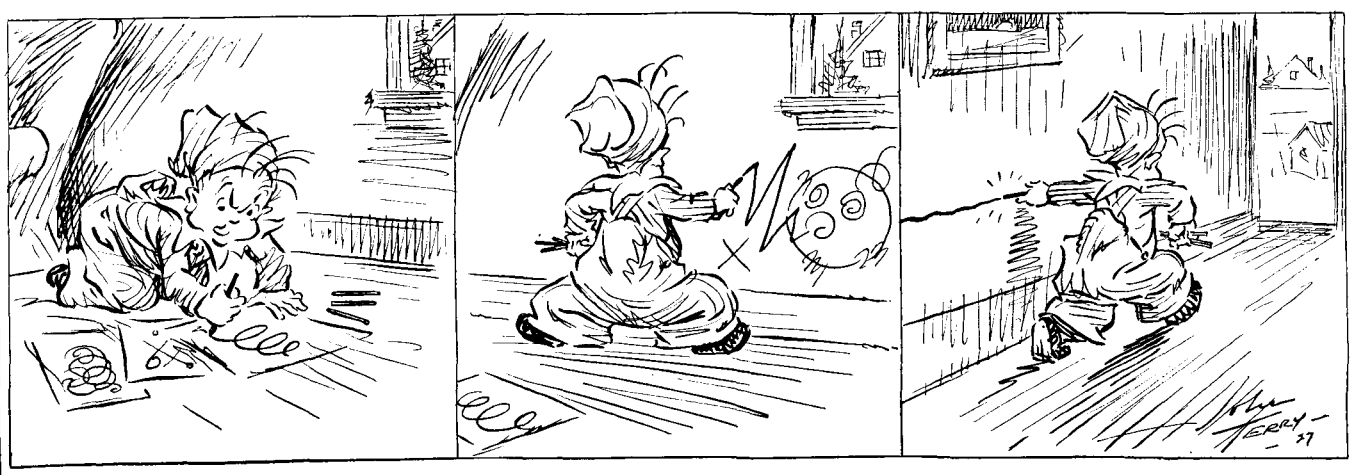
THE starved vacuity blew from his face, revealing it set, vindictive, and the hand that reached toward the captain's gripped, not the shiny packet but his wrist. With a knee braced against the bars of the door, he pulled. Wilgus' yell was broken in mid-utterance by the thud of flesh on steel. With a terrible smile, Skeen fastened his free hand on the uniform collar.

Thrice he pounded the policeman's head against the bars, until the flurry of resistance failed and the hand his victim had reached toward his hip pocket dangled, flaccid. Wet with sweat, gasping, the prisoner held the body up by the collar while with the other hand, thrust through the bars, he rummaged his pockets and found a ring of keys.

Five minutes later, Skeen locked the cell door again. His breath still came in tremulous gusts as he regarded through the bars the still, blanket-wrapped form on the cot. He wiped his hands on his frayed jacket with the fury of revulsion, slunk down the corridor, through the outer room, clambered into Wilgus' parked automobile, and trod on the starter.

The wrath that had driven Tarleton from headquarters evaporated quickly in the cool evening air as he rode his cycle away. In the embers of his anger, suspicion lingered. There had been something in the slow, half fearful stubbornness of Wilgus that had made him indefinitely wary and apprehensive.

The uneasiness grew as his cycle trun-



"Bertie, show Mother what you can do with your new crayons—"

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dled down Main Street and he drew up before the glare of a drug store window and entered a telephone booth. The delay before he spoke to his troop commander chilled his impulse, made him faintly ashamed of his perturbation. Consequently, when Captain Dover's crisp voice spoke in his ear, the corporal was brief and factual in his report.

He relayed the information of Clow's death-bed confession exculpating York and of Conway's injury, hesitated over his suspicion of Wilgus and, finding no words to embody it adequately, merely announced that he had been refused aid by the town police and was riding out to the Hole in the Wall to stop the truck, single-handed. Dover demurred:

"That may be a nasty mob, Corporal. Perhaps you'd better wait till Cardigan and Hume get there. They should make it by midnight or a little later."

"I've information that they're pulling out. I don't think we dare to wait. Only—"

"Only what?" Dover asked, and the corporal revised the sentence over which he had faltered.

"Only, if I—miss them, the captain will have all roads watched? I'm not sure which way they'll run."

"I've already done so," his commander assured him. "Wait for Cardigan if you think best and—good luck."

Tarleton regretted as he remounted his cycle that he had said no more of Wilgus. And yet, he asked himself as he swung off the street onto the smoother surface of the upward-leading state highway, what had there been to put into speech? He suspected the swarthy, torpid captain—of what?

He sped along through the darkness, and at length a warning sign flashed past, proclaiming a crossroad ahead. Near that, Tarleton already had determined, he would leave his machine. He shut off power and the engine's clamor dropped to an uneven sputter.

Flame whipped, bright yellow, through the close-massed foliage of the hillside. Tarleton did not hear the report; he felt no pain; but something enormous and irresistible smote him from the saddle. The empty cycle swerved across the highway to bury itself in underbrush. For a long instant after the crash and flutter of leaves, there was no sound. Then from the hillside came cautious movement and a thin snigger. Feet scraped on the pavement and the white shaft of an electric torch cut the darkness.

TARLETON lay in the ditch with the great calm of the grievously hurt. Somewhere, wary voices contested.

"Better go see," someone urged with a nervous giggle. The other voice was rasping, exultant.

"When I burn 'em down," it boasted, "they stay burned."

"You can't tell," the other demurred, and the glare on the weeds brightened as feet tiptoed toward the wounded man. He had neither desire nor impulse to move, but lay, almost serene, and heard the searchers stumble and part the brush above him.

"Jerry," the rasping voice cried and the glow of the torch vanished. "Car coming. Wide open. Lam outa here."

The panic rush of feet died in the distance. Tarleton tried to rise, attained his knees and pitched forward again. Hands slipped about him, raised him. In the shine of headlights Skeen's face swam, close to his—Skeen's frantic voice:

"Johnny, Johnny, you wooden-headed sap; Johnny, they've killed you."

"They have not," the corporal said distinctly, and fainted.

In the home of Dr. Terry, foremost physician of Aristides, whither Tarleton had been borne, the maniac who had brought him raved and paced the floor and ceased his tumult only when commanded by the physician to help carry the wounded man upstairs to bed. Thereafter, Terry's ministrations had been broken by a hurry call and he had left the corporal in the care of Skeen who, perched upon a chair's edge, now spoke in a rapid monotone.

"So," he concluded at last, "you'll have to arrest me all over again, Johnny—assault, theft of a car, jail-breaking."

Tarleton stirred cautiously and winced with pain.

"What," he whispered, "did you do it for, Bill?" Skeen's smile was pale mockery.

"Because we—were—because I'm a damned fool, kid."

"You'll come through when Cardigan gets here, Bill?"

THE other ground clammy palms together and threw his head back with an agonized movement. Then he reassumed the jeering ghost of a smile.

"Too late," he managed huskily. "Too late every way, Johnny. Meister's gang is wiped out. McGrogan's piling his plant onto a truck at the Hole in the Wall now. He'll be gone before Cardigan gets here. What good will I be to tell him anything? I can't stay here. Wilgus'll be after me—"

"Wilgus'll be under arrest," Tarleton's weak voice intervened.

"For what?" the other asked with faint bitterness. "My word against his?"

"We'll get that mob," the corporal urged. "Someone in it will be bound to spill. We'll—" Skeen's despairing headshake hushed him.

"You tried to stop 'em," he said. "They'll be gone. I told you—"

He gulped, wiped a clammy face, and his suffering eyes stared at the chair on which the corporal's clothing hung. Tarleton spoke in vague bewilderment.

"You could have got away clean, Bill," he offered at length. The other grimaced and rubbed his nose with a fury that brought water to his starved eyes.

"Yeh," he conceded. "I could. I was going to—only I saw you rise up in the brush, Johnny, and—" His voice broke. He swallowed dryly, jerking his head toward the uniform.

"I used to wear one of those," he went on and his voice seemed to stir his obscurely tortured body so that it quivered in concert. "I keep remembering it, Johnny. The stain sticks. Johnny, I'm a dope. Morphine."

The wretchedness in his voice found echo in Tarleton's.

"You're a better cop than I am, at that," he muttered.

"I used to be," Skeen admitted. "I warned you, Johnny."

Tarleton drove ahead, deliberately self-tormenting:

"Here I lie and McGrogan's mob makes a getaway. I know you warned me and I walked into it like a rabbit. I wish to God I'd—"

Dr. Terry entered. "Get out of here!" he snapped at Skeen.

He set his medicine case down upon the gunbelt and puttees, opened it, looked up as Skeen drifted toward the door and followed him to the portal.

"Town's gone crazy," he muttered beneath his breath in half apology for his burst of temper. "They've just found Captain Wilgus' body in headquarters."

"Body?" Skeen whispered at length.

"Beaten to death," Terry mumbled, "and locked in a cell. I'm going to put this boy to sleep."

Skeen leaned against the door and stared long at the light in the lower hall. When at length, he turned, Terry's back was toward him, as he stood by the bed, looking down at Tarle-

(Continued on page 46)

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(*Continued from page 45*)

ton's relaxed face. Skeen stepped toward the chair on which the open grip yawned. His eyes, watching Terry, were predatory but his voice, as he gathered up the uniform, was vaguely humble.

"I'll take this down an' sort of clean it up for him," he offered and waited, tense. But Terry only nodded abstractedly. Emboldened, Skeen lifted the medicine case to draw gunbelt and puttees from under it, thrust them beneath one arm and paused, eyes shifting like shuttles from the physician to the open bag. The forward dart of his hand was like a striking snake. With a flat metal case in his sweating palm, Skeen bore Tarleton's uniform downstairs.

He dumped the clothing in the physician's waiting-room, and his hands trembled so that he could barely force the cork from a tiny vial. He listened an instant, intently, sidled into Terry's inner office, closed the door. Presently the doctor hurried downstairs, glanced into the empty outer room and went on out.

Skeen emerged at length, pulling down his jacket sleeve. The tense agony had left his face. Cunning returned to it for an instant as he surveyed the untidy pile of clothing and melted into an expression of mildly amused consideration.

They would be looking for him. His name was on the police blotter, an accusation in the dead man's own hand.

He unbuttoned his jacket with fingers that no longer trembled and smiled at the deft certainty with which his thoughts now ranged themselves.

FLIGHT would be possible under the protection of this rumpled gray uniform. It was a dog's trick to play on Tarleton, but the corporal owed him something, didn't he? If it had not been for Bill Skeen, Tarleton would be dead in a ditch, thanks to his own dumb play. He was a better trooper than Tarleton, right now. The service that had busted Top Sergeant Skeen was—

He grinned with a boyish derision. Youth and power seemed to be flowing back to him. He could feel the heartening warmth of their rising tide. Color burned on sharp cheekbones. Confidence, courage, exaltation, were coming drug-marshaled. "Good stuff," he muttered, kicking off his broken shoes, "good strong stuff" and picked up the black-striped breeches.

He dressed swiftly. The familiar set of the uniform was a reassuring caress; the bind of the belt, the sustaining hand of an old friend. Civilian clothes were disheartening things.

"No one," he spoke aloud suddenly, "ever shot a trooper and got away with it. By God, no one ever did!"

He slipped the lanyard of the revolver over his head, picked up the slouch hat with its purple cord and walked firmly into the hall. Under the glare of the light he surveyed his image in the hatrack mirror, and immense, truculent satisfaction swelled as he stared.

He hitched the heavy revolver more carefully into place and tugged at the blouse until it satisfied him. He steadfastly ignored the dark, stiff blot on the left breast and surveyed approvingly the flare of the breeches, the black puttees below the tight knees, set the felt hat at the proper, rakish angle, and grinned.

Johnny Tarleton had been shot. He had tried to stop the Hole in the Wall *mob, McGrogan's racketeers.* For an instant his galloping thought stumbled and faltered. His eyes strayed in troubled, half recollection, but brightened when they returned to the straight figure in the mirror.

"You aren't turning yellow, are you?" he jeered. "Yellow, that's what you are. The hell I am!"

A clock struck eleven times. Skeen grinned and nodded at his image.

"You," he spoke with a deep breath of resolution, "can just about make it—Sergeant."

He ran down the steps toward Wilgus' car, still standing at the curb. Where was Homer, old Homer, the best troop horse that ever looked through a bridle? He approached the automobile with a grimace of scorn.

"Cars," he muttered. "Cars, eh? Riding around in cars and motorcycles now, eh? The service is going to hell if you ask me. This is a mounted outfit." He slung himself into the seat, still grumbling, and roared away into the darkness. Presently, it seemed to him that the car vanished and that he rode Homer through the night up the winding road toward the Hole in the Wall.

BEHIND that gaunt building electric torches blinked and the night was invaded by the mutter and blundering of laden men. Five of them labored, groping, cursing each other into silence, with apprehensive haste, heaving into the truck coils, a vast retort, carboys of reclaimed alcohol, smuggled liquor, burlap clad, and cases of bootleg Scotch, newly fabricated.

A sixth sat high on the driver's seat, craning sore neck, spitting down directions and occasionally lifting toward the blank windows of the building looming before him, a baffled glare.

A man approached the truck's side and raised an urgently persuasive mutter through the curses McGrogan spewed.

"Nemmind, Izzy," he placated. "We'll be set in another ten minutes. Listen. I got a idea. How about burnin' up this dump behind us?"

"I'll do the thinkin'. You get that stuff aboard, Bennie," McGrogan retorted. "Whadda hell you want to do? Advertise?"

"Listen," the other wheedled. "Gimme some kerosene rags'n a candle, an' I'll guarantee to have her burn any time up to three hours after we blow."

"It's an idea," the other granted thoughtfully, attempted to nod, and blasphemed his stiff neck and the man who had inflicted it.

"Roast him," Benny persuaded. "We got him blocked, ain't we? If he jumps from a window, he breaks his neck. If he don't he'll fry."

"Get 'at stuff aboard first," McGrogan retorted. "We'll see then. I wish I knew how much 'at son-of-a-sow phoned before we cut 'at wire.'

Headlights, sweeping the hillside with a luminous broom, startled him into immobility.

"Blink that flash," he snarled to the man below. They waited in a black silence broken only by their breathing and the mounting noise of a racing engine. Someone swore anxiously and McGrogan jeered:

"You bozos have the heeby-jeebies every time a car passes. Who you expectin', for Gawd's sake?"

"Troopers," another ventured and snickered feebly.

"Yeh," their leader scoffed. "An' when did Benny start usin' blanks? Some hick goin' home an' you—"

"In a hurry," the voice commented uneasily. "Boy, listen to 'at motor."

As he spoke it died. Down the road a brake screamed. There was a breath-held pause and the glow of headlights behind the dark building vanished.

"Gus," Izzy purred. "Get up here an' start her if I tell you. Get aboard, mob. Maybe it's—only Wilgus."

The thick night kept its counsel. Silence followed the hasty embarkation of McGrogan's mob. Someone muttered. Another stifled a cough. The ominous stillness broke the leader's nerve.

"We roll," he decided. "Hell with what's left. Something ain't right. Step on her, Gus, and turn on them lights."

The truck churned, thundered. Its lamps bored a radiant blackwalled tunnel through the darkness and toward them, through it, a man walked, slouch hat, gunbelt, gray uniform with the black stain upon its shoulder, sharp in the pitiless glare. From behind McGrogan, Benny's voice squealed, terror-smitten.

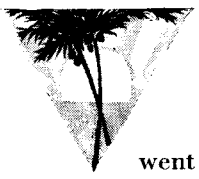
"I got him. By Gawd I got him. An' he keeps comin'."

THE gray figure halted, raised an arm and shouted something that was blasted by the mob leader's shot as the truck lurched forward. Like undiminished echoes, guns banged from the machine's rear and the bright tunnel of the headlights was empty. Gus shifted gears and from the darkness came a spurt of flame and the boom of a .45.

"Step on her," McGrogan screamed and fired again.

Skeen's ears rang from his revolver's bellow. He blinked recently dazzled eyes where he lay, prone on the wet grass, and raised his weapon with a *grin of fierce glee.* All that had dazed and troubled him was swept away now.

FRANK CONDON



went to Honolulu and found a lot of curious things not in the guide books. For instance: George, the romantic hero of that island idyll—

NO MORE WIDOWS

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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The salvo from the truck had blasted an evil dream. Trying to get away, were they? Trying to run after shooting a trooper! He chuckled and pulled the trigger.

Someone yelped and he laughed. From front and rear of the lumbering shape, bright fire squirted and the hills flung back, in multiple, the explosions. Shooting at him, were they? At him—first sergeant of H Troop! Again his gun answered. The truck swerved from the driveway. Stark before its lamps, loomed the side of the Hole in the Wall.

"Gus!" McGrogan screeched. "Gus!" He reached for the wheel but Gus' dead body lay across it and Gus' dead foot still held down the accelerator. Izzy wrenched, but it was too late. The truck smote the Hole in the Wall with a crash of glass, the splintering of timber and the boom of bursting tire. One headlight remained undamaged, glaring with futile intensity upon shattered planks.

McGROGAN scrambled on the floorboards for his pistol and, squalling, leaped down and emptied it toward the flare of Skeen's shot. The others swarmed over the tailboard. One yelled as he sprang, fell and could not rise. The guns of the others hammered in panic at another flame streak from the darkness.

Skeen heard the hammer click on an empty shell. He shot the spent cartridges free and fumbled in his belt for more. The darkness about the truck was pierced by brief arrows of fire. A bullet drove gravel into his face. He yelped.

"Got him," McGrogan howled. Skeen thrust the final cartridge home, slammed in the cylinder. That fool stood with the lighted wall behind him. He rested his elbow on the ground, steadied his forearm with the other hand, and fired.

A voice squealed, "They got Izzy." Feet blundered away. He sent a bullet after them and waited, his pistol poised. No one ever shot a trooper and got away with it.

The grass was soaking; too wet to lie on. The breast of his blouse was sodden. He tried to rise. In the gloom, he held a darkened hand close to his eyes. A sudden enormous weariness assailed him. "Stain of the—" he muttered.

He lay quiet now in the black-and-gray uniform, with the big revolver in his relaxing hand. Beside the shattered truck, Izzy McGrogan was dead. Another corpse bent over its wheel, and behind it Benny, the gunman, hiccuped and grew still.

So, after midnight, Corporal Cardigan and Trooper Hume found them.

Richard York rode back toward Aristides in Cardigan's automobile, his starved and slumber-drugged body miserably shaking in the early morning chill, his mind vague and numb. The troopers who had pulled the barricade away from his door to find him asleep had been puzzled by his calm when they shook him back to life. They did not know that beyond the improbable where surprise mounts guard there is a further dull realm of immunity to which the emotion-impoverished may flee.

Seated upon the stairway, York had waited while the men in gray, now aided by a carful of policemen from Aristides, had carried the bodies into the candlelit room where festoons of Chinese lanterns stirred and whispered dimly in the draft of movement. Blankets were spread over the other bodies, but when they bore in the uniformed Skeen, they hesitated, muttered, let him lie, unshrouded, with his dead beside him; and Hume, with a shamefaced mumble, lifted candles from the counter, set them at head and feet and crossed himself before he stepped away.

York, observing, wondered drearily why throat did not throb and eyes did not smart at this awkward tribute. He had only the tired conviction that this should stir him, even as he had felt he should rejoice when told of Clow's confession—yet could not. His sole emotion was dreary surprise at his own indifference.

"From what I get," Cardigan was saying, "it seems that Meister and Clow were in a bootlegging racket together and their bunch and McGrogan's mob squabbled over territory or hooch or something. Clow or Meister shot the old gentleman and Clow saw a chance to alibi himself by pinning it on you. He hopped to it. I don't guess he liked you, eh?"

"No," the other said dully. They rode through dawn that sharpened the edge of the hills down the looping grades toward Aristides. York, listening to the quick excited speech of the man beside him with sick dreariness, clenching his jaws to keep teeth from chattering, wondered if he should die and did not care.

"Tarleton'll get well," the corporal ran on, "but Izzy's mob nearly had him. Well, we've paid 'em—or Skeen has. Skeen was—a man," he concluded almost defiantly.

"He was," York agreed. Cardigan shot a quick glance at his hunched, quaking seatmate. "You look all in," he ventured. The other's grin was ghastly.

"I was all in," he mumbled, "this time yesterday. Now, I—oh, well, what's the difference?"

He was beaten, emptied of body and spirit. Sorrow and pain were remote. He could not feel even self-pity. Eyes that were divorced from his brain saw a house ahead, black against the daybreak, standing amid sentry poplars.

"I'm taking you to headquarters," Cardigan offered.

"Yes," York agreed. A window in the second story of the dwelling looming before them was pale gold in the spreading light. He stared at it.

"The D. A. is there," the trooper ran on. "After you've seen him, you better—"

York had clutched his arm. Eagerness struggled up through the gray apathy of his face.

"Wait," he cried with a sound of resurrection in his recently dead voice.

CARDIGAN applied the brake. From the rear seat, Hume mumbled inquiry. York stared for a long instant at the glowing window.

"I'm getting out here," he said at length, opening the car door and Cardigan saw in his excitement the beginning of delirium.

"The D. A. isn't here," he soothed. "He's at—" His seatmate was standing on one foot beside the car now. He beckoned to Hume and interrupted.

"I know. You gentlemen help me up to the door, please. I'm—stopping here. I remember now."

Between them, he hobbled up the walk, managed the porch steps, pressed the bell button and gave his bewildered companions a sudden, flashing smile.

"And now," he said, "I'll be grateful if you get out and keep going."

"Isn't this," Cardigan demurred, "where Mr. Minot lives?"

"It is," York acknowledged. "Tell the district attorney I'll wait for him here."

He heard, as the troopers turned to go, swift feet on the stair. A new day had washed away the night and the quickening east was bright. He spoke over his shoulder to the departing men in gray.

"He's got to get used to having me around the house," said Richard York.

THE END

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Portia, West of the Pecos

Continued from page 24

then after a lot of this stuff, which don't have no effect 'cause everybody knows he's a-lyin' just like he would be if he was a-runnin' for the United States Senate mebbe, or to be Governor of Texas, he touches off the real red-fire. He stoops down, grabs up one of them big tin horns which you calls a megaphone, sticks it up to his face and bawls out, so loud that they hears him clear down into old Mexico, that this here vaccinatin' order is all contrary to and straight against the religion of the Mexican people!

"Because"—and he bellers this out through that there megaphone—"because if the Lord says a man's gotta have the smallpox, he's gotta have it. And what right, my feller citizens, I ask you, what right has this little two-by-twice up-start got to put his law up again' that of the Almighty, and send armed men into your houses to vaccinate you and keep you from havin' a God-given disease which heretofore you has always had the privilege of? He ain't got no such right. It's again' Nature; it's again' religion, and, my friends, let me tell you this. He wouldn't never a-thought he had, and he wouldn't never a-done no such thing if it hadn't a-been that right here in this town history is a-repeatin' herself. It was Eve which got Adam and his folks kicked outa the Garden of Eden; it was a woman called Helen which busted up the government of the Greeks, and it was because this here little horn toad in a high hat, which thinks he's your Mayor, goes to work and falls for the good looks and fine talk of a strange woman that"—

Bang! A gun goes off in my ear; that tin horn goes a-flyin' through the air, and when I turns quick to grab the Doc to keep him from shootin' again, I'm too late to be of any service. That there woman has already got him, and then in the next minute we is surrounded.

HOW we gets outa that mob without havin' to kill a few of 'em is more'n I understands, and I reckon mebbe if Doc Crandall hadn't a-been just who he was, and if the City Marshal hadn't a-been a good friend of ours something bad would a-happened. But it didn't. With the help of the Marshal, and a couple of other fellers who is opposed to the notion of lynchin' the Doc, which most of the opposition is in favor of doin' right away, we busts through the crowd and all the time I'm just eat up with admiration for that there woman. Why, she don't let out a single squawk; not even when me and Doc and the Marshal all pulls our guns and slaps over a few fellers what's interferin' with us does she say a word, and it ain't until we's clear out of the jam, and Doc's a-puttin' her into a hack to send her home that she opens her mouth. Then she says, and she smiles at him: "Promise me, Doc, that you won't drink none tonight and won't get hurt."

"I promises," answers the Doc.

The next day was election and right then I learns something new. Money nor common sense, nor nothin' else ain't no good whatever in a campaign where the voters is got their religion and their politics all tangled up in a mess with one another. Why, hell, man, I'm a-tellin' you that we couldn't a-won that there election not if we'd a-had the whole United States Treasury to back us up. It just couldn't a-been done. I votes five times myself. Everybody I knows does as well. On top of that we raises the blind from three bones apiece, which has always been the price of votes, to seven-fifty, and even then they gives us such a trimmin' that that town ain't never forgot it to this day.

But as I says, it was religion what done it. Personal liberty, the sanctity of the home, and all them other things which they talks so much about, didn't cut no ice a-tall in the re-sult. We coulda overcome every one of them issues, easy, with a big issue of cash, but when it comes to buckin' the idea, which them Mexicans has in their heads, that we is opposin' the will of the Lord, we was sure helpless. And so was our money. They licks us a-plenty. We all—as Doc Crandall says, although he don't join us 'cause he ain't drinkin' none—seeks solace in the flowin' bowl, and forty-eight hours later, when we comes out of it, the new gang is in charge of the works and we is all ready to forget it.

But they don't let us forget it. Not much they don't, 'cause the first thing which this new Mayor does is to appoint a new City Marshal, hand him a warrant and tell him to arrest Doc Crandall on a charge of assault with intent to kill! Now, can you beat that?

The Mayor of a good town like El Paso arrestin' a man for doin' nothin' except shootin' at him!

It sure was disgustin' and it makes all us good citizens, what has a lot of civic pride, ashamed of ourselves, but just the same we still has faith in the Doc. We believes, all of us does, that he'll come across accordin' to the merits of the case, and I'm just about to place a small bet on him as bein' the winner in his forthcomin' gun-fight with the new Marshal, when all of a sudden the news drifts into the Gem that he's surrendered peaceful, give bail and says he'll stand trial.

It was a terrible shock to everybody, but of course I knowed what was the matter. It was that woman. Havin' weaned him off his licker she was now tryin' to civilize him complete.

It was all wrong, 'cause you see they was a-framin' Doc and a-fixin' it to send him to the pen. Which they has a cinch on doin' that, 'cause after that election, with that gang in control of the City Hall, 'twarn't no different from what it is in N. Y. or no other civilized town. They controls everything, even the District Court, and so, as they is a law in Texas which sends a feller up for three years for assault with a deadly weapon—and you bet Doc's .45 was sure deadly—it's a dead certainty that they's a-plannin' to give him the limit.

WELL, there ain't no use dwellin' too long on a sad story. For a couple of weeks we glooms around waitin' for the trial, and then when she does come around and we is all a-settin' there in the court room a-watchin' the proceedin's it's just plain sinful to see the way they pours it onto poor Doc. He didn't have no chance a-tall. How could he, when that there Mayor, who should a-shot her out with Doc instead of actin' that way about it, gets up on the stand and swears that while he's a-speakin' Doc cracks loose at him, knocks that there megaphone right from in front of his face, and likewise does away with about a inch off the right-hand side of his mustache. And damn' if he don't put his mustache in evidence too, which he's been a-wearin' it lopsided that a-way for two weeks just so's he could do it. After that about a dozen fellers, outa some four hundred who could a-done it, swears to the same story and the persecution rests.

It's Doc's turn now and he don't even get a chance to bet on his hole card. They squeezes him plum outa the play, 'cause when his lawyer tries to show that Doc wouldn't a-shot at the Mayor a-tall if it hadn't a-been that the said Mayor was a-tryin' to drag a woman into the campaign the judge rules that that kind of evidence ain't no-ways material to the issue. That settles it. Leastways it looks so to us. We knows right away that law west of the Pecos is in a bad fix when a feller can't shoot another feller for talkin' about a woman, and then, when nobody's a-lookin' for nothin' to happen, this here very woman what started all the rumpus, and caused the shootin', and who's been a-settin' there all the time on a front bench, never takin' her eyes off'n the Doc, stands up and speaks:

"Your Honor, may I say something?"

"Certainly, m'am."

"Well then," and she walks right up in front of the judge and standin' alongside of a table on which sets the megaphone, with a hole in it, "with the permission of the Court I want to ask this here defendant a question or two."

THE judge passes the buck to the lawyers; they tells her to "shoot." They thinks it's goin' to be funny, you see, and she sure shoots.

She looks straight at Doc and she says: "The other night up in the plaza what was you a-shootin' at?" And as she asks the question she turns her eyes from Doc's and points 'em straight at the megaphone.

"Why," answers Doc, "I was a-shootin' at that there tin horn thing."

"You are positive about that? You are positive that you were not shootin' at this gentleman here?" and the woman from Boston points sorta contemptuous like at the Mayor.

"I sure am," and the Doc grinned, "'cause he's still here, ain't he?"

"That'll do for you," she says, very severe. "I didn't ask you for no comments," and then she turns back to the judge. "Your Honor," she goes on, "you has heard the testimony of the defendant and now in corroboratin' of the same, and to prove that he is tellin' the truth, I introduces in evidence, as Exhibit A, this here tin horn with a hole in, which he says he shot at, and as Exhibit B, this here Mayor with no hole in it, which he says he did not shoot at. And furthermore, Your Honor, as it is in noways against the law of the State of Texas for a man to shoot at a tin horn, and as there ain't no evidence before this court to show that the defendant was a-shootin' at anything but a tin horn I moves that you squash the indictment and dismiss the case."

She set down. For about ten seconds the judge he don't say nothin' a-tall; neither does none of the lawyers. It was so quiet in that there court room you could hear the flies buzzin', and then His Honor leans down over his desk, and quotin' a line which he got from some law book, I reckon, and which I never forgets, he says:

"Oh, wise young judge, how I do honor thee."

That was all there was to it. The judge dismisses the case; that afternoon we celebrates the victory by shootin' up a couple of joints which the proprietors of 'em is friends of the Mayor, and that night when me and Doc and that there woman from Boston is a-eatin' supper in a Chinee restaurant, the Doc says to me: "It sure was a disgraceful exhibition of marksmanship, warn't it, Albert, the way I misses that Mayor?"

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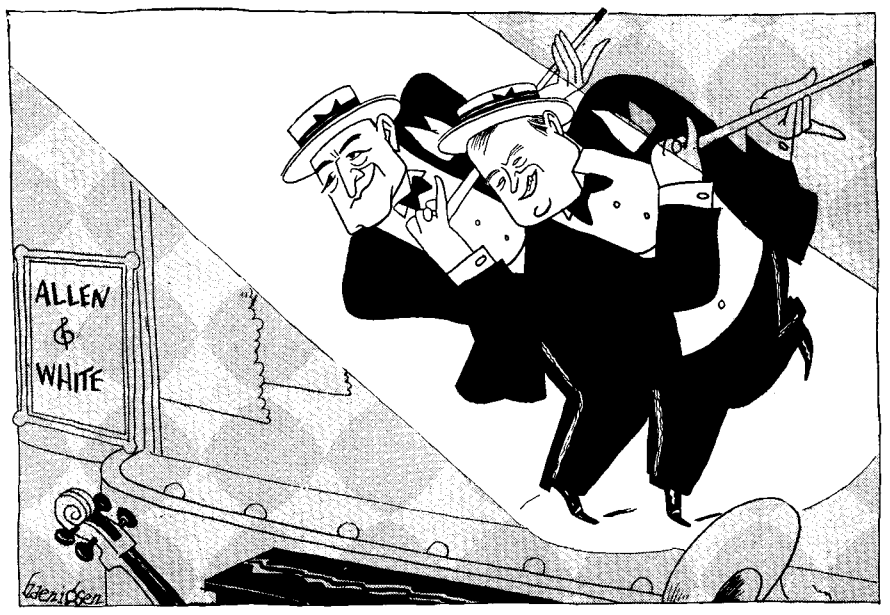

The Kansas Cut-Ups

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IT IS a fatal thing to come to the Senate with a reputation. This was illustrated in the case of George Wharton Pepper, who fortunately for himself was defeated for renomination from Pennsylvania by William S. Vare.

Mr. Pepper came to the Senate arousing the expectation that in him at last had been found a member belonging to the great company of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. He talked like a bishop who had confused the Republican national platform with the second book of Deuteronomy. His thinking was a composite photograph of the mental processes of Jim Watson, Reed Smoot and Warren Harding.

It is being illustrated over again in the case of Henry J. Allen, recently appointed Senator from Kansas to succeed Mrs. Gann's distinguished brother. I can't pretend that Mr. Allen looked anywhere near so Olympian as he entered the Senate as the lamented Pepper did.

Mr. Allen is short, shiny on top of his head, protuberant below the diaphragm. His orifice for oratory is long and thin. His face has a quizzical look.

He acquired that quizzical look when William Allen White began writing about him that he was a humorist, probably when the Emporia josher had reached about volume three of his classical series of books about "Henry and Me." For it was Bill White who created the reputation that preceded Henry to Washington.

Bill White and Henry Allen were the two end men of the minstrel show of Kansas politics, until the new political team, Mrs. Gann and Brother Charlie, crowded them off the stage. Their funniest stunt was performed while Henry Allen was Governor of Kansas.

The History of a Great Law

Henry had a solution of the labor problem. It has long since been forgotten, riddled by the courts or something like that. But a solid reputation for statesmanship remains. Everybody realizes at once that Henry Allen is a constructive statesman, but he can't remember just why. Well, it was that law.

Now for the stunt of the two Kansas cut-ups. Henry was advertising his labor law, making speeches about it all over the land, thinking that big business would make him President as the man who had the industrial recipe for which all the ages had been waiting. So Henry threatened to put in jail any Kansan who laughed at his law.

This was too much for his side-kick Bill, who stood out on the sidewalk of Emporia laughing loud and long at Henry's law, collecting a vast crowd and creating a scandal and inviting Henry to put him in jail. It was funny!

I am trying to build up piece by piece Henry Allen's reputation as it preceded him to Washington. First there was Bill White, a generous soul and furthermore a humorist in need of an interlocutor, a team mate. And then for statesmanship there was that law, nobody knows now what it was about. But it was a great law.

An Added Distinction

But that is not all. The Kansas rural editors have for a long time enjoyed the reputation of writing with gusto and freshness. And Henry Allen was a Kansas rural editor. Moreover, he was an editor who could make a speech and that in itself was enough to mark a man as one of distinction. There has not been a public dinner in the last ten years that Henry Allen has not been invited to address.

The funny part of it is that a very good after-dinner speech sounds frightfully thin in the Senate.

The two cut-ups used to worry Charlie Curtis and Dave Mulvane back in the old days. Bill finally went Bull Moose and Henry wobbled around the edges of that great hallelujah movement.

So the Republicans began casting about for someone that they could elect, someone not so Bull Moose as to alienate the regulars and not so regular that the Bull Moosers would not vote for him. Henry seemed clearly indicated. Bill White had by that time reached about volume six of the "Henry and Me" series, so he was well press-agented.

Besides, as Dave Mulvane said, "He's abroad and can't get back until after the election and distance will lend enchantment to his charms." So he was nominated and elected while in Europe.

In the last campaign he was the publicity man for the Republican National Committee. In that capacity he had the happy thought to have Bill White attach his name to a scandalous attack upon Governor Smith, the Democratic candidate for President.

Bill attached his name and detached his name, then reattached his name, then redetached his name so often that Mr. Hoover's friends couldn't see the fun in it. However, they probably see the humor in the oft-repeated newspaper story that Henry is "Mr. Hoover's spokesman in the Senate."

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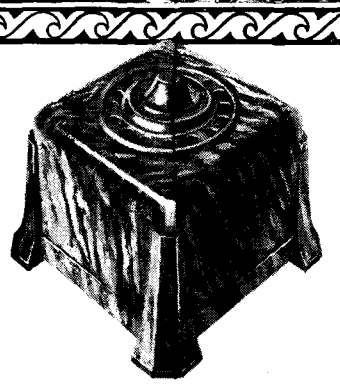

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Galloping Pete

Continued from page 7

move to hurry them. I won't even bill them until Swetfager & Co. is open for business. Yes, sir, Merrill has the business now, but he's only minding it for me; when I open up I'll lift the trade right across the street.

"Let's go downstairs, Pete. There are a few real people in the hotel, and you ought to meet them. I'll bring him back, Vee; don't look so worried."

The girl's eyes dwelt on Pete as the men walked to the door. The colonel was better than passable in black and white, but Pete was magnificent if shiny at the seams. He had found a suit that fitted him, and he looked like an ambassador.

"There's the governor," said Colonel Swetfager, when they were in the spacious foyer of the Belcairn. "The man in gray who is holding his handkerchief to his mouth. He's worth knowing."

HE LED the way into a writing-room and to the tight little group of men around the chief executive of the state. He drew on his cigar, placed it carefully on a table, and went up to the governor and shook hands, disregarding a touch of hostility in the atmosphere about him.

"I didn't know you were in town, my boy," said the colonel with a hint of patronage. "Let me present a young friend—Galloping Pete Pemberwick, the great Harvard tackle of a few years ago."

"Hello, Pete," said the governor, giving Pete a brisk handshake.

"Break clean, my boy," murmured the colonel in Pete's ear. "We mustn't attract attention to him."

They returned to the foyer.

"There's a somebody," said the colonel, indicating a hard-faced and silent man who was the center of a loud-mouthed group. "That's Clendellin, the fight promoter, who is bringing the next heavyweight championship bout to New York. This sort of acquaintance cuts two ways, Pete. Still, one need never shirk a sporting acquaintance."

He slapped the taciturn sporting man on the back and caught his hand when he turned. "Clen," he said, "I want you to meet Galloping Pete Pemberwick, the great Harvard tackle of a few years ago."

"I saw you play, Pete," said Clendellin. "What's your racket now—pro football? Drop in at the garden."

Pete met successively an actor whose show was the reigning hit, a stunt flyer who had become overnight as famous as Steve Brodie, and a very wealthy young lunkhead who was being sued for a million by an anguished adventuress. The colonel knew everybody who was anybody, and, impressively, it was he who seemed to condescend.

"They're only half glad to see me," he said, chuckling. "They owe me money, Pete, most of them. Pete, I think I'll take you up on that proposition. Come down to the office in the morning, and we'll have it out, and if it looks good to you we'll sit down together, man to man, and get up an informal paper empowering me to negotiate the sale of Aunt Hannah's bag of tricks and transferring to you the book accounts as security. You to get a quarter interest in Swetfager & Co., Pete. Bring up every doubt; forget that I'm Jake Pemberwick's old friend. Shall we go back to Vee now?"

OF THE many splendid and colorful objects in the apartment of Hannah Jones Pemberwick, late of the county of New York, deceased, the most gorgeous and awe-breeding was a military uniform.

Late in the afternoon of the day following Pete Pemberwick's night out with Colonel Ernest Swetfager and his chestnut-haired niece, the aforesaid uniform was in the square foyer of the apartment. Its magnificence, which would else have cried out loud, was hushed by the decorously drawn shades; its excess of glory was obscured, and it shone dully, like the sun through the horizontal misty air, like a funeral trapping from the tomb of an ancient king. It was, at a swift glance, of Venetian green, with vermilion facings and with cascading shoulder things of Roman gold. It was seated in a chair, and its posture was slovenly. On a table before it was a whisky bottle of one-fifth gallon capacity. Inside the uniform was a man; inside the man was the whisky. The bottle was empty.

The black eyes in the man's flushed face were staring fixedly. They were staring straight across the foyer at a Frans Hals that was the jewel of Miss Pemberwick's collection and that had been respectfully hung in the center of a living-room wall. The subject of the picture was a guitar player in a costume of the olden time, with a lickerish laugh on his loose red lips and an impudent insinuation in the bold eyes that he was raising to the invisible object of his serenade. He was obviously a nasty fellow, but the centuries had absolved him, and it was now quite all right for him to leer and ogle and mock on the living-room wall of a proper and even prudish maiden lady.

That is, Miss Pemberwick had found him quite all right, had been proud of his company, had brought her friends; but he was on no such comfortable footing with the man in the uniform in the chair. The man was not feeling gay and tuneful, and he wanted company in his misery and not mocking laughter.

"You burn me up," said the man. And he picked up the bottle and hurled it. The bottle hit the guitar player between the eyes, shattered itself against the wall, and, in the act of dissolution, obliterated the head of the guitar player.

"On the beezer!" said the man, feeling better, but not much. In his left hand was a naked ham bone. He hurled it at a pink vase of the Ming Dynasty that was artfully wired to a slender pedestal of green marble. The vase flew into shards and flinders.

TEN minutes later the man closed the service door of the apartment behind him, descended the service stairs, hung a pass key on a nail inside the superintendent's door in the basement, ascended to the main hall and stood at attention beside the bronze entry doors. "Ten minutes late, Matt," said the superintendent, who was a martinet.

Matt Lowery said nothing, did not even glance aside. The spell of his calling was again upon him. He was again one of those unfathomable beings whose presence gives prestige to great houses.

A taxi came up Park Avenue; behind it followed a small motor van. The vehicles halted before the apartment house. Matt Lowery marched out to them. He opened the cab door and stood rigidly at attention while Pete Pemberwick and Colonel Swetfager alighted.

Pete said to the superintendent in the main hall, "We are going to move out the things that are mine." He had been at the house in the morning.

"Yes, sir," agreed the superintendent. "You have your key, sir?"

Pete and the colonel entered the Circassian walnut elevator car and vanished. Matt Lowery stood erect and brooded over a vacuum.

The elevator door reopened. Pete and the colonel reappeared. They were haggard, aghast, incredulous. Pete said hoarsely to the superintendent, "Is there a madman in this house?"

"Mad about what?" asked the superintendent.

"Miss Pemberwick's apartment is a total wreck! There isn't a single article of all my belongings there that hasn't been smashed to smithereens, and deliberately. Get in the police! No—here, I'll go around. Where's that cab?"

"Cab," said the superintendent.

"Yes, sir," said Matt Lowery, and he marched into the street. The cab whirled up in answer to his whistle. And then something amazing happened: Matt Lowery, clad in full regalia with fourragère, got into the cab that he had been ordered to call, slammed the door behind him, and departed into the unknown.

"I'm blessed!" said the superintendent, running out.

"Bless him," cried Pete at his elbow. "It was he!"

"I'll thank you, Mr. Pemberwick," said Colonel Swetfager with emphasis, "for that assignment of the book accounts that you had of me this morning."

"You shall have it," said Pete, quietly despairing. "I'll go right down to my lawyer and get it."

"Cab, sir?" suggested the superintendent.

"Yes," said Pete. "No," he said, after feeling for money. And he plodded to the plebeian subway.

"I HAVE the papers you left for me, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mr. Pye when Pete was closeted with him: "the copy of the bill of sale and the assignment."

"Bill of sale!" said Pete. "I signed no bill of sale. It was—"

"Who was your lawyer?"

"I was my own lawyer, Mr. Pye."

"You had a fool for a client, Mr. Pemberwick. The paper you signed was a bill of sale, if the copy is to be believed. It is better to read what you sign, Mr. Pemberwick. You parted with the title to your property when you delivered that bill of sale and became the owner of these book accounts."

"Then Colonel Swetfager was the owner of those things when that lunatic smashed them up! Ah, but that doesn't help me. I can't take that assignment."

"As to that," said Mr. Pye enjoyably, "you have two recourses since the transaction was tainted with fraud. You can accept and confirm the deal or you can denounce it. There has not been a Swetfager in Swetfager, Merrill & Tilford for forty years. The partnership was dissolved recently on the death of Mr. Joseph Tilford, quite as you were told—with this difference, that the $190,000 in accounts receivable consisted exclusively of bad debts. On the reorganization these accounts of deadbeats were sold off to a Mr. Ernest Milton for $600. There is on record an assignment from him to an Ernest Swetfager, consideration unnamed. He is probably your colonel. Almost certainly his name is not Swetfager; he adopted that name to work some fraud. That does not affect your ownership of these worthless debts; a name is only a means of identification. How did you fall into his clutches?"

"Never mind that angle. But he knew

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everybody! Why, he introduced me to the governor and big people like—"

"He introduced you to men who meet people in droves and don't remember half their acquaintances. I dare say he is a professional sharper. Can I do anything further for you, Mr. Pemberwick? You may retain the advance of $25 that I let you have until payment is convenient."

He shook hands. "I still advise you, and even more urgently, to go into business. Opportunity, Mr. Pemberwick—"

"Is snatched bald-headed, Mr. Pye," said Peter with a dreary smile. "I'll paste that in my hat. Good day, and thank you for what you tried to do."

ON HIS way uptown in the crowded and sweaty subway he counted his ready cash. He had $4.15. His big fist tightened over it in a momentary spasm of panic. And then he grinned involuntarily and threw back his big shoulders; a sense of exhilaration flooded him as he looked forward to the impending battle for existence.

"Hang it," he chuckled, "is a fellow broke when people owe him $190,000?"

He got out at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue and walked over to the house of Mrs. Schimpf by the Park Avenue tracks.

A lady was sitting on the worn brownstone steps. It was Octavine Milton. "Oh, Mr. Pemberwick," she cried. "I was afraid you wouldn't come here. I've been waiting for hours." She jumped up with a glad cry, came down the steps like a mountain goat and raced to him. "Look—I have the bill of sale! I took it from my uncle's desk. There, take it back—it's yours. It was all a cheat. I didn't really understand—"

"You didn't understand what?" he said, holding her off, his eyes battling hers. "You didn't understand that the property had been destroyed, eh? But you do now. And you want your end of the swindle back, eh? You're afraid of prosecution, eh? Keep your bill of sale. Frame it and make eyes at it."

"The art things are destroyed?" she asked, and her heavy mouth widened.

"And well you know it," he said fiercely. "That's what brought you here."

"And you think that I—" She quavered. Then her face went white; her eyes seemed to turn black. She stamped her foot beside him, bringing it down like the polished hoof of a blooded mare, and swung her right hand. Before he could guard himself it met his cheek with a stinging smack.

"Sucker!" she said through clenched teeth. Then she whirled and went swiftly toward Park Avenue.

He stared after her. "Miss Milton," he called uncertainly. Then loudly, "Octavine!" She rounded the corner without looking back.

Mrs. Rowena Schimpf coughed on her threshold. "Were you calling, Mr. Pemberwick? No? But it's just as well. Mr. Pemberwick, I know you're rich now and all that, but if you could let me have that nine dollars—"

"Certainly, Mrs. Schimpf," said Pete comfortingly. "Don't worry about that. I'm expecting a check almost any day now."

(*To be continued next week*)

Wichita's Chillun got Wings

Continued from page 9

Two bits of terrible irony mark the closing chapter of Jake's career in aviation: the first, that the man who had fought nearly a decade in the interests of safe flying should finally go down, a business wreck, because of his connection with a stunt flight—the race to Hawaii; the second, that he reached the end of his resources at the moment commercial aviation emerged into public recognition in the wake of Lindbergh's flight.

The Mollendicks were intimate friends of the Erwins—that is, Captain Bill Erwin, the Army ace, and his wife. So when Erwin decided to enter the Dole race he went to Jake. Erwin explained the sort of ship he wanted, and Mollendick assigned Waverly Stearman, who had succeeded his brother in Jake's employ, to design it.

The first wave of the post-Paris flight interest was washing over the commercial aircraft factories of the land. Mollendick's plant, for the first time, was behind its orders. Yet he swept the benches and dies and jigs clear of all work in process and turned the facilities of his entire organization toward building the Dallas Spirit for Erwin.

The ship was a new design, and an utterly new problem to the factory, yet old Jake's driving force blasted it through from the first fuselage jig to the flyaway apron in five weeks. Night and day during that time Jake and Captain Bill worked and cursed elbow to elbow. Over and above the family friendship these two hard-bitted men came to love each other. The Dallas Spirit, the crowning achievement of Mollendick's airplane building, flew out over the Pacific with his best friend at the stick.

That night out of the darkness and storm came the famous radio message: "We are in a tail spin—" And nothing more was ever heard of Erwin, his crew, or his ship. And that night old Jake Mollendick was carried to a sanitarium.

He was there two months. When he shuffled back to his factory—a quiet, aged man—he found his business in pieces about his ankles. His generous act of friendship and loyalty in stopping his factory to build the Dallas Spirit had enraged his dealers and customers all over the country. Sheaves of cancelled contracts were shoved into his hands; and a notice of receivership. He was shunted aside, with five thousand dollars cash coming to him out of the millions he had sunk.

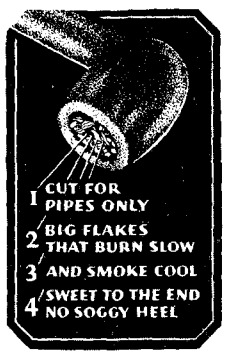
Six Other Important Mileposts

He was ill in a hospital while I was in Wichita. It is said that he is penniless. His fellow pioneers are wealthy men. The fruits of his work are written in gold in the prosperity and fame of Wichita. Upwards of sixteen million dollars will come to it this year for the airplanes it produces. Yet it seems to me that Jake Mollendick's significance is greater to the nation at large than to Wichita in particular; he typifies the instinct of the American race for progressiveness: he first discerned the possibilities of the airplane as an expression of his countrymen's passion for speed in business and social activities.

We have already considered fuel as an important factor in every industrial derby—and have seen Wichita's advantage in the endless resources of oil and gas it can tap in its own backyard. But there are six other important mileposts to be checked before the city's future in aëronautics may be reasonably estimated: the progressiveness of local bankers, strategic location, labor, ship-

(*Continued on page 52*)

A *cooler* smoke *in a drier* pipe



Facts for Pipe Smokers:

An old tobacco secret re-discovered — Wellman's 1870 Method — that mellows and sweetens tobacco as nothing else can.

A different cut — "rough cut", it is called — that makes tobacco burn slower and therefore smoke *cooler.*

A new package, less bulky, more convenient — soft foil instead of costly tin, making possible a quality pipe tobacco at 10 cents.

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IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

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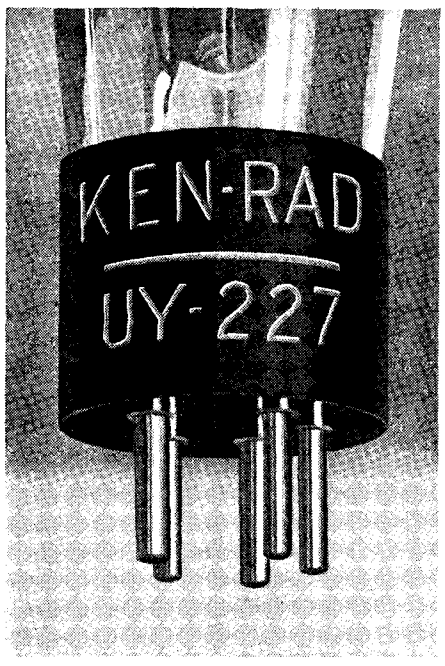

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(*Continued from page 51*)

ping, geography and weather, civic interest.

About all these things I questioned William B. Harrison, president of the Union National Bank. The man and the institution are typical in outlook, activities, and capitalization of the city's banking life. He said:

"Are we local bankers behind the local airplane companies? I should say we are—to the hilt of reasonableness and common sense. I don't think there is a bank or banker in Wichita who will hesitate to back an aviation enterprise that is sound in plans and personnel. And I believe we merely reflect the spirit of the citizens at large. I guess there isn't a business man of any means or standing in this city who hasn't some money invested in local aviation. And many of the workmen in the airplane factories own stock in the companies they work for. Some of the old hands at Travel Air, for instance, have made nice profits on the stock they bought when Walter Beech was peddling it from bench to bench.

"The Stearman Company is a case in point. When Lloyd Stearman quit Travel Air several years ago he went to California and tried to start his own company there. But he couldn't get the backing. He came back to Wichita, and in one day over the phone raised about $60,000—enough to get him started. That's one of the country's most important factories now.

"The aëronautical industry started to grow so fast last year that we had to go to some of the great eastern banks for cooperation. I've just finished the refinancing of Cessna, with the Shawmut Corporation of Boston, for example. But Wichita's airplane factories are still largely home-owned, and wholly home-managed. Not one of them owes a dime. That's a remarkably sound beginning for any industry. Growing? Lordy, six months ago we rebuilt Cessna and figured we had enough factory space and sufficient personnel for five years. Today we're preparing to move into new quarters six times as large—and we're not saying what we expect in five years."

"Can you get the labor to cope with this expansion?" I asked. "Surely a little city away out here on the prairies can't keep step with the big industrial centers when it comes to man supply."

It Pays to be Careful

"In 1927 there were forty-two persons employed in the aircraft industry here—two of them being women. Today we have about 2,000 workers—practically all skilled workmen, as you know they must be in airplane factories. Roughly, there are three major phases of airplane processing. The carpenters who work on the wings, putting on the mahogany plywood leading edges and so forth, must be experts. A rib, for instance, for an ordinary biplane wing weighs nine ounces. That represents delicate work. Then the painters who dope the wing fabric and build up surface imperviousness to weather and wear can't be slap-dash fellows. Lastly, the Department of Commerce requires that the tubular steel fuselage members be welded with the process known as wave welding. That's for strength—and requires first-class welders. Now, any prime carpenters, painters, and welders can be swiftly converted into mighty useful members of an airplane factory. We haven't had any trouble in getting them. Journeymen are coming here fast, and we're absorbing them—because the reputation of the city, its opportunities, the pleasant living standards it offers, are spreading around the country to places where workmen of these three types are unemployed. There is no unemployment in Wichita.

Intelligence Unusually High

"Tradition is important in every craft. I'll wager you can't go into an airplane factory here or any place else in the country without stumbling into a foreman who got his start in the old Swallow factory in Wichita.

"This is important, too. Ninety per cent of our citizens are native whites, and you'll find as you go through our factories that the intelligence of our workmen is unusually high. Pick one at random and talk to him about his job—his company. You'll be surprised. English is the only language spoken among our workers, and we haven't any record of serious labor trouble: I don't mean that as smugly as it sounds, but you asked for facts and there they are.

"Intelligence is important in an airplane factory because the workmen are dealing with factors upon which public safety depends as well as public service in terms of transportation. Department of Commerce inspectors are liable to pop up at any time and quiz a worker. But as an extra precaution against slipshod and unintelligent work we have a special system here in Wichita. Every once in a while every one of the employees in the factories is singled out and compelled to take a flight in a newly turned-out factory stock job. So a man never knows when his life may depend upon the weld he is making, or the rib he is nailing."

"How about strategic location? That's one of the things to which Detroit owes its automotive wealth."

"Bill Stout, who builds the Ford plane, has said that Kansas is the nation's landing field. Well, Wichita is in the center of it. Airplane factories must have backyards big enough for test flying. Otherwise there's a lot of waste motion—planes being built, then knocked down and hauled away to a flying field, and reassembled for testing. None of the big eastern industrial cities can match us on factory space—every one of our factories, all within a few minutes of the center of town so that transportation is no great problem for the workmen, has a private landing field larger than most municipal airports. Why, at the Swallow factory a pilot took off and landed fifteen times in a straight line."

"Geography and weather are closely related to strategic location, I guess. How does Wichita fare with them?"

"The Central Air Lines, which maintain daily passenger service to Tulsa, have missed only two trips so far as I can remember—and then the ceiling was O. K. in Wichita, but tight at Tulsa. Visibility is exceptionally fine as a rule, because there's no coal-smoke haze here. The great eastern fog belt turns tail before it gets to Kansas. Wichita never gets snow too deep for take-offs and landings with wheels, and our average annual rainfall is twelve inches less than New York's, for instance.

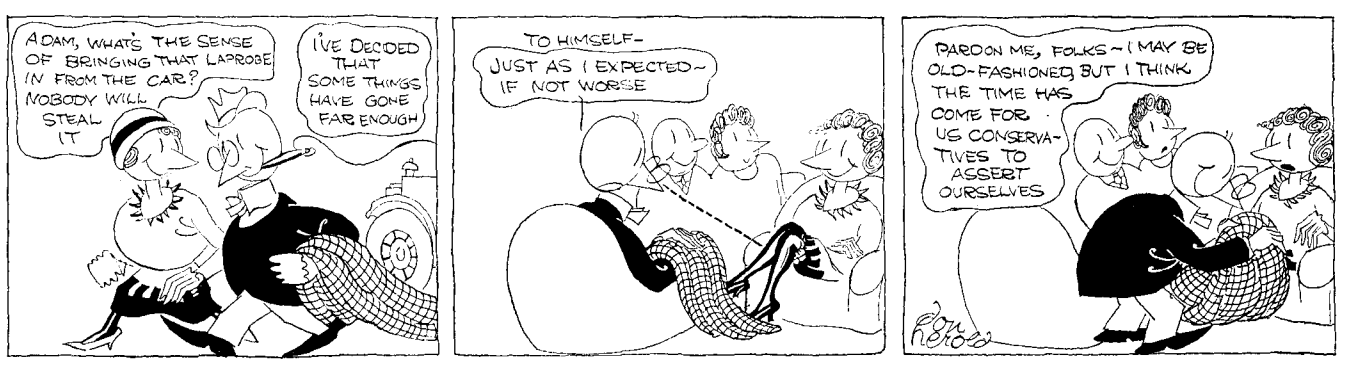
"How about shipping? I'll mention Detroit again because its early aspirations in the automobile industry were what Wichita's are today in the air. And an enormous part of Detroit's success was due to its shipping facilities—railroad and lake.

"Well, the raw materials of airplane manufacture, roughly speaking, are spruce and steel. Now you can't just pick up the great spruce forests of the Northwest and transplant them to Kansas; nor pack up the big steel foundries of the Alleghenies and move them to Wichita. But you can warehouse great gobs of both. A bright local youngster named E. S. Stephens is developing this matter right now, I understand. It will obviate incoming delays and save floor space for the factories. But just taking shipping facilities as they stand—we're halfway between the two coasts, on several important transcontinental railroads, with extensive and adequate rail transportation in all directions that was developed for the cattle and wheat industries hereabouts long before the day of the airplane. We're a day or more nearer by freight to the spruce forests than the industrial cities of the Northeast are; and we're only a day from the heart of the steel country."

Is Air-Conscious

"Do you see a great future for Wichita in the air?"

"I think it has an inevitable future, because air transportation is inevitable and Wichita has a sane and sound start. There are no stock-sales schemes or fly-by-nights in its air history. I'd say that it has passed air-mindedness and is now air-conscious. By that I mean that our people no longer take air rides as a matter of mental medicine, or to be in style. I mean they take airplanes casually, as merely another and newer form of transportation. I can talk about myself best, though I don't think I'm different from any other business man here. Well, last week I had a luncheon speech to make in Oklahoma City. That's all night by train. I worked here in the office until eleven, flew down, had lunch and made my talk, and was back here at work by three o'clock. Now, when business men all over the country realize they can do that sort of thing with safety, how are you going to stop a nation as intelligent and progressive as ours from using and developing the air far beyond any other country, just as we have used and developed the automobile more than all the rest of the world combined?"


ADAM, WHAT'S THE SENSE OF BRINGING THAT LAPROBE IN FROM THE CAR? NOBODY WILL STEAL IT
I'VE DECIDED THAT SOME THINGS HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH
TO HIMSELF- JUST AS I EXPECTED~ IF NOT WORSE
PARDON ME, FOLKS~I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR US CONSERVATIVES TO ASSERT OURSELVES

The start of the indoor laprobe movement

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Feeling that Mr. Harrison had completely covered the business aspects of Wichita's place in aëronautics, I went out to get an impression of the industry itself. I stood in the central building of a factory that is going top speed twenty-four hours a day and still cannot keep up with its orders, and watched the conveyor system of the automobile factories applied to airplane assembly.

In one long wing of the factory a bit of tubular steel starts at the dead end and moves steadily down a line, from jig to jig, workman to workman, until it reaches the doorway a finished fuselage.

In another wing, long spruce spars start down a line, receiving ribs and edgings as they move, until the skeletons are ready to have fabric slipped over them and sewed on by girls. They reach the doorway as completely assembled wings.

Removing the Chief Obstacle

Down a third shed the wings and fuselages move, getting first dope, and then paint, the elevators, stabilizers, fins and rudders being attached to the fuselage as it passes. And in a final assembly shed the wings are secured to the fuselages; the motors, which come down a receiving and checking line, are lowered into place and secured, the hoods and props fixed on—and the finished plane rolls off the line and out upon a cement apron in front of the central shed, ready for its test flight and its flyaway delivery.

There remained the matter of civic interest. The Wichita Flying Club, with more than 500 members, is significant. This is probably the largest flying organization membership in the country for a city of Wichita's size—about 110,000. Jack Turner, who founded the club twenty-five years ago to foster interest in ballooning, is still its president. An Englishman who migrated to Kansas and struck a fortune in oil, Turner typified the spirit and faith of the town by investing heavily in many of its aircraft industries without himself engaging in manufacture.

But the most arresting thing among the factors that seem to set the city apart is the women's flying organization. In St. Louis Colonel Halsey Dunwoody, who was chief of the Air Corps in the S. O. S. in France and is now executive vice president of the Universal Air Lines, remarked to me: "The chief obstacle to the growth of passenger-carrying commercial aviation in the United States right now is the attitude of the women. Seventy per cent of business men would use the air regularly, but their wives won't let them."

In the light of this situation, the activities of the women of Wichita are extraordinarily significant.

Officially their club is a branch of the National Women's Aëronautical Association; but their plans seem to have carried beyond the recommendations of the parent body. With a charter membership of more than fifty, these women have set themselves four major chores. They are raising a fund to establish a five-foot shelf of technical books at the city library; they have established a gliding club in high school, and are backing a vigorous campaign to foster use of the local air-mail services; and they have begun a series of model-building contests—for *girls* as well as for boys.

The pet idea is—any one of the fifty will tell you—to teach air-mindedness from the cradle up: to make the girls, the future wives and mothers, as air-conscious as the boys. One contest is held each month, and each contest is based on a local plane. The women arrange for the chief designer and engineer from the factory represented in the contest to meet the youngsters at the library on Saturday morning, hold a discussion and quiz and subsequently act as judges. Arrangements are made, too, for the children to visit the factories.

"It takes a lot of patience to deal with kids," the manager of one factory told me. "They wrench off door knobs and scratch paint and dig their heels through wing fabric. But the women have convinced us that the cost of this damage is just money invested in the future of aviation."

In four of the major factories I found women executives; girls, rather. Olive Mellor is office manager for Travel Air; Mary McCabe is the same for Stearman. Jewel Knorp is head of Cessna's accounting division. And Kathleen Kelly is purchasing agent for Swallow. Every one of these jobs requires technical insight as well as business ability. There isn't a part of an airplane or air motor that isn't an offhand matter in nature and name to Miss Kelly.

Colonel Lindbergh, talking before a Congressional Committee, recently described an ideal municipal airport as being approximately a mile square, free from adjacent obstructions, well-drained. He might have had Wichita's in mind. A whole "section," or 640 acres, it is composed of native grama, or buffalo grass, sod that has never known a plow. The buildings are Spanish type and provide rooms for air travelers to remain overnight—dormitories for men and women traveling alone, rooms or suites for families. There are roof gardens, restaurants, post office, infirmary, shops—and a rapid-transit highway is being constructed on a dead line from the center of town to the airport, three miles.

Even in Kansas this field has exceptional qualities. I drove upon it after a heavy rain, and the auto wheels left no tracks. The only work necessary to laying out the runways was the marking of white lines on the grass. The field was "found" in a curious way. Students from the several flying schools in Wichita used to disappear when they were allowed to solo, and nobody knew where they went. Finally the school people investigated, and found them sitting down and playing around on a plot known as "the California section," because the heirs who owned it lived in California. The flying experts and the municipal authorities saw its possibilities and arranged to secure it. It is a main station on the T. A. T., the Western Air Express, and other important lines, and Wichitans point it out as another proof of the destiny of their city.

Have One, Mister?

Filled with the wonders of the countryside, the hum of factories, the smiles of prosperous workers, the buzzing of statistics, I sought an obscure confectionery shop on a side street. Here, at least, air-consciousness would not have penetrated—

"Howdy," said the proprietor, passing out the menu, "nice hot day. Been out to see the Flyers?"

"Are there anything but flyers in this town?"

"I can see you don't get me, mister"—a bit pained—"I mean the Flyers—the Aviators, you know—the Wichita baseball team in the Western League. They was playing the Des Moines Demons today."

"Oh, no. Say, what are all these dishes on your menu? What is a Stunt Flight?"

"That," he said airily, "is what in other cities is called a nut sundae. Have one, mister?"

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"On the Majestic and other great transatlantic liners of the White Star fleet, the First Class passengers order Clicquot Club Ginger Ale because, like the rare old wines of Europe, it is aged in the making."

WHEN the Majestic puts to sea with her impressive passenger list . . . her exclusive appointments . . . and incomparable *cuisine*, there are world-famed beverages to be selected from the wine list. White Star stewards choose choice wines from among Europe's renowned vintages because of the rare and mellow flavor—the result of ageing.

Similarly, White Star stewards order Clicquot Club Ginger Ales because they, too, are aged in the making—a process that enriches their flavor and bouquet.

Nature Mellows the Blend

Recently, at our request, a responsible official of the White Star Line visited the Clicquot plant at Millis, Massachusetts—his interest focused particularly upon the ageing process. He noted how Time mellows the blend . . . how the purest of ingredients are scientifically aged to develop finest flavor . . . and how, as a final guarantee of purity, it is put only into brand-new bottles.

He was invited to taste first some new Clicquot, freshly made in a few moments, and then the finished product which is always *aged 6 months in the making*. Such a comparison of taste invariably demonstrates the mighty power of Time in developing mellow flavor.

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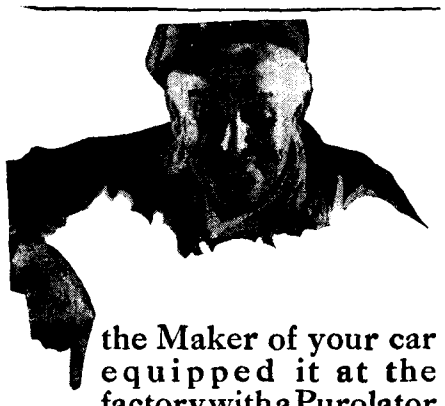

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Uncle Sam goes Modern

Continued from page 26

is only one port; the same confusion and disorder reach into all ports of the country.

If it is a matter concerning education that calls you to Washington, you can start from the Union Station to any one of fourteen bureaus in three departments where you may or may not find the source you are seeking. If it is a question involving health, there are six bureaus in four departments; industry, eight bureaus in four departments; public works, sixteen bureaus in five departments; and so on and on.

An illustration often used by former Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane to show the incongruous overlapping of government departments is a classic in Washington. Secretary Lane pointed out that if a bear in Alaska had two cubs, one black and the other brown, the family would be apportioned to two different federal divisions. The Department of Agriculture would have charge of the brown bear, and the Department of Commerce the black bear.

Lack of Coördination

There are sixteen publications on cotton, issued daily, weekly, monthly and annually by the United States government. They come from the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Board. Is there no way in which there could be a coördination of these sixteen publications relating to one subject? And cotton is but one of a thousand commodities which might come within a citizen's interest.

Turn to Morbidity and Mortality; you find that the Public Health, weekly and annually, reports by cities, and weekly, quarterly and annually reports by states. Mortality statistics of infants are published by the Children's Bureau.

Vital statistics in the Army come from the Surgeon General, deaths and disabilities of federal employes come from the Employes' Compensation, and deaths and disabilities of veterans of the World War come from the Veterans' Bureau. Deaths in the United States as a whole are reported by the Census and the Public Health Service and vital statistics of Indians by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, while the Weather Bureau may be looked to to give us the loss of life from windstorms. and the Coast Guard for the loss of life in marine casualties.

Perhaps the greatest gain to be made by reorganization of government activities is in the purchasing end. The United States government is the biggest single buyer in the world. At present there are hundreds of purchasing agencies, often bidding against each other, each setting up its own specifications, so involved as to make it difficult and irritating for anyone to do business with the government.

I recall a story told by a prominent coal operator, Col. W. M. Wiley, of Sharples, W. Va. "In 1921," he said, "the coal buyers became hysterical for fear they would not get the coal they wanted, not because there was a lack of coal, but because there was a lack of transportation. The buyers began to compete one with another in offering fancy prices.

"Nearly all the coal operators had contracts with the different buyers, and were supposed to distribute what cars they got among the buyers. Men came in and offered fancy prices to induce the operator to break faith with his customer by giving his cars to them. I was offered at our tipple $21.50 a ton for coal, which sells today for from $1.50 to $2.00 a ton.

"When the smoke and dust of battle blew away and we began to see what had happened and why it happened we found that the federal government had seven different buyers competing with each other, and that was what pushed up the price of coal. Some of us could not help wondering, if the 200 agencies of purchase for the government had all been turned loose at the same time, where the price of coal would have gone."

Consolidations, mergers and chain stores make savings because of their great purchasing power. The government, with its purchasing agencies consolidated, would be in a much better position to buy, would have a greater natural economic advantage than at present; and the seller would not suffer.

The number of government agencies which have inspection services of one kind or another is another case in point. Of course, it would be entirely out of the question to concentrate all of these, or even a large number of them, into a single inspection service, but there is opportunity for greater efficiency by better grouping.

There are those who inspect the boilers of ships, others the hulls; one licenses officers, the other ships' seamen. One inspection service, it seems, could do the whole job better than it is now being done.

Reviewing the different departments of government, one finds that the Post Office, the Department of Justice and the Department of State contain practically no functions not relating to their direct and major purpose. On the other hand, the Treasury, the Army and Navy Departments, and the Department of Agriculture contain a considerable part of the functions which have no relation to a sound plan of major purpose. Some of these anomalies are an inheritance from the time of Alexander Hamilton, when there were only four or five departments of the government.

The First Move

Washington sees as the first move in reorganization a stripping of the Treasury, War, Navy and Agriculture Departments of all of the functions which do not pertain to their major purpose, as their major purpose is sufficiently large to tax the capacity of any one organization. There are perhaps some independent activities that should be added to these departments as being a part of their major purpose.

The second step would be to take all the functions that would be thus removed from the different departments, together with all the functions in the Departments of the Interior, Commerce and Labor, and all the independent executive establishments which can be placed under department control, and to divide them into groups according to the major purpose of such groups. Examination will show that most of those functions would naturally fall under the heading of public domain, public works, aids to industry, aids to trade, aids to the Merchants Marine, matters of labor, matters of education, matters of public health, matters of veteran service and other secondary groups.

A cause of great confusion in organization has been the independent establishments set up by Congress and reporting direct to the President, such as the Tariff Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and about fifty others, many of which overlap departmental and bureau work of one kind or another.

With the physical breakdowns of President Wilson and President Harding still fresh in the memory, the question is often asked, "Why do our chief executives break down?"

At a hearing on the reorganization of government departments in 1924, Senator Pat Harrison put this question to Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce: "There has been much talk about relieving the President of the discharge of so many duties. How would you do that, Mr. Secretary?"

Secretary Hoover replied: "The greatest relief of the President would be the consummation of a plan something like this: The constant appeals to the President by independent establishments, which could be dealt with by Cabinet officers, are the source of overloading. Another cause of overwork is the legal requirements in the matter of executive authority and signatures, things which could be done with equal responsibility by Cabinet officers.

"No one who has had large experience in large industrial or other organizations will assert for one moment that the federal government is not badly in need of administrative reorganization."

The Force of Inertia

Mr. Hoover went on to tell the Committee that he did not believe that any government reorganization will ever take place that will meet with agreement among the executive heads of the government. Cabinet heads necessarily take color from their subordinates, and subordinates are, from the nature of things, bound to be in opposition to serious change.

If there is to be reorganization, it will have to be carried out by Congress and the President. The men at the head of various bureaus and secondary functions of the government believe honestly and earnestly in the purpose of their service and they are bound to object to any change which it seems to them would decrease their activities, or reduce their personnel, or require them to take a less important position in some other grouping. They naturally and properly feel that the service which they direct is the most important function of the entire government and that minimizing it in any direction would be wrong.

Mr. L. P. Jacks, an Englishman and a keen observer of our political life, recently said that the management of industrial affairs, both on the technical and financial side, is characterized in most cases by the demand for firm and rapid decisions. The delay which results from the long discussions of political warfare, the feeble compromises in which such discussions often issue, and the "red tape" procedure which accompanies their application, are not only out of relation to the needs of industry, but flatly opposed to them.

Most of the "red tape" of the government, at which every one of us has rebelled at one time or another, is due to the lack of proper government organization. Citizens pay a terrific toll for delayed decisions, circuitous routing, "buck passing," government, federal, state and local. Reorganization of federal activities will not only reduce the expense of government which, believe it or not, is paid by great and small, rich and poor, but will bring about a hundredfold saving in time and expense on the part of citizens.

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A Young Man in Peril

Continued from page 11

not," said Nancy. "Eat your toast. It's getting cold."

"But what happened?"

"I came to New York, chiefly to escape my family, who were horrified. I'd money of my own, so I didn't have to worry about that. . . . I've lived here two years, now."

"Not in this house!"

"No. I've had my apartment here only a few weeks. You see, I decided, rather suddenly, that I'd like a home of my own. Because I—the truth is I don't know whether I want to get married or not."

"Do you mean to say you've chucked Johnny?" he asked eagerly.

"No. I haven't chucked him. But all at once I realized that in the past two years I'd become a different person—"

"You haven't seen him in that time?"

"Not once. And letters are so unsatisfactory. I've tried to tell him I've changed. . . . But apparently all he wants to know is whether I still love him. So yesterday I sent him a telegram. . . ."

"Ah!"

"I said: 'I don't know whether I still love you or not, and won't till I see you again.'"

"IN OTHER words," summed up Neal, "if he wants you he'll have to win you all over again."

"We'll have to win each other," replied Nancy seriously.

Neal nodded. "I see. . . . And have you had a reply from Johnny?"

"Not yet. I must confess I'm the least bit nervous, waiting for word from him. You know how it is, when you're expecting an important telegram. Johnny may ask me to come to Texas to see him, and if he does I'll go."

"Nancy," he said, "I don't know—I can't tell you. . . . I know it sounds crazy! But I don't want you to go to Texas, I don't want you to go anywhere. I—I want you to stay here where I can see you and be friends with you."

A skeptical look came into her slate-blue eyes. She said, lightly: "I admire your technique. It's really charming. . . . But I'm afraid my hospital training has made me a little bit hard-boiled. I don't blame men though, for trying to make love at sight. No doubt it's amusing—"

"It isn't!" blurted out Neal. "It's frightful. I mean, I've never done such a thing in my life. I've never *wanted* to!"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't believe you. You're too attractive not to have made love, successfully, to many women."

"That's perfect rot! It's—"

"I meant it as a compliment," said Nancy sweetly. "I'd take a handsome bet," she went on, with infuriating good-nature, "that at this moment, somewhere in New York, there's a woman who thinks you're completely devoted to her."

"There is not!" cried Neal, indignantly. "I swear there's not one!"

He broke off, catching a sound that came from the door. It was a slight but unmistakable sound; the sound of a key entering a lock. There was a brief metallic scratching. . . . Then the door opened and a vision in sealskin stepped into Neal's apartment.

The vision was Mary Price.

"Hello!" she said casually. "I thought I was invited to breakfast."

"Mary!" exclaimed Neal.

"Yes. . . . Weren't you expecting me?" Her languid dark eyes turned from him to Nancy. A quizzical smile emphasized the vividness of her red mouth. "Perhaps I've mistaken the day," she said. "You seem to have had breakfast."

"Oh, not at all," stammered Neal. "Not at all. . . ."

"Why, yes you have," said Nancy, maliciously.

"Well, yes—er—maybe I have," agreed Neal, laughing. His laugh sounded hollow in his own ears. It sounded awful. "Miss Demarest—Miss Price!" he said feebly.

"You gave me your keys last night, you know," Mary said, "so that I could come into your place when I liked, without ringing. . . . You asked me to have breakfast with you here this morning. But possibly—since you seem to be already occupied—you'd rather I didn't stay?"

Neal, speechless, stared at his dinner partner of the night before. So *that's* what he'd done with his keys! He remembered it all, now. Involuntarily he glanced at Nancy, who said brightly: "Oh, if you're referring to me, Miss Price, I was just leaving. Good-by, Neal. Thanks for the cup of coffee. Good-by, Miss Price. So happy to have met you!"

Nancy went quickly out of the room.

"Who is she?" asked Mary, looking at Neal.

"Oh, she's just a girl who lives in the apartment above me."

"I don't like her. She's too pretty. Did you invite her to breakfast, too?"

"No, I didn't," replied Neal. "She just dropped in."

"Then why didn't you wait breakfast for me?"

"Well, you see," floundered Neal, "I didn't really think you'd come."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I've had breakfast—all I ever eat. But you *might* ask me to take off my coat."

He stepped forward, his hands extended to help her. But she, with a dexterous movement, shrugged herself out of her coat; the heavy sealskin sank to the floor. Neal found himself stumbling over it. And suddenly he found Mary in his arms.

"Kiss me, Neal!"

It was not a successful kiss. Mary twisted out of his arms and, crossing the room, flung herself into a chair. Neal felt inadequate, and unhappy, and a trifle foolish. He said: "How would you like a cocktail?"

"I'd love it," replied Mary coldly.

TWO nights later, Neal came home from the office, deliberately mixed himself a cocktail, and drank it. Then, with a corsage of orchids in his hand, he marched up the stairs to Nancy Demarest's apartment and knocked at the door.

He had been telling himself for two days that he didn't care whether Nancy went to Texas or not. But he was greatly relieved at the sight of her.

"You haven't gone!" he said, as she opened the door for him.

"No. I haven't yet heard from Johnny. I've decided he must be away somewhere—inspecting the oil-fields, perhaps. I may not hear from him for a week."

"A week!" echoed Neal; and instantly his heart lightened. He thrust the orchids into her hands.

"Oh," exclaimed Nancy. "How lovely! I adore them!"

"You're having dinner with me tonight," said Neal.

He determined to treat her that evening with the restrained adoration of an accomplished rakehell. But when she appeared an hour later, in his liv-

(*Continued on page 56*)

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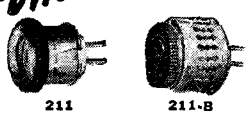

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(*Continued from page 55*)

ing room, he almost forgot to be restrained. . . . She had on a pale gold evening dress, with a misty gold scarf flung over her white shoulders. Her hair was burnished copper, softly sculptured. . . . She stood in gold slippers and smiled at him.

"How do you like me?"

"You're adorable, you're—!" Neal checked the uncensored flow of language with which he was about to express his emotion. He said as casually as possible: "I want to kiss you."

"You can't. . . . My lipstick comes off."

"You can put it on again."

He walked up to her and kissed her. She said: "Oh, well. . . . After all, it's fun."

"What's fun?"

"Playing at love," said Nancy, "with someone you know won't spoil it by getting serious."

"You wouldn't like me if I got serious?"

She looked at him and shook her head.

"It isn't in your line."

"You're right! Let's have a cocktail. . . . Then I'll kiss you again—just to prove I'm not serious—and we'll go dine where the jazz is thickest."

"That'll be nice," said Nancy.

But he did not kiss her again. Somehow the opportunity failed to offer. . . .

THEY dined at a smart restaurant, went to a revue, and afterward drove to a night-club that Neal had heard Madge Sheldon say was "attractive." And there, to his intense annoyance, he met the Sheldons and a party of their playmates, among whom was Mary Price.

There was nothing to do but to stop at the Sheldons' table. Neal introduced Nancy to Madge; and after that escape was impossible. . . . Bill Sheldon shouted: "A new face to bless my declining years!" and seized Nancy, whirled her off to the dance-floor. . . . Neal found himself dancing with Mary Price.

"You devil!" she said. "You're in love with that girl."

"I'm not in love with anyone."

"Not even with me?"

"Oh, you!" said Neal. Through the crowd he caught a glimpse of Nancy. She was looking directly at him. . . . There was a faint smile on her lips. He remembered his rôle, and gathered Mary closer in his arms. "You're adorable!" he said fervently; and was amazed at his fervor. . . .

It worried him. He became morose and somewhat embittered, especially as the other men at the table were monopolizing Nancy. . . .

So when Mary Price, during a lull in the festivities, leaned across the table and said loudly: "Oh, Neal! I'm thinking of buying a house! Will you come look at it with me tomorrow?"—he answered recklessly: "Sure! I'd be glad to!"

He took Nancy home at two A. M., having danced two dances with her. In the cab, he dropped an experimental arm around her shoulders. But she said quietly: "Please don't!"

"Nancy! Nancy, darling—"

"Please. . . . I'm sorry. . . . But I don't feel like playing any more."

He withdrew his arm, and sat stiffly in his corner of the cab. She said suddenly: "I wish Johnny *would* telegraph me to come to Texas! I'd like to know whether I'm going to marry him, or not. . . . You'll marry Mary Price. Do you know you will?"

"I'll never marry anyone!" declared Neal.

Nancy was silent for a moment. Then she with annoying inconsistency: "No, I suppose not. You'll go on, making love to one woman after another, until you're an old, old man. Then you'll sit in a club window and make a legend of your conquests—"

"And you," flung out Neal, "will go to Texas, and marry your precious Johnny, and live among the oil wells until you die!"

"Maybe I will."

He went to bed that night resolved to think no more of Nancy Demarest. He would confine his interests, in the future, to real estate and boxing.

However, the next afternoon, when Mary Price telephoned him to meet her at a certain address in East Seventy-first street, he realized that even in real estate there was no sure refuge from the female of the species. He taxied to the semi-professional tryst with a grim intent to keep strictly to business. . . .

There was not even a caretaker on the premises when he arrived. He and Mary wandered alone through the deserted rooms. She was looking her best.

"This house is all right," said Neal. "If you want me to arrange about terms I'll call up the owner and—"

"Neal!"

"Yes?"

"Why aren't you nice to me any more?"

"Nice to you?"

"Yes. You're not much of a boy to take advantage of your opportunities, are you?" She stood before him, yielding and beautiful, smiling into his eyes. "Here we are, alone in this house. . . ."

"Look here, Mary!" he said. "If I don't take advantage of my opportunities it's because I don't want to, do you understand? I don't—"

She laughed suddenly.

"Oh, all right. I must say it's rather a novelty to me to be turned down like this. If you keep on, you'll make me your abject slave. Then you *will* be sorry. Because—being a gentleman—you'll feel you ought to ask me to marry you."

"You wouldn't accept me if I did."

"Of course not. But I'd enjoy having you ask me."

In sheer desperation, Neal decided to risk everything on a single bold move.

"Very well! Will you marry me, Mary?"

"No," said Mary smiling.

"There!" he exclaimed in triumph. "You see? Now I've got to go. I'm due back at the office right now. Can I drop you anywhere?"

"Can you drop me anywhere?" she repeated, quietly. "Darling! You have!"

THEN suddenly—(though quite logically)—it was Sunday again. Neal rested, alone in his monastical flat. . . . He felt strangely depressed. . . .

His door bell rang. The very sound was a relief.

"Neal! You're home! I was afraid I wouldn't find you."

"Come in, Mary," said Neal.

He closed the door behind her with a sense of doing something almost fatal. Mary walked into the room and stood motionless, swathed in sealskin, with her back toward him.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"Neal, the other day you asked me to marry you. I said no. I've come to tell you I've changed my mind."

"Mary—!"

"Can you refuse me, Neal?"

"You shouldn't make it necessary for me to refuse you!" he exclaimed angrily. "You've no right to put me in this position—"

"I've never wanted to marry anyone before. I want to marry you. What do you say, Neal? You've got to answer me, you know. Will you marry me or won't you?"

In spite of himself, and to his own bewilderment, Neal thought, for a vivid instant: "Good Lord! I'm going to say yes!"

But he did not say yes. What he said was: "I'm awfully sorry, Mary, but all this is a little beside the point. Because—the fact is—I'm already engaged to be married."

"Engaged? To whom? Not to that girl upstairs! That Miss Demarest!"

"Yes!" cried Neal recklessly. "I am! I'm engaged to Nancy."

"I don't believe you. You're not engaged to her at all, and just to prove it"— She darted suddenly toward the door— "I'm going up and ask her!"

He ran after her. But she was already half-way up the stairs when he reached the hall. By some chance Nancy's door was ajar. Mary whacked it with her hand. It flew open. She plunged directly into Nancy Demarest's living-room, and after her charged Neal.

Nancy was sitting in a chair by the fireplace. In a chair opposite her sat a bronzed bulky young man whose sunburned countenance seemed to give off a fixed glare. As Mary and Neal burst into the room he rose. So did Nancy.

"What the hell!" said the bronzed young man, glaring.

Nancy was the first to recover her self-possession. (She had never, thought Neal miserably, looked so beautiful, so desirable!)

"Sunday callers, Johnny," she said with a little laugh. "Miss Price, may I introduce Mr. Dawson? Mr. Brainard—Mr. Dawson!"

THE two men looked at each other. So this, thought Neal, was Nancy's Johnny—himself—in person! Apparently, instead of telegraphing, he had cared enough to come all the way from Texas to find out whether Mary still loved him. . . .

Mary Price paid no attention to Mr. Dawson. Her business was with Nancy. Abruptly she said: "Miss Demarest! I want to ask you a question."

"No, don't," begged Neal. "Don't listen to her, Nancy!"

"What is it?" said Nancy quietly.

"Neal told me just now that he was engaged to marry you. Is it true?"

There was another silence, more tense and painful then the first. It was broken by young Mr. Dawson. It was fairly shattered by young Mr. Dawson's indignant bellow.

"So that's why you sent me that telegram, is it?" he was facing Nancy. The angry sun of his countenance beamed fully upon her. "That's why you thought you'd changed in your feeling for me! Because this bird—whoever the hell he is—was making love to you! Oh; I suspected it! I knew there was another man in it somewhere—!"

"You're wrong," said Nancy. "You're utterly wrong. And don't shout, Johnny."

"I'm not shouting! But I want to get this straight. I don't know who this lady is"—he nodded at Mary. For an instant their eyes met. She smiled encouragingly. Johnny blinked and went on, in a more moderate tone: "I don't know who she is, but I *do* know I'm interested in having you answer the question she asked you, Nancy."

"My name's Brainard," snapped Neal. He took two steps forward; stopped; looked at Nancy. "Don't bother to answer," he said. "This is ridiculous. I'll go."

"No, wait, Neal. I think I will answer Miss Price's question." Nancy glanced at the three in turn. Her eyes were large and shining.

"The answer is 'yes,'" she said. "I am engaged to this—this bird here!"

"Nancy!" cried Neal.

"Neal!" exclaimed Mary.

"So I was right!" shouted Johnny. "This man—this fellow Brainard *has* been making love to you! And you've fallen for him! I've come all the way

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from Texas just to be told that you're engaged to—"

"I didn't ask you to come," interrupted Nancy. "I never dreamed—"

"No, you never dreamed! But I guessed what was up! And by Golly, I was right!" Young Mr. Dawson turned to Neal. "You—!" he said glowering. "You've stolen Nancy. But I'm not going to have this blasted trip for nothing. I'm going to give you one good sock if it's the last thing I do on earth!"

"Johnny!" pleaded Nancy.

BUT Johnny was in no mood for caution or polite deportment. He rushed at Neal and drove his fist straight for the latter's face. Nancy, watching in horrified fascination, saw Neal move his head slightly. The blow went harmlessly over his shoulder. Immediately Johnny drew back and, with evil intent, swung a long sweeping hay-maker at Neal's jaw. Again Neal, without moving his body, jerked his chin out of harm's way.

The force of Johnny's swing caused him to lose his balance. He spun around twice and sat down on the floor. The thud was appalling. It jarred the room. It also seemed to have jarred young Mr. Dawson. He sat blinking his eyes and staring up at Neal with the dazed air of one who doesn't know quite what has happened to him. It was Mary Price who came to his rescue.

"You brute!" she said to Neal. And then, calmly crossing the room, she took Johnny by the arm and urged him to his feet. She smiled into his bewildered eyes.

"Never mind," she said. "We're both in the same boat. Come with me, and let's talk it over."

"There's nothing to talk over," mourned Johnny. "It *is* over!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. It never is. Come along! I'll take you home with me and give you a cocktail."

Johnny gazed at her with growing appreciation. His round face took on a faintly hopeful gleam.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't care if I do."

Nancy and Neal stood facing each other.

"Will you tell me," he demanded, "what you meant by saying that you were engaged to me?"

Her lips curved softly into the smile he knew.

"I was getting rid of Johnny. I hadn't been making much headway before that—before you came in. You see, Johnny's rather stubborn, and he wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Nancy!"

"Yes, Neal?"

"Is that the only reason?"

"Well, I—!"

"Nancy, I love you! I've loved you for—"

"For a week!" said Nancy.

"What's the difference? Lots of people get engaged in a week. Don't you want to be engaged to me, Nancy?"

"Well," said Nancy, thoughtfully, "we might at least sit down and discuss the matter."

Oh, Shoot!

Continued from page 15

Texas and the Minnesota thoroughfares.

I do think, though, that this war should be made much more bearable and entertaining to the stay-at-homes by the adoption of a liberal policy in regard to press dispatches. I never did understand what good was accomplished by the exclusion of the names of people and places from the dull, daily stories from France in 1917 and 1918.

The theory seemed to be that if the Grand Rapids Herald printed the news that Hendrik Van Hooten of Holland, Michigan, was in hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne with anthrax, a German spy employed by the Grand Rapids Furniture Company would call up the Kaiser who would thus suspect that a division containing Michigan regiments was, or had been, somewhere near Chalons. Wilhelm would then confer with Ludendorff on what style of defense to use against Michigan's passing game with Van Hooten on the sidelines.

Let's cut down on caution this time; the danger of disclosing military secrets would be more than offset by the certainty of improving the country's morale with a few human-interest stories such as:

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 2—Corporal Charley Judson of Company B, Fourth Regiment of the Eighth (Hawkeye) Division, American Prohibitionary Force, was being congratulated by his buddies tonight for shooting the left ear off a two-year-old child who was crossing the bridge from Juarez with a peculiar waddling gait. Corporal Judson said he had witnesses to prove that the fellow had been seen drinking out of a bottle; he fired at his ear instead of his heart because he just wanted to frighten him. The bottle was found to contain a little over an ounce of a liquid identified as milk. "Yeh?" said the Corporal, who has a certain dry humor. "Well, milk don't make people walk funny."

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Aug. 2—Miss Muriel Chapin of this place was scattered all over the Northern Peninsula today by a machine-gun squad in charge of Capt. Felix Lord of Houghton. The captain picked up one of the girl's lips and showed it to his colonel, H. R. King of Calumet. The lip was a pale red. "That's what fooled me," said Captain Lord. "It's just some kind of rouge, but I thought it was grenadine."

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 2—A depth bomb dropped by Lieut. Ed Frawley of Herkimer demolished a barrel that was seen shooting the Falls late today. Frawley suspected that the barrel was full of liquor, but it developed that the contents had been John E. Gardner and wife and two children, a Buffalo family out for an outing. "This was self-defense if there ever was one!" declared Lieut. Frawley. "I acted only after assuring myself that the barrel was shooting the Falls."

Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 2—A bearded man on a bicycle was stopped here today by Clarence Dutton, an M. P. of the A. P. F. Dutton demanded the man's name and the man said he was Eli Kolp, a farmer residing three miles south of Plattsburg.

"Then why are you wearing a beard?" asked Dutton.

"I look funny without one," replied the bicyclist.

"You look funny with one," retorted Dutton. "You look suspicious to me. How do I know what you've got in those tires?"

"I've got nothing but some air. I'll open them and let it out."

"I'll let some into you," said Dutton, shooting him full of holes.

The bicyclist was later identified as Eli Kolp, a farmer residing three miles south of Plattsburg.

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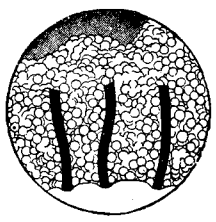

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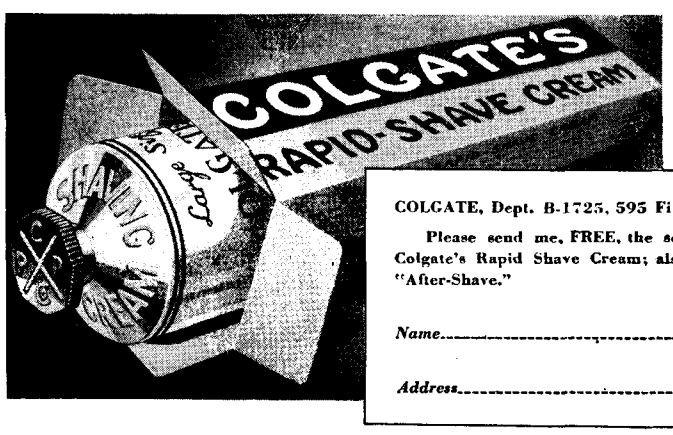

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Caddie: "Your niblick, sir?" Bogged Golfer: "Niblick, hell! What a man needs in this mosquito hole is Flit." (Advertisement)

In the Dark

Continued from page 18

"My own opinion is," she drawled, "that you'd better leave Jasper Slane alone. He's the sort of man who might hit back—and hard."

Donville swung round, and frowned. "Why the hell can't a man like Jasper Slane mind his own business?" he demanded. "What the devil does he want to turn himself into a man hunter for? Sport, I suppose he calls it. Well, it's up to us to show him all the sport he wants."

"You're quite right, Charlie," Frayson assented. "Fortunately we are on to him now, but that doesn't alter the fact that he is interfering with a good many of our little schemes. I thought we'd got Lansen safely tucked away, but down he comes to that party and spots him at once. Then the Mulliner jewels would have been ours last week, but just as the supreme moment arrived, there was Slane looking quizzically around the room. They were there ready to tumble into our hands *but for him.*"

"You don't imagine that he suspects either of us?" Donville cogitated.

"Of course he doesn't, but then you see we can't be continually at a house where something may be doing without his tumbling to it in the long run. I bet he'll remember everyone who was at the Minghamptons' the time you got away with the pendant. We were at the Tindale Sharpes', too. There he was. I bet he hasn't forgotten that either. Now there's this little affair coming on at Grantham House. He'll probably be there. I have a sort of an idea he's working on the principle of elimination. A dangerous fellow, Slane."

Donville nodded.

"Slane must go," he decided quietly. "We can't afford risks."

"How are you going to get rid of him?" the girl demanded, turning over in her chaise longue. "You won't get him down to Willow Walk in Bermondsey. He isn't a bit like the fly buzzing round the fringe of the spider's parlor."

Donville smiled.

"When a man has really been in our way," he observed, "we haven't often failed to get rid of him."

"Give him a chance," the girl begged. "Try a word or two of warning."

"No objection to that," Donville assented.

"All the same," Frayson observed, "I don't fancy you'll find Slane a man to be intimidated."

"We'll give him a chance before we pass his name in," was Donville's decision.

STIMPSON lunched with Slane one morning that week by special invitation, in the Strangers' room at the Lavender Club. Toward the end of the meal, Slane made a confession.

"I think you know, Stimpson, by this time," he said, "that I am not a nervous person."

The detective looked at him shrewdly.

"What's coming?" he inquired.

"I don't know," his host declared. "You or I, or both of us together, have got to find the Lady Bird, and break up the gang, and do it quickly, too, or they'll get me."

"Anything fresh?"

Slane shrugged his shoulders. He laid a half sheet of note paper upon the table.

"I don't as a rule," he confided, "take any notice of anonymous letters. But I think this one is genuine."

There were only a few lines roughly printed:

Slane, my friend, I'm warning you to mind your own business. Play golf,

Fat Lady—"Ah, Henry, what infinitesimal specks we become in the presence of the mighty forces of nature."

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shoot and hunt. Those are your natural amusements. Stick to them. Make up your mind quickly. After a day or two London won't be a healthy spot for you.

"Yes, I see the point," Stimpson admitted, holding the epistle up to the light. "Expensive stationery—club paper, I should think."

Slane nodded.

"I should say," he announced, "that that is a Service Club note paper—either the Rag or the In and Out. Well, I got that note five days ago, and naturally I took no notice of it. Now I'll tell you another thing. By good luck, I'm on the committee here, and I noticed a new waiter on Wednesday at the table where I always lunch. I inquired about him. The steward showed me his references, which were excellent, but I saw he was always particularly anxious to serve me, and I felt a little suspicious about him. I took up his references more closely, and found that they were forged. The day I did so, he disappeared.

"I fancy that he was only waiting to shake down here, and, in the language of our friends and criminals, I should have had mine, and no one would have had the least idea where the trouble came from. That isn't all though. Only this morning, I was crossing the road near my house—walking round to the garage—and a taxicab which had seemed to be just driving along at a moderate pace, suddenly accelerated, and came straight for me. I just managed to do a forward spring which saved me. The man was out of sight, of course, before I could even get his number."

Stimpson was looking grave.

"What about a month's holiday on the Continent?" he suggested. "The Lady Bird will keep away."

Slane shook his head.

"The fellows are too clever to run risks for nothing," he declared. "It's clear that I'm badly in their way at the present moment. They've got some scheme pending that they think I shall be more likely to get hold of than your men, and I'm not going away. You can make up your mind about that."

LUNCHEON progressed to the coffee and liqueur stage. Then, with the door closed, Slane leaned across the table.

"Stimpson," he asked, "is there such a thing as speaking in confidence to the police?"

"Not at the Yard," was the cautious admission. "Here—man to man—I should say there was."

"I have told you about the waiter, and I have told you about the taxi, and I have shown you the anonymous letter," Slane went on. "Now, I am going to tell you what happened the other day, and what has really given me a line on the Lady Bird. You have heard of Lady Eve Tregarthen, I suppose?"

Stimpson's eyes flashed for a moment.

"Anything against her?"

"Nothing definite," the detective acknowledged, "but she's in our books. She seems to have a most singular penchant for associating with criminals. One of these daring young women of the upper classes, I gather, who have exhausted all the ordinary pleasures of life, and hunt anywhere for new sensations."

Slane nodded.

"She is a friend of the Lady Bird, Stimpson," he confided.

"How do you know that?"

"Because she came to me as an envoy from him. She first of all commenced by admitting her friendship with him. Then she tried to make me believe that they had quarreled finally and desperately. She was out for revenge. I was to make my way down to Willow Walk, Bermondsey, and invite him to take a little stroll up with me to Scotland Yard. It was all very ingenuous, and amateurish, but it was proof, at any rate, that Lady Eve knows who the Lady Bird is. The trouble of it is that she's with different men every night, and the nights one doesn't see her about she's probably with others. To single out the Lady Bird isn't easy, especially as it is quite possible they aren't seen in public together at all. However, the main point remains. She knows who he is."

"Why didn't you let me know at once?" Stimpson remonstrated. "Willow Walk was a trap for you, without a doubt, and I don't suppose the Lady Bird himself was ever there, but, with a well-organized raid, we might have found something."

Slane shook his head.

"I wasn't professional enough," he admitted. "I refused the invitation, and told the lady my reasons."

"A pity!" the detective murmured. "I don't see that Lady Eve's visit to you helps us much. But," he added, "this might."

He opened his pocket-book, and drew from it a small square of tracing paper, on which was marked in thin, purple lines, the plan of a part of the ground floor of a house. He stretched it flat upon the tablecloth.

"WE HAD a man brought in last night," Stimpson explained, "on practically a faked-up charge, because we are sure that he is in touch with the Lady Bird's gang. He was caught trying to swallow this piece of paper. You see the 'G. H.' in the corner? Well, you know the reason the Lady Bird has been so successful with these jewel robberies at evening parties has been his intimate knowledge of all the internal geography of the houses where the raids have taken place. We immediately got a copy of the Morning Post, and looked through the list of forthcoming entertainments. There is to be a reception at Grantham House—'G. H.', you see—tomorrow night. It is to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season.

"I spent most of yesterday afternoon there myself, with this plan. It corresponds exactly with the ground floor. This square here, you see, is the ladies' downstairs cloak room. You enter it from the main hall up this passage. You can leave it, curiously enough, by three different ways. That passage there branches off into two others, one leading to an area, and the other through a private gate to the courtyard. Then, there is also a staircase, very seldom used, leading up to the main reception room in the tapestried picture gallery."

"A find!" Slane murmured.

"It is indeed. You know whose house it is, of course?"

"Yes," Slane assented—"the Duchess of Drury's. Thank goodness, I am going to the party."

The detective folded up the plan, and put it in his pocket.

"You'd have to be in it, of course," he grumbled, "but, for heaven's sake, take care of yourself for the next few hours. It looks to me as if they wanted to get rid of you before then."

"Not a chance," Slane promised. "I shall be there."

London's most exclusive and most expensive dinner club was more than usually crowded on the night of the Grantham House Reception, but a table was found at once for such a distinguished trio as Lady Tregarthen with her two companions, Colonel Conville, "The Beauty Boy," and Major Frayson. The latter took up the menu, whilst Donville glanced through the wine list. The girl looked around with her usual air of tired insolence, waving her hand now and then to an acquaintance. Suddenly

(*Continued on page 60*)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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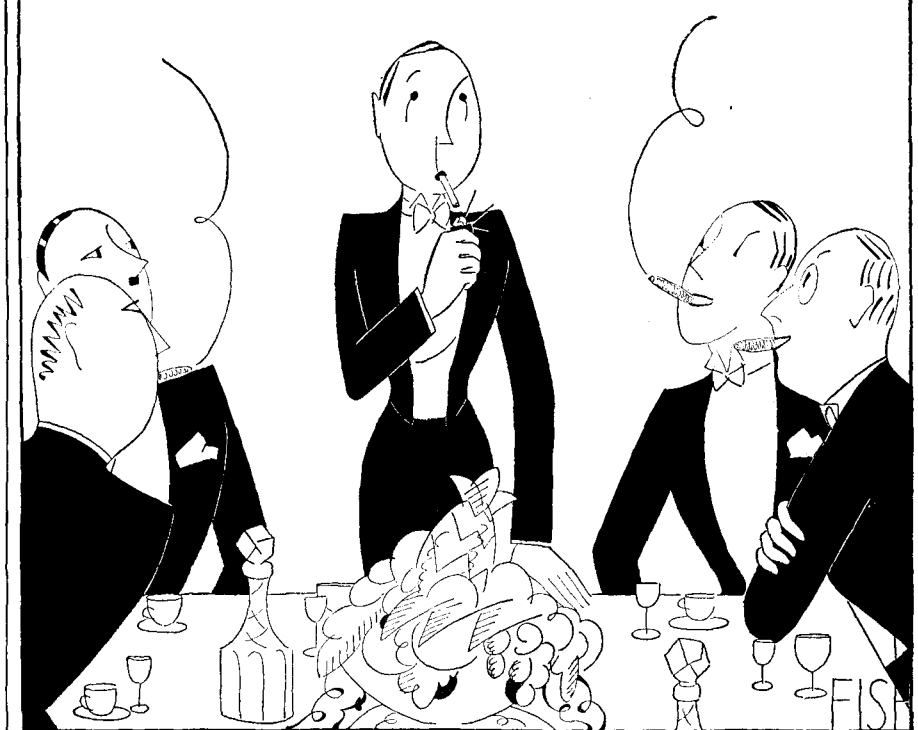

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(*Continued from page 59*)

she became aware of Slane, seated by her side.

"You see," he confided, in a low tone, "I have resisted the temptation of a visit to Willow Walk, Bermondsey."

"You were more wise than usual," she answered, with faint irony. "You know Major Frayson and Colonel Donville?"

"I have that pleasure." Slane admitted as he nodded to each in turn.

"You two idle soldier lads," she went on, "don't realize what a famous man Sir Jasper is. You have many professions, haven't you, Sir Jasper? Half-a-dozen at least, I believe."

"We all know that Sir Jasper is a famous criminologist," Donville acknowledged. "I read an article of yours lately, Sir Jasper, in one of the London papers, upon clues—how to track down a criminal, and that sort of thing. Very interesting it was, too."

"I REMEMBER it," Slane murmured. "Nowadays, however, criminology is losing its interest. It has become too scientific."

"It hasn't become scientific enough for them to lay their hands upon the man they call the Lady Bird," Donville observed. "They say that he can almost write to the police and tell them when he's going to attempt a coup, and he brings it off just the same."

"His time will come all right," Slane predicted, as he sipped his wine thoughtfully.

Acquaintances came up and surrounded the trio, and Slane, who was supping with a sister who rarely visited London, devoted himself to conversation with her. A few moments later, when they were dancing, she looked across the room at their neighbors.

"Rather an unusual young woman that," she commented. "Who did you say she was?"

"Lady Eve Tregarthen," Slane confided. "She's quite a well-known sculptress—has a studio down in Chelsea, and one in Paris, too."

"And the men? They don't seem like artists."

"They're soldiers, both of them. Donville was in the Coldstreams. 'The Beauty Boy' they call him. Frayson was a flying man."

"A quaint trio! Altogether too advanced for my country tastes," Slane's sister decided.

The music of the orchestra grew louder and louder, the popping of corks was insistent, the murmur of conversation a rapidly increasing crescendo of sound. Slane and his sister left comparatively early. As they rose to their feet, Donville leaned a little forward in his place.

"See you at Grantham House later on, Sir Jasper?" he inquired.

"I may look in," Slane observed carelessly. "I avoid that sort of thing as a rule, but it might amuse my sister as she isn't often in town." . . .

"Are they great friends of yours?" the latter asked, as they crossed the floor.

"No, I shouldn't say that they were. Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing particular. Only when I glanced back to wave to Alice they were all three looking after you, and whispering. I expect it's a foolish idea of mine, but I should have said that for some reason or other you weren't exactly popular with them."

He led her down the passage towards the limousine which was waiting.

"For a country woman, Ann," he complimented her, "your powers of observation are almost miraculous."

The reconstruction of that world-famous sixty-seconds' raid at Grantham House was difficult, almost impossible in detail until the time came for the trial of the two marauders. Upstairs and from the passageway there was a not the slightest indication of any untoward incident, nor were the festivities for one moment interrupted until the whole affair was over. The one attendant in the ladies' cloak room, who was above suspicion of any sort of complicity in the proceedings, was the first to give a reasonably lucid account of what had happened.

"I was just leaning forward fastening the clasp of a lady's necklace," she recounted, "when it was snatched from my hand, and every light in the room went out. Then, all at once, I began to hear screams on every side of me.

"Someone tried the handle of the door to get out, and found that it was locked, and although I couldn't see anything distinctly, I realized to my surprise that there were men in the room. A door leading out from the back which was always kept locked, had been opened, and from the passageway there was a faint stream of light. There were at least four of the thieves in the room, and they were helping themselves to all the jewelry they could find as fast as they could. One of them was talking all the time. He promised that no one should be hurt unless she resisted or called for help.

"It was all over before one could properly understand what was happening. They knew at once outside that something was wrong, and it couldn't have been more than a minute before they forced the door. No one was hurt, but three ladies had fainted. The two back doors were closed and locked, the robbers had disappeared, and on the outside there wasn't a brooch or a necklace left." . . .

Slane knew a little more about it when he plunged from his place of concealment in search of the man whose capture he had set his mind upon. The darkness was intense, but he had marked down the whereabouts of the quiet, soft voice snapping out orders every few seconds. For a moment he had him by the throat, but, taken by surprise though he was, the marauder was too swift and subtle. A single dive, and he had disappeared towards the interior of the room. Pursuit would have been ridiculous. A single flash of a torch, the spit of a bullet, and the thing would have been ended.

ANOTHER idea came to Slane, and he crept on tiptoe through an unnoticed door at the far end of the room, which had been marked down in the small plan, and some curtains, into the magnificent picture gallery at the farther end of which his host and hostess were receiving. Four men who were lounging around in apparently purposeless fashion, stiffened to attention at his coming, but recognized him as he stepped out into the light. Stimpson, a little tense, leaned inquiringly forward. A close observer might have noticed that the detective's hand was holding something in his jacket pocket, and that his companions had not entirely the air of guests in a great house.

"They're at it," Slane announced quickly. "I nearly got our man red-handed. He slipped away, but, look!"

Slane disclosed what he held in his hand, and Stimpson smiled a hard, queer smile.

"They must come up," Slane went on. "The doors we marked A and B out into the courtyard are both locked again, and anyone who passed through them is under arrest by this time. The plan of the principals, or of the two principals, was evidently to get up here by the short cut, and establish their alibi. There is nothing else for them to do."

Stimpson suddenly held up his hand in

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warning. The curtain concealing the recess shivered just a little. On the other side, the Beauty Boy, with his faithful friend, had paused for a second before entering the reception room. Both were a little breathless.

"We'll cut in on the line," Donville whispered. "It's often done. Just a word or two with her Grace, and a drink at the bar. What's the matter, Bob? You're shaking."

"I don't know," the other replied. "Everything seemed to go like clockwork, and yet I fancied that there was someone else in the room besides the women."

"You're quite right," Donville confided grimly. "There was one, at any rate. He grabbed me, but I got away. Hush! There's someone coming up the stairs. Draw the curtain back, Frayson; you're nearest."

Frayson obeyed, and the two men stepped right into the room. Upon the threshold they paused—paused to face the crisis of their lives—inevitable, irresistible. The bravest murderer in the world must have felt like that when leaning over the side of the steamer he saw the boat containing the Custom Officers waved back, and the police barge approaching.

It was the end. Fate, in a stern little semi-circle—not a smile upon one of those five fixed faces.

Not even the light of triumph in Slane's earnest eyes.

DONVILLE dropped his eye-glass, and stood rigid. The fingers of his left hand strayed up to his collar. Slane nodded, and held out a crumpled white cravat.

"Too loosely tied, Donville," he remarked. "It came off in my hand."

The other four men had drawn a little closer. Donville shrugged his shoulders as he held out his wrists.

"It seems ungracious to leave without paying our respects to our host and hostess," he regretted, "but I see that my shirt is a little crumpled—and perhaps, without a tie—you won't mind the back way, Inspector."

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JAMES E. ADAMS, Architect

"Any man who can read and write can, by pursuing a standard I. C. S. Course of Instruction, fit himself for a better position in his chosen field of endeavor."

WHEN James E. Adams had completed the sixth grade in school, his education, as far as anyone could see, was finished. Circumstances forced him to go to work and to all appearances he was destined to be simply another cog in the machine of labor. But he decided differently. Today he is the leading architect in a city of 100,000 population. And by a dramatic trick of fate, his greatest success has been as a designer of *school buildings*.

Mr. Adams was seventeen when he left his little home community of Williams Valley, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and set out to make his way in the world. Chance took him to Johnstown, once famous as the "Flood City." He arrived there with practically no money and very little schooling. All he had was ambition and a willingness to work. For months he was employed at ordinary labor. One day he was handed an I. C. S. circular by a young man who was himself studying an I. C. S. Course.

At that time the name of the International Correspondence Schools meant little to Adams, but he was definitely interested in the possibility of training himself for a better position. He investigated the subjects offered and finally decided on the Elementary Course in Architectural Drawing. By hard work in his spare time he finished this course in a few months, and obtained a position in an architect's office on the strength of his newly acquired knowledge.

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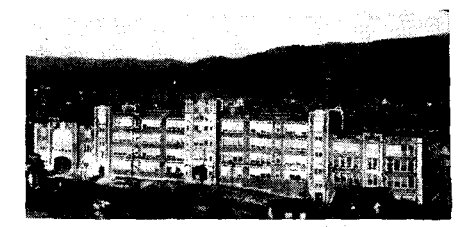

Garfield Junior High School, Johnstown, Pa., of which James E. Adams is the architect

Architectural Course of the I. C. S. while still keeping his position. Night after night he studied, never giving up. And in 1908 he got his diploma, certifying to his ambition and his architectural scholarship.

After a period of detail structural work with the Cambria Steel Company, Mr. Adams branched out for himself. His reputation as an architect has grown steadily. Many of the modern schools in western Pennsylvania are of his design, and he has given them a dignity that reflects his own high ideals of education.

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

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Put more of them to Work

WE NEED more business men of the Dawes, Morrow, and Young breed in government.

Think of the magnificent services these men have rendered by the application of honest business principles to international affairs. Compare their constructive achievements with the reckless methods of the old diplomacy. Not sixty years ago Bismarck was forging a telegram in order to bring about war between France and Germany.

What a contrast is offered by the work of Dwight Morrow, our ambassador to Mexico. He has served both Mexico and the United States by ironing out differences instead of stimulating prejudices and hatred.

When Morrow was invited to go to Mexico City he was a member of J. P. Morgan & Company. He was a lawyer and a banker to big business. He happened also to be a man of wide sympathies, of imaginative understanding and of generous impulses. His character and his training fitted him perfectly for his duties as ambassador.

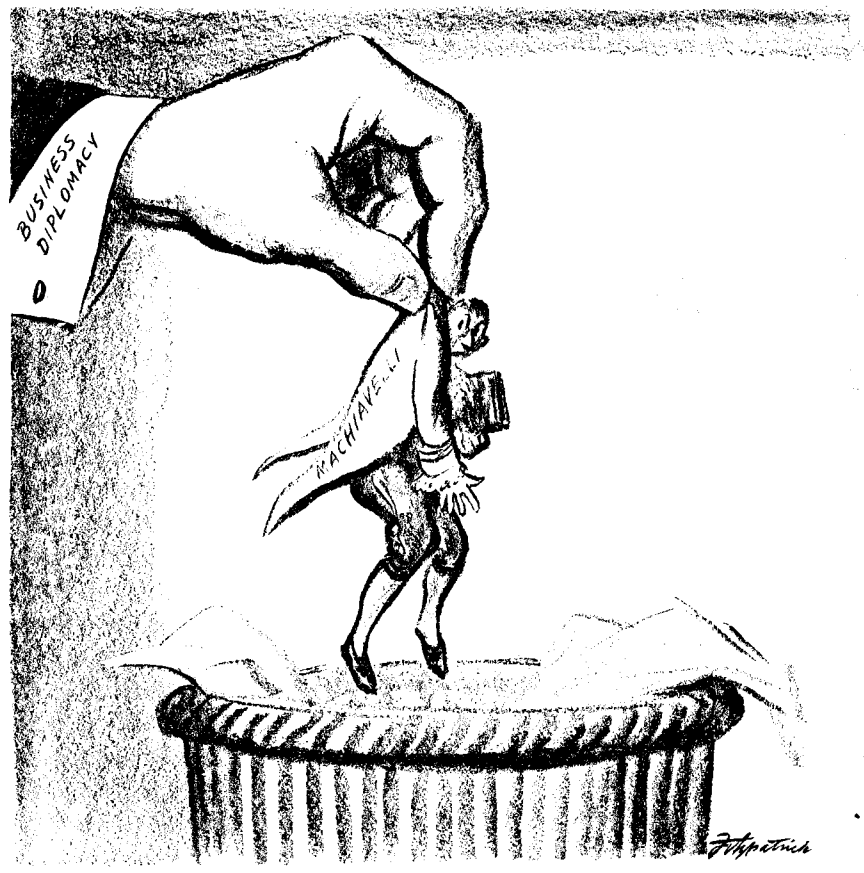
For years the relationship between Mexico and the United States had been strained. The peace we waged with Mexico was hardly less violent than war. Mexicans themselves were bitterly divided upon religious as well as upon economic and political questions.

Dwight Morrow acted the part of a wise and kindly friend of the people to whose government he was accredited.

Almost imperceptibly the clouds of prejudice and suspicion were dissipated. Questions, admittedly difficult, were found to be not unanswerable. Quiet, constructive plans were made and difficulties removed.

Mr. Morrow also knew the value of publicity not for himself but for the cause he sought to promote. So Will Rogers and Colonel Lindbergh were invited to Mexico City and good-will tours were undertaken. Pleasant feeling was stimulated. Finally, it became practicable to work out of the religious controversy which lay like a paralysis over Mexico.

In this brilliant chapter of achievement Ambassador Morrow was but applying the rules he had learned in modern business.



General Dawes is another admirable example of the business man in diplomacy. A swift trip to the Caribbean provided time enough to obtain acceptance for the Santo Domingan budget. Rushing back, he set out for London. Hardly had the picturesque Chicagoan arrived on British soil before he was en route to visit the Prime Minister.

Ramsay Macdonald was eager to improve the relationship between Britain and America and with such a man at the head of the British government General Dawes had a great opportunity.

An End to the Art of Lying

Problems aren't solved by mere amiable words. Intelligence and hard labor are required. Dawes went instantly to work, driving at fundamentals with the zest of a salesman in pursuit of a large order.

His directness, coupled with Ramsay Macdonald's eager desire to strengthen the friendship between Great Britain and America, is gathering a harvest which will enrich us all. Nothing is more important to us and to the British than an assurance of continued friendship and peace. Naval men of both countries have been talking and thinking too long of theoretical wars. The business man at the Court of St. James has shifted attention away from war. Write that down among the solid achievements of this year.

Then there is the work of Owen D. Young and his associates. Never has diplomacy had a vaster opportunity. Compare the work of Mr. Young with the methods of the old diplomacy—with Disraeli, Metternich or Talleyrand, for example, although it is not necessary to go so far back for cases in point.

The old diplomacy made lying an art, conspiracy a habit and blind selfishness its chief objective.

Owen Young relied upon the facts, brought conflicting interests and opinions into open conference, and made the peace and prosperity not of one nation but of all nations his goal.

These men have been so signally useful not only because of their own unusual gifts but also because of certain ideas which are now the common property of civilized business.

During the last quarter of a century business has learned to appreciate the customer. The old policy of "let the buyer beware" has been abandoned by all except knaves and fools.

Every intelligent business man knows that his prosperity is inseparably linked with the well-being of his customers. The most intelligent business men know that there is room in the world for competitors. As customers and rivals prosper, opportunities are enlarged.

Government and diplomacy will be improved as these modern business principles are adopted.

Too long industry and trade have been absorbing the energies of the most competent men of the nation. Draft these natural leaders for public service. Give them the opportunity to apply in public affairs the initiative, the broad vision, and the fine competence now devoted to private enterprise. What Dawes and Morrow and Young already have achieved shows how great is the opportunity for public accomplishment.

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